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UP THE VALLEY.

[illegible] day I conceived the idea of a trip [illegible] and back, taking the train up and [illegible] as far as Salem, and thence home by river [illegible]. It was at 7:30 on Monday morning, in the midst of a dense fog, that we pulled out of [illegible] with three coaches and a baggage [illegible] and there was scarcely room for a seat. [illegible] court was to open that day, as well as [illegible] court at Salem, and hence we [illegible] on board a fair sprinkling of the legal profession. The train rolled on through the mist [illegible] and we saw nothing of the country till [illegible] Oregon City, where we saw the City [illegible] passing through the locks and the [illegible] awaiting her turn to follow her. Here [illegible] a large number of our passengers and took on about as many more. About every [illegible] miles we would stop at some little way [illegible] and then fly along again, till Salem [illegible] reached a little after 10, when the fog [illegible] fairly and squarely. What a sight it [illegible] to look over at the Eola hills, with the [illegible] range behind them in a deeper shade of [illegible]. Off to the right the Cascade range lifted [illegible] peaks in sterile grandeur, and the vol[illegible] rose from the crests of Washington [illegible] Jefferson. We were now fairly out on the great broad prairie, dotted hither and thither with plow teams, and the genial warmth [illegible] made winter a thing to be forgotten. For the robins and larks were caroling in the hedge-rows and the lambs skipped in the meadows green. This was a spring day, [illegible].

Looking through the air towards the south, the eye could detect a cloud of geese coming from their winter pastures in California. On every side we saw flocks of these Arctic robbers feeding on the young grain and calling, with hoarse clangor, upon their fellow plunderers to alight and help them in the work of [illegible]. In about ten days more these pirates of the air will darken every field in the valley, tearing up or nibbling off the grain and materially reducing the profits on the farmers' industry. But nobody seems to do much killing of them, destructive as they are known to be. In California they have become the [illegible] of the farmers' existence, and men are hired on nearly all the large farms to kill them off. Some are paid by the month, but most of them shoot on shares, the farmer furnishing the powder and shot and boarding the hunter. If they are located anywhere near a large town, so that the geese can be sold for [illegible], the farmer gets one-third, which about pays him back for his powder and shot. If the ranch is on the river and not near any large town, the shooter retains all his game, salting and smoking the geese breasts and selling the feathers to the furniture stores. But a man who is a good goose hunter can always make good wages in the Sacramento valley between November and March, and the day is not far off when a similar condition of things will exist in Oregon.

From Salem to Albany we note the real value of water power in the state of Oregon. Here are three little towns, Turner's, Marion and Jefferson, all kept up by the Santiam water power, which is also the life of Salem, Albany and Lebanon. You notice it more plainly at Albany than elsewhere, for there everything is done by water. It even runs the printing presses and sews the grain sacks. And it speaks well for the country to say that not a single steam engine is to be seen in a town of nearly 4000 people. Albany does not look very well just at present, but what can you expect after what she has had to go through? For the past two years Linn county has settled up nearly the whole of what is now Crook county and a large portion of Grant. The first settlement at the confluence of the Ochoco and Crooked rivers was made by David [illegible] and Elisha Barnes, both old residents of Linn, and now they are surrounded by many of their old neighbors. Just about the time that Linn county stood ready to receive back what the Ochoco country owed her, along came the year of rust in the wheat. That season of disaster injured every portion of the great Willamette valley, but its blow fell with unparalleled force upon Linn county. Men who had borrowed money to go into cattle ventures beyond the Cascades, or had incurred heavy accounts at the stores on the strength of their forthcoming wheat crops, stood dismayed at the utter failure of wheat in Oregon.

The effects of that disaster have passed over nearly all the other valley counties, but Linn has not been able to rise above them. Rich in all the cardinal elements of natural wealth, her people never had contemplated any such catastrophe, and their investments were heavier than they could carry in the event of a loss. The failure of Smith & Brasfield came first, and then a lot of other and smaller firms. And [illegible] within a few weeks, we note assignments made by A. H. Foster and Thomas Monteith, both men possessed of plenty of property, but [illegible] ready money. These men have worked hard for upwards of thirty years and could pay all they owed if they could sell their property at anything near the figures of fifteen years ago. These cases remind me, on a smaller scale, of [illegible] H. Selby, who died in San Francisco [illegible] years ago. He left property behind him worth four million dollars, but his bank [illegible] exceeded the value of his property by [illegible] quarter million. So in Linn county, these gentlemen of whom I have just mentioned [illegible] had plenty of property, but no ready money, and, owing to "granger legislation," they could borrow none in Portland. Hence the assignments made to creditors.

I regret these circumstances, not merely because I have a long acquaintance with these [illegible], but because it is bad news to go abroad, [illegible] two or three firms, after a successful career of nearly twenty-five years, should be crushed by two seasons of bad business, and that just as the state is beginning to develop by the completion of the Northern Pacific. People back east will think it the fault of the country and keep away from Oregon accordingly. But such is not the case. It [illegible] fault of a slack and impolitic [illegible] which contemplates little or no security [illegible] where there is a hope of heavy interest; [illegible] carrying accounts over from year to year and settling notes by giving other notes instead, after the manner of Wilkins Micawber, and which, while affording apparently easy terms to the [illegible], perpetuates a real hardship [illegible] by engendering slothful [illegible] and a want of thrift in all his business [illegible]. If cash trade were the rule, or at [illegible] days at the outside, men and their [illegible] would both be content to go without [illegible] of luxury which the imperious [illegible] of fashion has taught silly people to include among the necessaries of life.

The country itself is all right. Linn county is a principality in herself and as rich in all the [illegible] elements of natural wealth as she is [illegible] to the eye and fair as a garden of the [illegible]. The fault lies in the men, and they are [illegible]. On the contrary they are, [illegible] without an exception, hospitable to a [illegible] as pioneers are always supposed [illegible], but they are primitive in everything [illegible] growing with the country. The [illegible] system is part and parcel of an [illegible] contemplated nothing but the production of staples, while the cash or short [illegible] belongs to the era of enlightenment [illegible] in the train of skilled labor and [illegible]. Linn county has but one woolen [illegible] her borders and it turns out good [illegible]. But with her magnificent water power [illegible] flocks of sheep, she should produce [illegible] blankets and cassimeres as [illegible] as far as you will and nothing [illegible] meet your eye. The magnificent horses, driven in teams of three [illegible] plowing for wheat and nothing but [illegible]. [illegible] there no one to teach these [illegible] but short-sighted people [illegible] wheat culture will exhaust their lands and eventually bring on bankruptcy? Again, is there any sense in a man's devoting all his land to the culture of a staple which has to be sent half way around the habitable globe before it can find a ready market?

On the train with me was a well known cattle drover from The Dalles, who finding no ready supplies of fat beef in the bunch grass regions east of the Cascade range, was making a foray into the heart of Linn and Lane in the hope of gathering up a band of one hundred or so for his clients, the butchers in Portland. He had visited farms by the score where the cattle were leaning up against the fences to keep from falling over from debility and starvation. He had heard men talk about hard times and the gloomy outlook for farmers unless a war in Europe should break out and cause grain to "go up kiting" thereby. He heard talk of "grinding monopolies" and "extortions by corporations" and all that sort of thing. But not a man did he hear open his head upon the subject of stall-feeding the used up work steers and barren cows that might have been shoved under a shed roof and gorged on chopped beet roots and hay till they were saleable right on the farm, and had to pay no tax like freight, interest, exchange, storage, cost of sacks, wharfage and waste by rats. If the Linn county farmers will put in beets on one-tenth of their lands and feed the products thereof to old steers and barren cows, they will find they have $10 pieces dropping in on them when they least expect it, right in the cold March days when every dollar counts for two in July.

A man buying one thousand beef cattle for the New York market can find as many fat steers in Illinois as in Oregon, but it will take him longer to get them together for the reason that in Oregon he may be able to buy them all of one man, but in Illinois he must trade with at least eighty. There they never feed more than thirty cattle at once and never sell one of the thirty until they are just so fat. They must have just so much increase upon the original weight or they won't sell. So it must be henceforth with our upper Willamette farmers—they must raise something that brings the cash and brings it when it is most needed. They must have something that can be consumed near home without entailing the risk of a voyage around half of the globe before a definite profit can be realized thereon. And they must confine their energies to no one kind of crop in particular. A continuous adherence to that will ruin them all; and when it comes to stall-feeding, they need not fear competition in March or April from the bunch-grass lands of eastern Oregon. The day for that has already gone by. The bunch-grass has become pretty well eaten out, and ranges, that six years ago were good for 2000 head of cattle now can hardly support 400 head. In addition to this, wheat cultivation in the inland empire has materially cut up the range and done away with a large amount of wild pasturage. With good and judicious farming Linn county will soon recover her lost prestige, for Linn is rich and has more territory than half the German principalities. She has more area than the state of Rhode Island and twice as much water-power. And so we rolled on through Halsey and Shedd, crossed the Willamette at Harrisburg and reached Eugene a few minutes after 2 P. M.

And what a pleasure it was to walk about the streets of the old town where I lived thirteen years ago this summer, up to the completion of the O. & C. railroad to that point. I was the last stage agent at Eugene and well do I remember when I was ordered to turn over all my book to A. H. Burrows, agent at Roseburg. And the old town looks just as inviting to me as it did when the lights used to come flashing down the long street and the driver's horn echoed out through the midnight stillness above the rumble of the heavy Concord coach. The jolly old knights of the whip are gone, never to return there—Johnny Clark, Joe Beggs, Milo Mathews, Ned Payne, Bill Brannan, Tom Tyndale, Jim Adams, and a host of men whose vocation in Oregon ended with the very first day of the new railroad era. In those days, too, the P. T. boats used to go up to Eugene, the old Albany, Fanny Patton and Active, under command of such old-timers as Aaron Vickers, James Miller and "Uncle Bass." All these things are changed now. The crowds no longer gather on Skinner's Butte of a clear April day, to see the Echo swinging around the bend below the Chichester warehouse, nor flock down to the bank to congratulate "Doc." McCully on a quick trip. The trains come and go, the conductor assists a lady or two into the car, waves his hand to the engineer, who opens the throttle and away goes the train. The freight train comes soon after and nobody sees that but the draymen and teamsters. And such is the difference between my days as stage agent at Eugene and the present era of quick trains and no steamboats.

And yet the town looks well; better than any town I saw from the time I left till I got back to Portland. There is no boom in business whatever, for the farmers are either plowing or seeding, and the stores are comparatively idle. But the town is improving and boasts some very neat and elegant residences in its outskirts. Many of these are being erected by wealthy farmers and cattle men who have come to town for the purpose of educating their children. The university has done all this good for Eugene and the public school building is as handsome an edifice as can be found in the state outside of Portland. Having dined at the Albany depot, we made no stop on arriving at the St Charles, but dropped our overcoats and walked out Ninth street toward the university. How the old days came back to me as I looked at the old and dingy buildings on the old road to California and thought of the thirteen years that had flown by since I first rattled in over that road on top of the big Concord coach. The day was bright and warm, indeed it would have been called a fine day even in Los Angeles or Santa Barbara. Robins twittered from the leafless maples, and larks caroled from the hedgerows while Spencer butte rose from the plain like a vast emerald, and the Coast range beyond was a darker azure than the sky. We walked out past the university at first, clear up to the Rocky point where Hallett blasted out a path for the railroad, and where giant powder was used for the first time in Oregon. Then back to the university, for the day's work was done and all the classes had been dismissed. Old Mr. Dudley took us all through the building and showed us all there was to be seen. The building was built on honor and will compare favorably with any of the state edifices, being well lighted and ventilated and in every way calculated to impart cheerfulness to study. The great trouble is at present a want of room, the society room being actually given up to Professor Johnson for the recitations of his classes. There is a great deal of idle money in the state treasury, and some of it should be devoted to the erection of a south wing to the university, for it is not only a credit to Eugene but to the entire state as well.

A few brief calls made upon a few old friends and my visit to Eugene was at an end, so I went early to bed and at 9:45 on Tuesday morning was rolling back towards Portland. I got off at Salem where I found several friends awaiting me in a barouche and rode out to the penitentiary. Warden Collins took me into the yard where I saw the scene of the break, last summer. In course of a conversation about the matter I said to Superintendent Stratton:

"I suppose insurrections like these are bound to occur where you have so many desperate men under your charge—murderers and the like?"

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Stratton, "The men confined here for the taking of life are the best behaved men we have, as a rule. Even those who are sentenced for life are uniformly civil and obedient, in the hope of obtaining pardon or commutation of sentence. No, the really troublesome elements are the thieves and burglars, who are usually men of criminal lives from childhood up. They hate work and will not do any labor if there is a show to avoid it."

"I suppose you have to keep extreme vigilance over them," says I.

"Not so much at this season. It is cold and disagreeable weather, and if they broke out they would be liable to perish in the woods from starvation. The real danger is in summer time when they can camp out without blankets and find fish and berries to feed upon. Then they are troublesome."

From the penitentiary to the asylum was a drive of but a few minutes and under the guidance of Dr. Carpenter we made a short tour of the institution. Everything was neat and clear, with excellent light and ventilation, which are indispensable to the proper treatment of "the living death." There are twelve wards in the institution, five of which are devoted to the use of female patients. Each ward has a separate dining-room, the tables being scrupulously neat and clean. The laundry is worked by steam and all the buildings are heated in the same manner. The baker turns out 400 loaves of bread per day and the butcher's shop was filled with excellent meats; in short, nothing is omitted that will conduce to the personal comfort of the unfortunate people whom trouble has bereft of their reason. The patients were removed there in October, and all the supplies had therefore to be purchased for them, but this year they will be able to raise all their own vegetables, etc., which will greatly reduce expenses hereafter. Labor-saving appliances are to be seen in all the various departments of the asylum, and this will tend to bring down expenses to a lower figure than was first expected. Out in one of the yards the men were playing marbles, some of them past fifty years of age, and laughing over their game as children might laugh in their school days. Of all the misfortunes that can befall mankind, nothing is half so terrible as insanity.

We spent several hours at the house of an old friend, and at 10 P. M. went down on board the steamer Occident to take the river trip down to Portland through the locks. It was fourteen years since I had been up or down the river between Salem and Oregon City, so I felt like looking at the old stream once more. The boat is under command of Captain Miles Bell, who has spent almost his entire life on this river. On this trip she had brought down a full load of wheat from Corvallis and way ports to the Salem mills, where she unloaded her entire cargo and took on a full load of flour for Portland. We pulled out at 6 on Wednesday morning and stopped at Lincoln, Wheatland, Champoeg, Butteville and all the once lively river towns which have, since the construction of the railroad, dwindled down to mere hamlets. It was half past one o'clock when we dashed through the Rock Island rapids and entered the locks. These are four in number, with a long level between the first and second as you descend the stream. The moving depth is 16½ feet and whenever the water touches that mark the gates are opened and the boat moves ahead into another lock till she finally reaches again the open river. The Occident was built in 1864 by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company and has done very severe service since that time. Her sister boat, the Orient, was rebuilt nearly a year ago and it is almost time to put the old "Occie" in the dry dock for a new bottom. The Occident's engines are about thirty years old, having been first used in the Carrie Ladd, with which Capt. Ainsworth laid the foundation of his fortune, and afterward in the Nez Perce Chief, which made "a bar'l of money" in Snake river.

On the way down the river we noticed several large rafts of ash timber on which men were rowing and steering their way through the tortuous channels of Yamhill bar. These rafts were on their way to Champoeg, where there are two sawmills cutting it, mostly ash lumber, for the wagon shops and furniture factories in Portland. But there are thousands of acres of land between Salem and this city on which there is ample growth of ash and oak wood, always saleable in Portland, but which, owing to the heavy tolls at the locks, cannot be hewn down and shipped hither except at a heavy loss to the producer. The owners of these lands would like to have them cleared for cultivation, but they do not like to waste the timber by burning nor do they desire to sell it at a positive loss. If the next legislature would reduce tolls at the locks to 25 cents per ton on grain and 10 cents per cord on wood, there might be an opening for flatboatmen and raftsmen to make a good living by bringing hard wood to this market for sale. The flatboats could be built of rough alder plank and loaded with cordwood, either oak or ash, and then broken up here on arrival, as it would not pay to tow them back again up stream. The plank could be used for sidewalks, unless badly splintered, in which event the brickyards could use them for fuel in their arches, so there would be no loss or waste in the matter. This would tend to greatly reduce the cost of hardwood fuel in Portland for many years to come, and it is a concession due to the farmers of Oregon, who were heavily taxed to help build these self-same locks at Willamette Falls.

From a casual observation based upon a rapid journey by rail and river, I should be inclined to predict good crops in the Willamette valley. The ground is drying out rapidly and plowing is going ahead in excellent shape as the waters subside. My belief is that the Willamette valley is yet the finest body of land in Oregon. Eighteen months ago a man came to me and asked my advice with regard to investing in Transcontinental stock. I told him to let it alone and to put his money in Willamette valley farming lands and he would be certain to double his money before 1889; that he could buy lands for from $12 to $30 per acre that would go to $30 to $50 within the next six years; and that it would be impossible to suffer any loss by shrinkage or depreciation of these lands, while stocks were subject to fluctuation and shrinkage. That man disregarded my advice just because the investment was not enough on the speculative order—too much of the slow and sure style about it. He put $60,000 into the stock and will be lucky to get back five cents on the dollar. My faith is strong in the land, and whenever we can get men to work Oregon lands as they are worked in the Atlantic seaboard states, Oregon will be the richest state in the Union. She has the iron of Pennsylvania, the timber of Maine, the grain-producing power of Illinois, the fisheries of New York, and the water power of Massachusetts. She will tell a wonderful story in the next decade if she gets the right sort of population.

M.

The man who has a naturally bad breath is quite enough of a nuisance, but when he intensifies it by eating bologna sausage seasoned with garlic, he should be compelled to stay at home for the next six hours and breathe through a sponge, and the sponge be washed afterwards. Last Tuesday night at the Orchestral Union concert a friend of mine and his wife were seated where they could not possibly get out. Behind them sat two ladies, accompanied by a man who was loaded to the guards with garlic and breathed the unsavory bulb at a pressure of 225 pounds to the square inch. And if that were not enough, this walking perfumery vat put his feet on the rounds of the chair occupied by my friend's wife and kept them there during the entire performance. He wouldn't even go out to get a drink at the intermission, but sat like a knot on a log and diffused the left-handed aroma of his dinner till all around him were completely nauseated therewith. I shall be pleased to hear that he has committed suicide by inhaling his own breath.

WINNIPEG NOTES.

WINNIPEG, March 8.—Yesterday the farmers' convention appointed a committee to prepare a statement of demands and place a copy in the hands of every member of the legislature. Also to watch the proceedings of the legislature and report any show of treason to their cause in that body. Convention adjourned to await the action of the legislature.

WINNIPEG, March 8.—Yesterday Sutherland, the provincial secretary, died.

Last night Dr. Turnbull committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum.

TRESPASSES.

The year 1883 was a very busy building year for Portland, a good deal busier, as I have every reason to believe, than the present one will be. It witnessed the completion of several four-story business blocks, to say nothing of dwelling houses by the score that were designed to rent for at least fifty dollars per month. And in the construction and equipment of these houses there must have been used at least ten thousand barrels of lime at $1 75 per barrel, which gives a total of $17,500. All this lime came from either Santa Cruz, in California, 670 miles from here by water, or else from San Juan island in Washington territory, say 275 miles away. All this money went out of the state, never to return by any possibility. It went to enrich other communities to which we sell neither merchandise nor manufactured articles. And yet we have within our own state, scarcely 200 miles from Portland, a quality of lime that is fully equal to that produced at San Juan. The state university at Eugene was constructed with it (1800 barrels), and so was the capitol building at Salem (4000 barrels), showing that it must be of good quality or the state architects would have rejected it. And yet this lime cannot be sold north of Eugene City at a profit, owing to the high tariff on the railroad, which is $60 per car from Roseburg to Portland. If it were reduced to $40 between these points there might be a profit of ten cents or so on a barrel and the money sent to San Juan island would be kept in the state. I find no particular fault with the railroad officials in this matter, but with their employers, the bondholders of the road. Mr. Brandt is an old railroad man, and knows that one underlying principle of carrying trade is to tax luxuries and carry the necessaries of life at rates that will barely pay for wood and axle-grease. Mr. Koehler has been in the country long enough to know this as well, and would make some concession to the producers if his hands were not tied by non-resident employers.

The same state of affairs prevails in the west side counties, which should be the costermongeries of the metropolis, but are not. The rates on produce to Portland are so heavy that by the time the farmer has paid his freight, cartage and commission on sales there is nothing left for himself. A man living in Santa Clara county, California, 710 miles distant from Portland, ships a ton of cabbage to San Francisco, fifty miles by rail; hence it comes to Portland, 650 miles by steamship, and is sold cheaper than a ton of cabbage can be sold in Portland that has been grown at Forest Grove and brought hither by rail twenty-one miles. That is why green grocery business does not pay in Washington and Yamhill counties. Suppose the tariff on vegetables were reduced to four dollars per ton from McMinnville and two from Hillsboro, with a still further reduction of tariff if an entire car was taken, would not Portland at once see the necessity of purchasing vegetables that were fresh and sweet? Hardly a steamer arrives from California on whose cargo there is not a loss of from 12 to 20 per cent. on vegetables and fruit, and yet the merchants can afford to stand that loss rather than bring vegetables from a natural tributary of Portland, a distance of twenty-two miles and involving no damage of freight whatever. I don't write this in a captious spirit against Messrs. Koehler and Brandt, for I know them to be at least as observing as myself and a good deal more experienced. I believe they are as cognizant of this evil as myself and would remedy it if they could. But so long as all the money spent for fruit and vegetables goes to California and all the money spent for lime goes to Washington territory, I see no way for Oregon and her people to get rich, and I respectfully submit this, not only for the perusal of the resident officers of the Oregon and California road, but for the Transcontinental managers who have a lease of the concern.

I have been reading a few of Tourgenieff's writings in the past week and revelling in their beauties. What a pen that man wielded and what a satirist he could be when he chose. He struck at the very root of the evils corroding Russian society, and, for his plain talk, was banished from the empire. The fact that he died in exile was the best proof of his greatness, for it was patent that the czar, with all his wealth and power, did not dare to allow this humble novelist to tread the same soil with himself; and that the hearts of the people warmed towards the humble scribe as they never could warm towards their lawful sovereign. He was a lover of his race, a man who like Abou Ben Adhem, "loved his fellow-men" and toiled amid persecution in the hope of their advancement. His pen was the spear of Ithuriel, leading the people to a sense of their rights; and it was the sword of Damocles, hanging by a hair over the head of the Romanoff sovereign and presaging his doom. Turgenieff was almost without a parallel in the ranks of modern literature. If he fell below Victor Hugo in dramatic intensity, he even surpassed him in the strong love of human right that pervades all his writings. If he was inferior to Dickens in humor, he surpassed him in sympathy with the people. He knew that they were always honest, generally right and never unpopular. He will live in the history not of Russia alone, but of an entire world for whose amelioration he had so steadfastly and sincerely labored.

How much better is the condition of affairs to be, now that Judge Deady has rendered his decision against the mortgage tax law? Will it lessen the financial stringency that has prevailed in this city, and all through the state, too, for that matter, since September last? Is the locking up of half the capital of the state on account of this law a genuine movement made in defense of capital or a pretext by which foreclosures of real estate within the past eighteen months are to be forced to sell their recently acquired property at a sacrifice? Some say that the move was a concentrated one on the part of the banks to check a spirited speculation in real estate that was leading men to pay exorbitant prices for comparatively valueless property. If so, our local bankers deserve credit, for nothing hurts a town worse than a boom. It is certain to bring inflated values, and then comes a reaction. Before the boom of 1882-3 a man living on a salary of $150 per month could hire a $3000 house and lot for $30 per month, and the owner was glad to rent at that rate, which is 1 per cent. The boom brought false values for everything, and the same kind of houses flew up to $45 and $50 per month. So long as wages kept up men could stand these unreasonable figures; but with the collapse of the Transcontinental bubble men were either thrown out of employment altogether or retained at greatly reduced wages. This accounts for the large number of houses now offered for rent and also for the large number of private families offering to take roomers in their houses, as may be seen in the advertising columns of the morning papers. In Friday's OREGONIAN there were twenty-seven of these notices.

A personal friend takes me to task on my strictures on high rents for badly built houses and says that in some instances my remarks as expressed in the issue of February 24th are truely deserved. But, he adds, in most cases the fault is that of the architect, who "stands in" with the contractors and allows botchy woodwork and still worse, hardware to be put into the house, as well as defective plumbing and ill-made roofs and sloppy plaster work. That may be true in many cases but not all of them, for all architects are not dishonest enough to sacrifice their clients to the contractors, nor are all the property owners so green as to allow their houses to be botched up in this manner by avaricious and unprincipled contractors. The truth is that, in a majority of cases, the owner of the property wants a $4000 house built for about $2500; or in other words, wants a two-story house built for what a good one story house should cost. And the consequence is, a piece of botchwork from cellar to roof. But whether this comes from tricky architects or avaricious landlords the result is the same, for the tenant is the only sufferer.

Another pioneer journalist has gone to rest at the age of 57 years—George Pen Johnston of the San Francisco *Examiner*, though in reality he has done no work on that paper for more than a year. But he was one of the founders of that paper, and its files teem with scintillations of caustic humor from his ever-pointed pen. Mr. Johnston was a native of Kentucky and came to California in 1851. In 1855 he was elected to the assembly from San Francisco county and chosen as speaker of the house. In 1858, while in a convivial party at the Bank exchange with Charles Westmoreland and William I. Ferguson (Ipsedoodle), the latter used the name of a lady rather freely. Pen Johnston turned to him sharply and said:

"Ferg, stop that kind of talk. A bar-room is no place for the mention of a lady's name."

Ferguson repeated the offensive remark and Johnston slapped his face. Other parties interfered, and before any violent blows could be struck the parties were separated. Next day Johnston received a challenge to mortal combat from the pen of Ferguson by the hand of Westmoreland. In reply, he asked for a delay of two days. "Ferg. was drunk, you know as well I do; and I don't think he wants to fight any libel if he once gets sober," said he, "but the way is open for a settlement. I will apologize for the blow if he will apologize for the remark that provoked it."

Westmoreland called upon Johnston a day later and the duel was inevitable. "Old Ipsedoodle" was all right and Johnston was all wrong. He had been insulted by a blow, and nothing but blood could wipe out the insult. The consequence was that the parties met at Angel island, opposite San Francisco, and after three exchanges of fire, poor Ferguson was shot in the thigh. There are five witnesses of the duel who will testify that after the second shot Johnston's seconds did all they could to effect a compromise. But poor Ferguson was full of brandy and would not hear of it, and the result is already known. Ferguson would not have the ball extracted and, thirty days later, died from gangrene of the wound. From that hour Pen Johnston was a changed man. That was twenty-five years ago last October, and how Johnston suffered from that time to the hour of his final release from mortal life, the good Lord alone knows. From 1861 to the close of the war he literally courted death, and quarreled on a dozen occasions with several noted duelists. I heard him give Dr. Aylette the worst tongue-lashing on Commercial street, one night in 1862, that ever a man got, and Aylette dared not resent it. Of late years Johnston had become almost a perfect recluse. He drank nothing and was thus enabled to keep out of convivial company. He lived in a small cottage out on the Presidio road, and saw nobody but his close friends. Ferguson had died one death, and he was dying a thousand.

The people of San Francisco have long since come to regard Mr. Johnston with a far greater degree of leniency in regard to this unhappy affair than they did at the time it occured or for many years afterward. Then sectional strife usurped the place of calm reason, and as Ferguson was from Ohio, the northern-born citizens of California were always bitter in their denunciations of Johnston. It was not, however, till he became chief writer on the *Examiner* that his real worth became apparent and served to disarm his enemies. Pen Johnston represented the same element in the democracy that George William Curtis represents in the republican ranks—an element that would like to win a victory if it could without resorting to disreputable methods, but would rather be defeated than gain a victory under dirty leaders. People had always supposed that the high-toned articles in the *Examiner* came from that vastly overrated man, Colonel B. F. Washington, but to their surprise found that the articles continued long after Washington's death. Johnston's true merit as a journalist had now become apparent, but too late. Their kind words fell dead and tame upon the ear of a man under whose life lay a huge grief that nothing but death could assuage. And now that he is gone, I am not selfish enough to mourn for him, for life only prolonged his sufferings. He was my true and honest friend, and for that reason I rejoice that he has at last found the rest he coveted so long.

The common school question is now fairly in the pot, and I suppose that if I don't express my opinion on the case I shall be put down as a dodger and a trimmer. For my own part I believe in one state university supportable by taxation, and in a system of common schools that are neither academies or colleges. If people want their children educated in such branches as are needed to prepare them for the university they should do so at their own expense. The common school system is a mere precautionary work to prevent crime by placing children above the level of ignorance and giving them education to enable them to earn a good living. To do this and place poor children of intelligence upon equal plane with the children of the rich, it taxes the property of the rich to pay for teaching the children of the poor, which is right, so long as it is confined to the legitimate common school course. But whenever it comes to collegiate or academic tuition in the schools, then it is all wrong. A system of education supportable by the taxation of people who, in many cases, have no children to share its benefits, does not contemplate the teachings of accomplishments. It is right to tax Mr. Ladd, Mr. Failing and Mr. Thompson (with a P) that Mrs. Bridget McGuinness' children may be taught writing, arithmetic, geography and history (which does not include Mooney's history of Ireland), but it is not right to tax these gentlemen for teaching these same children drawing or music, or even the higher mathematics. The high school incubus is wholly at variance with the democratic idea which conceived and projected the common schools as a means of social amelioration.

And why do they not teach all, if any, of the foreign languages in these high schools? If they have the right to tax us for teaching Latin and Greek, they have also the right to tax us for teaching Russian, which is the language of Alaska, with which we have a large and growing trade. The ignorance of the Russian tongue which pervades the people of Oregon, is fearful to contemplate. The other day, in Astoria, a Russian sailor went into a shipping office, and said:

"I vants to go in dot shiff Indiana mit Liverbool."

"All right," said the commissioner, "what's yer name?"

"Ivanhoff Scharavensko," replied the Muscovite.

"How do you spell it?"

"I don'd cood shpell," replied the subject of the czar.

"Well, here write it down," said the official.

"I don'd cood write!"

"Oh, thunder! here's a pretty kettle of fish," groaned the commissioner. And then a happy thought struck him, and says he:

"By the way, there's no interpreter here, but can't you tell what your name is in English?"

"Yah, so," said the Muscovite. "it's Yon Schmidt!"

GRIZZLY.

A Constable Killed.

TOMBSTONE, March 7.—J. B. Adams shot and killed Constable J. D. Roberts at Tombstone this afternoon. The trouble was about lawsuits.

HORSE TALK.

Luther Lindsay is getting ready to break ground for his new five-furlong track below town, which can be reached in ten minutes by the Kalama branch of the Northern Pacific railroad. There will be an inside track of half a mile in length for gentlemen to exercise their private teams and test the quality of their stock. Mr. Lindsay assures us that his place will be kept as a family resort and that improper characters of both sexes shall be excluded; and surely a city of this size ought to have one place where fathers and mothers can go for a drive and a good breakfast, and take the children with them. I admit that to a man keeping a small roadside hotel the temptation is a great one, to encourage the presence of the *demi monde*. The women of blotched reputation and banged hair thinks no more of *paying* ten dollars for a chicken lunch with a bottle of champagne than a man who works for his living does of paying a dollar for a bottle of beer and two sandwiches for himself and his wife after an hour's drive about the park. But the fast folks have captured all the other suburban resorts, and it does seem as if a town of Portland's size ought to support at least one place where ladies and their attendants can go without being stared out of countenance by an array of brazen-fronted women and tin-horn gamblers. There are certainly enough private family carriages and gentlemen's road teams in Portland to make up a good business for a resort that is to be kept solely for the use of reputable people.

The sale of trotting horses bred by E. H. Miller, secretary of the Central Pacific railroad, took place in San Francisco on the 28th ult., and resulted in satisfactory prices, the total day's sales footing up $5,489. Eight roadsters without record sold for $1,229, being an average of $153.62. The stallion Berlin, eleven years old, by Reavis' Blackbird (2:28) out of Addie Lee by Culver's Black Hawk, brought $420, and was sold to H. S. Boales of Sacramento. Acker & Leihy of this city bought two horses, Hamel, a bay gelding by the great Electioneer out of Lady Hamilton, and Granetta, a black filly by Berlin out of Lady Grant by General Taylor, for $462 50 for the two. Hamel is said to be a very neat looking colt and is bred very much like Fred Crocker and Bonita, both of which have reached 2:26 at two years old. These purchases were made by Leihy himself, and he is not famous for paying more than animals are worth. It would not surprise me if he has picked up a second Billy Barlow in Hamel. No one wanted Barlow at $400 three years ago next June at Baker City. Leihy saw him and liked him all over. He got him for $35), and now it would take ten times that sum to get him, for he has won more money and got less record for it than any horse I know. He is the purest gaited of all the Bellfounders (though many of them have been made "skivers" and "hobblers" by injudicious early training), and I look to see him in the 2:20 list before he dies.

Count Valensin, who recently sustained such a serious loss in the death of his famous stallion, will sell off all his horses at Sacramento next Tuesday and prepare to return to Italy to reside. His catalogue represents 48 head, of which 30 are brood mares, most of them stinted to Buccaneer, who was the best exponent of the Blue Bull tribe yet brought to the Pacific coast. Buccaneer has no record, but got as many trotters as any horse of his age. He got Flight, 2:29 at 5 years old; Price, 2:38 at 2 years old; Privateer, 3:05 at a yearling; and Cora, 2:44 for a third heat at 2 years old. The loss of Buccaneer was more to be regretted from the fact that some of his stoutest and most enduring horses were from mares that were fast but wholly wanting in the great requisite of gameness, thereby showing great prepotency on the part of Buccaneer. Count Valensin has also Crown Point, now 18 years old, with a record of 2:24 and Arno, son of Buccaneer, both valuable stallions, that will be included in the sale. These horses would be desirable importations to Oregon, and should any Oregonian purchase either of them, our state would be the gainer thereby. The Blue Bull family is undoubtedly the best outcross for mares of the Hambletonian blood.

The want of good carriage horses is as great to-day as it was fifty years ago, and yet there are not a dozen Pacific coast breeders who have set at work to fill "the long-felt want." In some parts of the country they are crazed on the subject of trotters, without regard to service in the plow or dray; while, in other sections, they want nothing but dray and truck horses big as elephants, and wholly unserviceable except for moving great loads at a slow pace. About Walla Walla they won't breed to a horse without a track record; and in Linn and Lane counties they won't breed to a horse that has a record. Our own idea of a horse suitable for livery purposes is to breed a large and perhaps coarse mare to a highly formed and bloodlike thoroughbred stallion and to breed the fillies of that cross to a well gaited and good-sized son of Volunteer, Almont or Happy Medium. In this way good size and ability to pull weight may be preserved without destroying the trotting gait and fine action in harness. People have become too fond of the little fifteen-hand horse that can spurt for two or three miles in a basket phaeton, and have neglected the big and rugged horses of the Kemble Jackson or Monroe Chief type that can take up four wheels and trot nearly as fast as with two. There is a splendid opening in Oregon for this method of breeding coach horses, and they can invariably be sold at a profit, as they will require but little training. A man breeds for trotters and gets one in twenty which he can sell for $2500, after spending $1500 to develop him. Let the same man breed coach horses on the above formula, and he can sell the whole twenty for $800 each, without spending over $600.

The battle over thoroughbred blood in the trotter still goes on, with unabated vigor, the superannuated crank Wallace, of Muscatine, contending that it is a detriment to the horse except for cavalry purposes. It is impossible to conceal, and therefore useless to deny, the value of running blood in the trotter. Messenger and Trustee, the two fountain heads of American trotting blood, were both running horses imported from England. The dam of Maud S. (2:10¾) is also the dam of Nutwood [2:18¾], the latter being by Alexander's Belmont, while the former is by Harold. Now, by looking over the records we find that Belmont was the sire of Wedgwood and Nutwood also, while Harold's fame rests solely on Maud S. Every competent judge of a horse in America would pronounce Belmont the better horse of the twain, hence the merits of these two famous trotters—Maud S and Nutwood—must lie in the dam rather than in the sire. Had not Miss Russell dropped Maud S to the cover of Harold, he could not have been sold for $1000.

Dr. L. Herr of Kentucky has had more fast and valuable trotting horses than any other man of his means in America, ought to be considered a good authority on this point. He is a cool and level headed old man and never bets a dollar from sympathy or prejudices, but goes right along and uses his shrewd native judgment with considerable profit. He says: "My favorite foundation for trotters is a tried trotting sire to a thoroughbred mare of the right form and square gait, and that has produced a trotter herself in 2:30 or under, then we have a strictly thoroughbred mare to start on, and a good prospect for a trotter in the first or second produce. I have now a select number of brood mares who have either dams or granddams thoroughbred, and in quality are an ornament to any breeding establishment." Dr. Herr bred Lady Thorne and her full brother, Mambrino Patchen, from a granddaughter of old American Eclipse; and his judgment ought to be worth more than that of the army of lunatics who contend that trotting action in a horse bred from running families is purely accidental. When they can breed as good a mare as Lady Thorne or as handsome a stallion as Mambrino King, it will be time enough for cranks like Wallace to air their knowledge.

And speaking of Wedgewood, a moment ago calls to mind the fact that his dam, Woodbine, by the thoroughbred horse Woodford, was also the dam of Woodford Mambrino (sire of Abbotsford and many other good horses) whose real excellence will never be known. This horse was by Mambrino Chief, the horse that bears the same relation to Kentucky that Hambletonian does to New York. He was jogged at three years and at four entered the list of breeding stallions. At five he was taken to a fair and won a purse in 2:43, and from that time he revelled in the delights of the harem till he was thirteen, when he came out and lowered his record to 2:26 with ease; and then, after as hard a campaign as ever horse participated in, he closed up with a record of 2:21½. He died at eighteen years of age, while Rysdyk's Hambletonian was 26; and yet one out of every ten of his get that appeared on the turf got below 2:30, while Rysdyk's Hambletonian's get only ranked as 2 in every 29. So it will be seen that he really outbred the "Hero of Chester" in one respect. On the other hand it is not to be overlooked that many of his best horses were from daughters or granddaughters of Hambletonian, and hence neither could claim all the credit.

Mambrino Dudley (2:22) is a son of Woodford Mambrino and probably the best of his get, for while he is not as low in record as Abbotsford, he is a larger and certainly a purer-gaited horse. General Tracy, who visited this city in October last, is the owner of Dudley, and refused $12,000 for him last week. He is probably the most desirable grandson of Mambrino Chief now alive, and will probably soon be heard from as the sire of trotters. With a single exception, all the sons of Mambrino Chief displayed wonderful potency as sires. The exception referred to was the brown stallion Brignoli, first called Mambrino Prince, who trotted in 2:29¾ at four years old, and beat American Clay and two others at the Lexington fair of 1857. He subsequently went to Boston to trot for a big purse offered by W. P. Balch, and met Danvers Boy, whom he outtrotted fairly and squarely, but could not get justice. His owner therefore abandoned the race, and the horse went into the stud. Whatever ailed him or the mares bred to him I cannot say, but this big and grand horse failed to reproduce himself. He goes down to obscurity, while inferior performers have gained undying fame as sires.

L. L. Smith, Lexington, Ky., has sold to S. C. Wells, L. Roy, N. Y., the bay colt Indicator, two years old, by Dictator (sire of Jay-Eye-See, 2:10¾, Phallas, 2:15½, and Dictator, 2:17), dam by Monroe Chief, (record 2:18¾ and two miles 4:47) second dam by Mambrino Medley; third dam by Joe Downing (sire of Abe Downing, 2:20¾, for $2000. S. Baxter Black, Lexington, Ky., has sold to Daniel Sapp, Pekin, Ill., the four-year-old brown colt Billy Wilkes, by Harry Wilkes, dam by Clark Chief; second dam by Kavanaugh's Gray Eagle. Price $2500. Governor J. Schuyler Crosby of Montana, has recently purchased Amulet, b m, foaled 1870, by Hamlet (son of Volunteer), dam by Ericsson, and Volunteer Duroc, b c, foaled 158, by Volunteer Star, son of Volunteer, dam by Pilot Duroc, son of Pilot, Jr.

On the 24th of December last Robin Girl, by Enquirer, dam Cynthia Sue, by Joe Stoner, out of Sue Washington, by Revenue, the property of ex-Governor Stanford, Palo Alto stud, California, dropped a colt by Monday. January 12, 1883, she dropped a chestnut filly by Flood, which makes to her credit two foals in 1883. The last youngster became a yearling under the rule when eight days old, and it is unfortunate that a colt so well bred should be fifty-one weeks younger than colts of his age under the rule. The mare was bred surreptitiously to Monday and the colt was dropped in due time. The age of the Monday colt will be against him in all the two and three-year-old stakes, as under the rule he would be two years old when in fact he is only one. This is the only case within my knowledge where a mare has dropped two foals within the same year, excepting births of twins, of course. The groom who bred the mare to Monday has been discharged from the employ of the Palo Alto farm and will probably look out how he fools with other people's thoroughbreds hereafter.

Great things are expected of the Fleetwood stable's chestnut filly Fac Simile, 3 years old, by Enquirer—Farfaletta. She is a full sister to Falsetto, and will make her debut at the Lexington spring meeting. The first of the get of Luke Blackburn was dropped at Belle Meade on the 1st inst., by the mare Silver Maid, by Bonnie Scotland. It is a bay colt, with a star and stripe. Lula Riggs, Red Oak, Della Walker, Patsy Duffy, Jocko, Haddington, Blarney, Sir Thad and Cito are the gallopers at work at Oakland, and in a few days it is expected that there will be a large delegation from the upper and lower country to give still greater briskness to the scene. In the Kentucky Derby betting, Bob Miles, Powhatan, Louisville and Buchanan are the favorites there, while in the west several dark colts have been backed heavily. The Corrigan colt Ten Full, by Ten Broeck, out of the dam of Checkmate, is one of these.

There is some little talk of a rupture between Arthur Hunter, the noted gentleman rider (and son of the well known turfman Mr. John Hunter) and "Freddie" Gebhardt regarding the partnership known to exist between them with the race-horse Eole. If the young gentlemen are wise they will settle it among themselves, and thereby save scandal, preserve their own dignity and keep out of the mire of petty squabbles the name and fame of the great horse mentioned. It is asserted that Hunter has made charges against Gebhardt to the Coney Island Jockey Club, which, if proved, will probably result in, for the second time of late, "Freddie's" being left out in the cold. In other words, expelled from membership. The gist of the matter is set forth below:

Near the close of the season of 1882 Gebhardt gave Arthur Hunter, who was then the chief manager of the Pelham station, under whose colors Eole was racing, $5000 for the privilege of racing the horse under his—Gebhardt's—name. All he desired was the honor of having the horse entered in his name, he agreeing to give the net earnings to Mr. Hunter. Eole won $12,000 while running under Gebhardt's colors, and Mr. Hunter says that when he claimed this money Gebhardt denied the agreement and refused to pay over the winnings. Hot words have passed, and now the Coney Island Jockey Club is asked to settle the matter. Mr. Hunter is well known as a skilful gentleman jockey, who has won more races than any other gentleman rider in the country. Gebhardt took great pride in Eole last year, and was happy when Mrs. Langtry was present to see the horse carry his colors to the front.

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

Full many a shining wit one sees
With tongues on all things well conversing;
The what can charm the what can please,
In every nice detail rehearsing.
Their raptures so transport the college
It seems one honeymoon of knowledge.

Yet out they go in silence where
They whilom held their learned prate,
Ah, he who would achieve the fair
Or sow the embryo of the great,
Must hoard—to wait the ripening hour—
In the least point the loftiest power!

With wanton boughs and pranksome hues
Aloft in air aspires the stem;
The glittering leaves inhale the dews,
But fruits are not concealed in them.
From the small kernel's undiscerned repose
The oak that lords it o'er the forest grows.

—*From the German of Schiller.*

[illegible] Bartlett has used Ely's Cream Balm for his family and commends it very highly. A [illegible] known to many of our readers, says he [illegible] — Pittston, Pa., Gazette.

[illegible] remember all too well the time the Northern Pacific railroad was bankrupted in the interest of that town, and we sincerely hope that the interests that then destroyed the Northern Pacific may not again succeed in wrecking it in the effort to build up that town at the expense of the rest of the country.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Beware of Imitations.
Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

[illegible] the average American devotes himself to dodging his creditors. We are a superior race.—Lowell Citizen.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, &c.

Arrow creek is about thirty miles from Benton, toward the Musselshell.

The lower Teton gorged in several places, flooding the bottoms and driving the ranchers to the hills where the people have been living in tents for the

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

[illegible] ability, considering the size of the towns in which they are printed.

The very best cure for malaria and loss of appetite is Dandelion Tonic.

105 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

48 FOR MEN Checks in six hours, cures in three days. Drug Store [illegible] 11th, Pall [illegible] N. Front st., Portland [illegible]

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1884.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self sacrifice and quiet growth.—James Spilling.

To indulge a consciousness of goodness is the way to lose it.—Shu-King (ancient sacred book of the Chinese.)

To judge of the real importance of an individual one must think of the effect his death would produce.—Lewis.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—Drift Wood.

Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that thine may be the glory and mine the eternal salvation.—From one of the ancient fathers.

Self distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.—Bovee.

Christian love is nothing less than the creative life of God active within us. How heaven wide from the moderate emotion which goes by the name of Christian charity.—Dr. Channing.

Falsehood is in a hurry; it may be any moment detected and punished; truth is calm, serene; its judgment is on high; its King cometh out of the chambers of eternity.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

Holding a rose in his hand: 'Tis a magnificent work of God. Could a man make one such rose as this he would be worthy of all honor; but the gifts of God lose their value in our eyes from their very infinity.

The defects in a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endued with ten virtues and but one fault; and yet this one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times.

Cursed are all preachers that in the church aim at high and hard things, and, neglecting the saving health of the poor, unlearned people, seek their own honor and praise, and therewith to please one or two ambitious persons.

Love is a flame that burns even in the midst of the great deep. "Many waters cannot quench this love, neither can the floods drown it." It triumphs over all. It never faileth either in time or eternity.—J. Wesley.

The speech of the tongue is best known to men. God best understands the language of the heart. I had rather speak three words in speech that God knows than pray three hours in a language he understands not.—Warwick.

I would not have preachers in their sermons use Hebrew, Greek or foreign language; for, in the church we ought to speak, as we use to do at home, the plain mother-tongue, which every one is acquainted with.—Rev. Dr. Church.

A man that depends on the riches and honors of this world, forgetting God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holds a fair apple in the hand of agreeable exterior, promising goodness, but within 'tis rotten and full of worms.

Good works do not make a Christian, but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. None is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ he brings forth fruit for him.—Luther.

Mr. Spurgeon has said some sharp things with regard to stingy Christians. Some people, says he, when urged to give, remark that what they give is "nothing to nobody," and that is about all they do give. If a man's religion does not make him generous it is not worth preserving.

God never made choice of fools to guide the affairs of his church. The great leaders whom he has put in the van, such as Moses, Elijah, David, Paul and John have been men of exceptional intellect. No man, then, should ever have a place assigned him among the elders and rulers in Zion who is not gifted with, at least, sanctified common sense.

Joy is a prize unbought, and is freest, purest in its flow when it comes unsought. No getting into heaven, as a place, will compass it. You must carry it with you, else it is not there. You must have it in you, as the music of a well-ordered soul, the fire of a holy purpose, the welling up, out of the central depths, of eternal springs that hide the waters there.—Bushnell.

Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves and our destinies. God is our rest, the only one that can quench the fever of our desire. God in Christ is what we want. When men quit that, so that "the love of the father is not in them," then they must perforce turn aside; the nobler heart to break with disappointment; the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself as best it may on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in this world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest; why the noblest so easily metamorphose themselves into the basest. The heart, which was made large enough for God, wastes itself upon the world.—F. W. Robertson.

"But now abideth faith, hope, love; and the greatest of these is love." Ah, yes; "love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness but rejoiceth with truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth?" "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; * * * God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him;" and "herein is our love made perfect," "because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Your tempers. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful, when injured; vain when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining, when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honor, or ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! these are the sediments of the old nature. Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within, and yet close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace.—Bishop Foster.

As yet, the Lord cannot do many mighty works among us because of our unbelief. The multiplying skepticisms of the hour are hindering the operations of grace. If we will not believe, we shall not be established. We shall see no age of gold until it is the custom of all Christians to say of every promise or threatening of the Most High, "Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!" Incredulity is absurdity where God is concerned; nay, worse, it is constructive blasphemy. Doubt of revealed truth is death to communion with him who has revealed it. How can a man commune with another man, till he has given him his fullest confidence? We can have no fellowship with those whom we distrust; the unbeliever can have no fellowship with God. "Without faith it is impossible to please God;" therefore the spirit of doubt which is now abroad must be greatly displeasing to him; and if God be displeased, how is the church to prosper? Our work will be hindered, our joy will be damped, our strength will be weakened, our triumph will be delayed till we can say, "Not a doubt of it! Not a doubt of it!"—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Be not tempted to believe that fellowship with God is confined to a few who possess some special gift, or who, in forced seclusion, have an imaginary enjoyment of spiritual life. Although those who are contented with a little of Christ's company are of the exceeding number, yet his followers are far removed from idle dreamers. Things of eternity are things of reality. Communion is compatible with health and vigor, with household care and faithful attendance on life's daily calling. The trials that meet us in them are but as the goads and nails of true crucifixion; they drive us nearer to Jesus, to bring about his own counsels for our advancement, and hedge us up into a closer fellowship with himself than we could otherwise attain. Martyrdom is but the outward fulfillment of inward crucifixion. It is the crucified man who walks in resurrection life and power. "Deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow me!" This is war, not peace. It is battle declared against the world, the flesh and the devil. "In me," said Christ, "ye have peace," not in the world: there is no promise of it there; for the followers of the master tribulation and hatred and scorn. Life is everywhere set forth as a conflict. By his halting, Jacob proved that he had wrestled, but Israel, prince as he was, had still to serve and suffer.—From "The Secret of the Lord."

YANKEE DUCHESSES.

American Girls who Have Married Titles.

New York World.

Time was when the marriage of one of our belles to a titled foreigner created an immense social sensation in the bride's native land. It was so when the Misses Caton of Baltimore espoused respectively the duke of Leeds, the marquis of Wellesley and Lord Stafford, when Miss Bingham of Philadelphia married Lord Ashburton and when Miss Caroline McKnight of Bordentown wedded the Count de Bouxhoevden, the head of an ancient Russian family. But times are changed now and such marriages have grown so frequent (more's the pity) as scarcely to elicit a comment. Nay, in our times we have seen a bourbon sue vainly for the fair hand of a Lowell girl, a maiden millionaire, and the daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay, could long ere this have been allied to royalty had the fancy taken her.

Of course Miss Patterson of Baltimore, who married Jerome Bonaparte, leads the list in brilliancy of alliance, as well as priority of date. No other American woman has ever espoused the brother of an emperor, himself a future king. Miss Elsie Hensler of Boston "comes in a good second" as the wife of the ex-king of Portugal. Then comes Miss Lee of New York, the wife of the Prince de Noer, uncle to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and consequently aunt by marriage to the Princess Helena of England. Two of the Murats (Lucien and Achille) married American ladies; the first having espoused Miss Fraser, a southern lady, and the latter a Miss Willis of Virginia. Long years ago Miss Williams of Georgetown, D. C., married the Russian Count Bodisco. Also to a remote period belong the marriage of Miss McKean to the Marquis d'Yrujo, Miss Cadwalader of Philadelphia to Lord Erskine and Miss Mary Jones of New York to the Count de Trobriand.

Of more recent unions may be cited those of the Misses Yznaga of New York, the one to Lord Mandeville, the oldest son of the duke of Manchester, and the other to Sir John Lister Kaye. Miss Minnie King of Georgia became the marchioness of Anglesey. Miss Jerome of New York is Lady Randolph Churchill. Miss Motley of Boston married Sir William Harcourt. The daughter of Senator Sharon is Lady Thomas Fermor Hesketh. Of the two daughters of Jones Fisher of New York, the elder became the Countess d'Aramon and the younger Countess Gherardeschi, the husband of the latter being a descendant of Dante's "Ugolino." Miss Parsons of Ohio is the Princess de Lynar. Miss Haight of New York married the Duke del a Torre. Ben Holliday's two daughters now both dead, were, the one Baroness de Bussiere and the other Countess de Pourtales. Miss Meta McCall of Philadelphia married Count Diesbach of Switzerland. Miss Chisholm of South Carolina is the Countess Leonetti.

The two daughters of Mr. Phalen of New York, espoused in Paris, one the Marquis de Gabriac, and the other the Count le Narbonne. Miss Ridgway of Philadelphia, is the Marquise de Gauey. Miss Von Hoffman of New York became the Marquise de Mores by her marriage with the only son of the Duke de Vallambrosa. In Italy, the Princess Brancaccio was Miss Field of New York; the Princess Vicovaro, of the Cenci family, was Miss Lorillard Spencer, and the Princess Ruspoli, Miss Broadwood of New Orleans. Miss Davis of New York married the Duke di Sarto. Miss Roberts of Philadelphia is now the Countess Galli. The Countess Giannetti was Miss Kinney, the Countess Barbolini Amadei, Miss Lewis of Connecticut, and the Marchesa Teodoli was a Miss Conrad. Miss Penniman of New York married the Baron de Brimont.

In France we find, also, the Duchess de Praslin (Miss Forbes), the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord (Miss Curtis), and the Comtess de Chavigny (Miss Stevens), all three ladies being from New York. The Baroness de Charrette was a Miss Polk of Tennessee. Miss Blake of Boston, married the Viscount de Coetlogon. Miss Miltenberger of New Orleans, is the Viscountess de Roys. Miss Blunt of Mobile, is the Baroness de Riviere. The two Misses Slidel became the one Countess de St. Romans and the other Baroness de Erlanger. The two Misses Thorn of New York, are the Baroness de Pierre and the Countess de Ferussac.

Miss Lenox of New Orleans married recently the marquis de Vaori; Miss Mudge of New Orleans (afterward Mrs. Wilmerding) is now the countess de Meffray, and Miss French of Albany the countess Dussenett. In Belgium Baron Vilian Quartonce married Miss Gordon of Ohio, and Miss Detmold of New York became the Baroness d'Aerschoot. Miss Hungerford, sister of Mrs. John W. Mackay, married Count Telfener of Italy. Miss Gillinder of New York became the marchesa di San Marzano. Miss Mouton of New York was the countess von Hatzfeldt. Miss Crist of the same city married baron von Oriolis. Miss Astor, daughter of J. J. Astor, became the Baroness Rumpff. The Countess Kleskowski, well known in Parisian society, was formerly Miss Tudor of Boston; Miss Lawrence of Newport, R. I., espoused the Baron von Klenck. Miss Magruder, daughter of Gen. Magruder of the confederate army, married Lord Abinger; Miss Gratiot of Kentucky, the Count de Montholon and Miss Macarthy of New York, the Count de Dion. The Swedish Baron von Rosen carried off from Philadelphia the eldest daughter of the late Bloomfield Moore. Among the after-titled marriages made by American girls are those of two California ladies—Miss Hamilton to Sir Sydney Waterton and Miss Murphy, daughter of the Marquis Murphy of San Francisco, to Sir Charles Wolseley.

The list, long as it is, is necessarily a very imperfect one. Nor have I included therein the names of the ladies who had made brilliant alliances with noble or prominent European families, but without obtaining titles. Prominent among these are Mme. Waddington, the wife of the present French ambassador to England, who was Miss King of New York; Mrs. Roche, sister-in-law of Lord Fermoy, who was the lovely Miss Work, also of New York, and Mme. Clemenceau, the wife of the French statesman, who was a Connecticut lady.

A Dog Brings About a Wedding.

"Do these boats always remain at one place with their occupants?" inquired a reporter of a captain upon seeing at the river bank a number of living boats. "By no means," replied the veteran; "these boats are adapted to various uses. There is a kind called the 'pirate,' which is floated down the river by its occupants, who are usually dishonest and desperate. Then there is the ordinary flatboat, which is loaded with potatoes, corn, flour, or bacon, or any other northern commodity, and floated to the south. Again, there is the 'coaster' trading boat, in which a man and his family make their homes, and trade with the people who live along the banks of the river. Once upon a time one of these coasters, which started from a small town in Indiana, was lying near Vicksburg. Its occupants were the owner, his very handsome, rosy-faced daughter and a large black Newfoundland dog. The captain of a steamboat that made regular trips from Vicksburg up one of the tributaries of the southern Mississippi, had frequently noticed the dog sunning himself on the forward end of the coaster, and took such a fancy to the animal that he one day ran his boat in close enough to shore to ask the father what he would take for the dog, whereupon the daughter suddenly appeared upon the scene and called out defiantly: 'If you take that dog you will have to take me too!' This was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into friendship, and then a sentiment more tender, and resulted in the young lady becoming the wife of one of the most prosperous and respected steamboatmen in the southern waters, who also became possessed of the dog."

A Wife for a Dollar.

New Lisbon, O., Journal.

A beautiful young lady of his town has offered to put herself up to be raffled off at $1 a chance. At first the matter was treated as a joke, but now that it is known that the offer is a bonafide one chances will go off "like hot cakes," and heavy premiums will be paid by young men anxious to win this handsome prize. The girl is a most bewitching beauty of eighteen summers, respectable and is member of good society. She is a decided belle and is admired by all who enjoy her acquaintance, and probably envied just the least bit by the young ladies. She would be an honor to any household, and we are inclined to think the lucky chap will never regret the chance that gives him a clever helpmeet.

SEELEY'S AMERICAN STAR.

A History of the "Left Bower" in the Great "Rosy Cross."

HIS NUMEROUS DESCENDANTS.

How the Corner Stone of the Great Family of Hambletonian-Star Trotters was Laid in Orange County, New York.

Breeder and Sportsman, Feb. 16, 1884.

American Star was a sorrel horse, with a star and snip in forehead, two white ankles behind above the pasterns, and about fifteen hands high. He was foaled in 1837, his sire being Stockholm's American Star, son of Duroc, he by imported Diomed. Of Stockholm's dam nothing authentic is known. The dam of Seely's American Star was a mare named Sally Slouch, daughter of the racehorse Henry, son of Sir Archy, second dam by imported Messenger. That the thoroughbred blood largely predominated in Seely's Star will admit of no doubt. That his dam and grandam were both thoroughbreds is also true, although Edmund Seeley claimed that his dam was a "Canuck" or Canadian mare. His lasting qualities not only with him, but with his progeny, should be a proof most manifest that his mother was not a "Canuck." It has been said that American Star was not the horse raised by Henry H. Berry, of Pompton Plains, Morris county, N. J., but the gentleman quickly put an end to all such reports by looking up the horse while owned by Edmund Seeley and Hiram Smith, and recognizing him as the same animal raised and owned by him until he was seven years old. In 1835 Ira Coburn, of New York, owned a horse called American Star. He was a bay horse, with star in forehead, fifteen hands high, set round as a rope, with a good set of limbs, pleasant disposition, and could trot very fast. He left no record, however, as he was used afterward only as a gentleman's road horse.

"In the fall of 1834 Mr. Berry happened to be in the city of New York and a friend of his urged him to buy a fine mare for breeding purposes, the mare, at that time, being owned by a gentleman on Long Island. Having been driven on hard roads her feet had given out, and she showed other outward evidences of bad usage. The mare accordingly was offered at a sacrifice, but Mr. Berry declined to purchase her as he thought he had horses enough. It was claimed that the Henry and Messenger blood alone made the mare especially valuable for breeding purposes, and she finally found her way into the hands of Joseph Genung of New York. In the spring of 1835 Mr. Berry went to see the mare, and being well pleased with her looks purchased her there and then. She was a beautiful bay in color, somewhat advanced in years, 16 hands high, with a star and snip in forehead, and both hind feet white above the ankles. The mare was at once taken to Pompton Plains, and shortly afterward Mr. Genung, her former owner, died, thus cutting off all hopes of ever tracing her correct pedigree. In the spring of 1835 Mr. Coburn sent his horse to John Riker's tavern, near Little Falls, Passaic county, N. Y., in charge of Nicholas Smalley, to serve a limited number of mares. Mr. Berry bred the daughter of Henry, but she failed to get in foal. The next season the horse was sent to the same place, but in charge of another groom, who neglected and treated him so badly that Mr. Riker sent word to the owner that he had better take him away. The horse was returned to New York. Very naturally Mr. Coburn became so disgusted with the stallion business that meeting Mr. Berry a few days afterward, he urged him to take the horse home with him, breed him to as many mares as he liked, and then castrate him, an operation, at that time in the whole country, performed only by Henry Berry.

This was in 1836, and after breeding him to the Henry mare Mr. Berry carried out the other instructions of his owner. The mare proved in foal, and in June, 1837, dropped the colt which became so famous under the name of his sire, American Star. Some disappointment was manifested with the colt in its first appearance, both in color and in size. However, the youngster received but little care and attention, took it as he could catch it, hardly ever under a shelter until three years of age, when he was taken out of the barn-yard and broken to harness. There was nothing handsome or stylish about him, but he had a great deal of speed. Mr. Berry ran him in a great many quarter and half-mile races, and never had him beaten. At five years of age he served mares at most any price, and was driven to a butcher wagon. He then began to show a fine trotting step. This was in 1842. The next season he received about the same treatment, and could out-trot any horse in the whole country and have that butcher wagon after him. In the spring of 1844 he was fixed up a little and advertised to stand for mares at New Milford and Warwick, Orange county, N. J., to insure a mare in foal for seven dollars, and warranted to haul a wagon on the road a mile in three minutes. For some cause he served but few mares.

In 1851 American Star made the season at Goshen, at $10 to insure. He served 87 mares and got 63 colts. Among the foals of this year were Conklin's American Star, sire of St. Cloud and Star, and the dam of California Dexter. In 1852, at the same place and same price he served 92 mares and got 32 colts. This year brought forth Lady Sears, the dam of Huntress, 2:20¾, and Trio, 2:23½, and Stella, the dam of Lady Morrison, 2:27½, all of whom were by Volunteer. Magnolia, sire of Magnolia, record 2:26, was also foaled this year. In 1853 he served 49 mares and got 35 colts. Lizzie Walker, the dam of Startle, by Hambletonian, for whom Mr. Bonner paid $20,000; Silvertail, dam of Driver, by Volunteer, record 4:19½; Jennie Hawkins, dam of Lady Blessington, by Middletown, record 2:27; Dolly Lewis, record 2:29½, and Julia Machree, dam of Chester, record 2:27, and Enfield, record 2:29, both by Old Hambletonian, were foals of this year. In the fall of 1853 he was taken to Elmira and trotted a race against Jupiter. It was a well contested race and resulted in a victory for Star, who won the sixth heat and race in 2:45. In 1854 he was taken back to Elmira and stood for mares, served twenty and got fifteen colts at $20 a colt. All of these colts were mares. Lady Irwin, dam of Masterload, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and sire of Edward 2:19. Nancy Whitman dam of Robert McGregor, record 2:17½; Jenny, dam of Powers by Volunteer, record 2:21, and the County House mare, dam of Nettie, by Old Hambletonian, were among the principal foals of the year. In 1855 Star was taken to Piedmont, N. Y., and served fifty mares and got thirty-five colts at $20. Sir Henry, the sire of Lady Star (Capitola) 2:24, and the dam of Joe Bunker, by George Wilkes, 2:19, were the foals of this year. In 1856 the horse was taken to Mendota, Illinois, and served thirty mares and got 20 colts at $20. Wall's Star, sire of the dam of Modesty, record 2:26½ was the prominent foal of this year. In 1857 he again stood in Goshen, and served 64 mares and got 53 colts at $20.

In August, 1844, the horse was sold to John Blauvelt, a silversmith in New York city, for $353 and a set of single harness. He was used for a road horse, and his new owner claimed him to be a great horse for pluck, bottom and speed. The hard roads, and hard drives, however, soon showed the weak points of the dam, his feet giving out, quarter cracks making their appearance. The next season he came out all right; but his owner apprehending that the old trouble might again show itself, he was traded off to Cyrus Dubois, of Ulster county, N. Y., for a gray gelding. How long Dubois owned him is not accurately known, but he performed stud service in Orange county for a limited period. He was subsequently traded for a bay mare to a man in Hudson, who sold him to Walter Shaler of Hillsdale, Columbia county, New York. After keeping him one or two seasons, Edmund Seely and Hiram Smith of Goshen, bought him for $750, in the fall of 1849. In the following year he stood for mares in Goshen and served 54 mares and got 45 colts, at $15 a colt. His principal produce up to this period was Lady Sanford, the dam of Jay Gould, 2:21¼, by Old Hambletonian, for whom Mr. H. N. Smith of the Fashion stud farm, Trenton, New Jersey, paid $32,000. In 1848 he got Clara, the dam of Dictator, sire of Jay Eye See 2:10¾, Phallas 2:15¼, and Director 2:17, and who was purchased, it is said, in the interest of Robert Bonner, at a cost of $25,000; Dexter 2:17¼, who cost Mr. Bonner $33,000, and Astoria, record 2:29.

In 1858 he made the season at Goshen, New York, and served 55 mares and got 45 colts at $20. Among his foals of the year were Dolly Mills, dam of Ajax; Orange Girl, record 2:20, and Walkill Chief, all by Hambletonian. Up to this time Star had been owned by Seeley & Smith. In the fall or winter of 1858 the latter, having found some little fault with the care and treatment the old horse was receiving, concluded to sell his share, and Mr. Seely became the sole owner of him. In the spring of 1859 American Star stood at Goshen, at $25 to insure, and served 72 mares and got 45 colts. The foals of this year included Lady Fallis, dam of Kisber, 2:27¼, and Socrates, both by Hambletonian, and Imogene, dam of Leland, by Hambletonian. In 1860 he again stood at Goshen, but with all of Uncle Edmund Seely's ingenuity in digging pits for mares to stand in he failed to serve a quarter of the mares offered, yet he got ten colts at $25. Mary Hulse, the dam of Charley Champlin, by Messenger Duroc and Newburgh, record 2:30, were among the foals of the year. The same fall Mr. Seely gave Star away to Mr. Theodore Dusenbury, who took him to the farm of Hudson Duryea, near Goshen, where, out in a field in February, 1861, he died at the age of 24 years. His last set of colts were foaled in 1861, among them being Starlight, dam of Maud, by Hambletonian, record 2:29¾, and Lady Brown, dam of Pickwick, by Backman's Ido, record 2:29¾. No horse ever lived that more certainly stamped upon his offspring his own characteristics of gait, bottom and disposition than did American Star.

SINGERS' SUPERSTITIONS.

How a Prima Donna was Prescribed for by her Company.

Arkansas Gazette.

"Come in," was wafted in silvery tones through the keyhole of the door of Miss Emma Abbott's room in the Capital hotel yesterday in response to a *Gazette* reporter's knock. The diva had not only "sported her oak," but also stuffed a quilt under it, to keep out the inquisitive January breezes, and some time elapsed before the emissary of the press effected a lodgment within the room.

"Horrid state you find me in," remarked Miss Abbott; "though you can see that for yourself."

The visitor did not find her at all horrid. She was clad in gray dressing gown, liberally garnished with blue ruffles, and just short enough to reveal a glimpse of two pretty little slippers and a suspicion of scarlet hose. Her hair was engaged in a go-as-you-please match with sundry and divers hairpins, and appeared to be about four laps ahead. But the disarray only gave a picturesque setting to the shapely forehead and friendly blue eyes.

"I have a most aggravating cold," she explained, "and am devoting all my energies to keeping comfortable. Do you see that little drug store?" pointing to an array of bottles and boxes on the bureau. "That's my medicine. Tagliapietra sent me four bottles of homeopathic stuff, Castle contributed some pills in which he devoutly believes and Julie Rosewald and Zelda Seguin are well represented. If I didn't have the stomach of an ostrich my handsome 'Gene would now be a widower of two weeks."

"I'll risk it," said Miss Abbott, plucking up spirit, and murmuring a prayer, she poured out a portion of the white powder in her hand, made a desperate lunge at a pair of rosy lips, and in another instant the drug had disappeared down her high-priced throat.

"How do you manage to sing with such a cold?" asked the visitor. "I could detect no hoarseness in your voice last night."

"Oh, no; the malady is located in my head and in the neighborhood of my diaphragm, and I sing between the two. It is an art taught me by my old master in Italy. Still, I am apprehensive. The car I rode up from Helena in was number thirteen, and Castle broke a mirror last night."

Here Manager Pratt entered with two bottles. "This is arsenic," he remarked as unconcernedly as if it was chewing gum. "Tag sent it. He says you are to take a spoonful now, and repeat the dose every two hours."

"Arsenic!" with a musical little shriek. "What does Tag want to kill me for? I always looked upon him as a friend."

"Well," returned Pratt, in his comfortable way; "I don't believe it's the straight poison—something else in it. Anyway you'd better take a dose of it and if it don't be safe we'll try the other bottle." And with the air of one who has answered every objection, Mr. Pratt retired.

"Are you superstitious?"

"Well, to a certain extent, yes. My mother was a believer in 'signs,' and of course I imbibed a portion of her faith. For instance, when I was a child, and anyone dropped a dish rag, I immediately began to primp for the company that was sure to be coming. These youthful beliefs had almost lost their hold on me when I entered upon my professional career, but constant association with musical people, who are proverbially superstitious, has restored them in full force.

"Now, there's Castle," she continued. "Not for a ton of gold would he sleep in a room numbered thirteen. Zelda Seguin would go to the stake rather than walk under a ladder, and Tagliapietra nearly worried himself sick because he found out after a splendid night's rest that he had occupied berth thirteen in a sleeping car. Such a thing as carrying a hand mirror to one's dressing room—where they are sadly needed as a rule—is not to be thought of. Suppose it should fall and be broken!"

"Does this sort of superstition pervade all ranks in the business?"

"Bless you, yes. I wanted a cross to wear when I sing 'Marguerite' to-night, but Billy, my property man, would not hear of it. 'For the Lord's sake, Miss Abbott' he pleaded, 'don't touch one of 'em, it would break us all up.'"

"You are looking as fine as a Derby winner," remarked the scribe, who was getting uneasy at the supernatural turn of the conversation.

"Do you think so (with a little pout)? Then why did you say in your notice this morning that I was getting fat—"

"Not too fat," interjected the youth; "just fat enough you know."

"It's well you put that in. Did you see the piece that wicked Eugene Field put in the Chicago *News* about me—no? Well, he said I had to hold up the rolls of flesh on my arms with clothes-pins. The idea! My fighting weight is 140 pounds, and I have kept it at that figure for the last three seasons."

"Some people are never satisfied," murmured the prima donna, in an injured tone. "When I first appeared in Philadelphia one of the papers said I was a mere lath of a school girl, and looked as though I had been fed on slate pencils. And now, when I show that my rations agree with me, they want me a lath again."

The sole auditor of this little outburst had been gradually rising from his chair during its delivery, and the last words reached him as he fled down the corridor.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

The Origin and Common Use of Our Familiar Phrases

Atlantic Monthly.

If other persons share the curiosity I have had as to the origin of many familiar old sayings, they may like to have here the explanation of some such which I found recently in an English book. The majority of these proverbial sayings are I suppose of very old date, and come down to us from our English or Dutch forefathers. Here is the origin of the expression "tick," for credit, which I have always taken to be quite modern slang. It seems, on the contrary, that it is as old as the seventeenth century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was then commonly called. On tick was on ticket.

"Humble pie" refers to the days when the English forests were stocked with deer, and venison pasty was commonly seen on the tables of the wealthy. The inferior and refuse portions of the deer, termed the "umbles," were generally appropriated to the poor, who made them into a pie; hence "umble pie" became suggestive of poverty and afterward was applied to degradations of other kinds.

"A wild goose chase" was a sort of racing, resembling the flying of wild geese, in which, after one horse had gotten the lead, the other was obliged to follow after. As the second horse generally exhausted himself in vain efforts to overtake the first this mode of racing was finally discontinued.

The expression "a feather in his cap," did not signify merely the right to decorate one's self with some token of success, but referred to ancient custom among the people of Hungary, of which mention is made in the Landsdowne manuscripts in the British museum. None but he who had killed a Turk was permitted to adorn himself in this fashion, or to "show the number of fethers in his cappe." It occurs to me to question whether the similar phrase, to "plume himself," has not its source in the same tradition.

A "baker's dozen" was originally the devil's dozen, thirteen being the number of witches supposed to sit down together at their great meetings or sabbaths; hence the conversation about sitting thirteen at a table. The baker was an unpopular character, and became substitute for the devil.

The explanation of the proverbial saying about "Hobson's choice" is given by Steele in the *Spectator*, No. 160. Hobson kept a livery stable, his stall being ranged one behind another, counting from the door. Each customer was obliged to take the horse which happened to be in the stall next at the door, this chance fashion of serving being thought to secure perfect impartiality.

Terrapin and canvasback ducks have taken the place of escalloped oysters of former years, and champagne has superseded claret.

WAYS OF IMPOSTERS.

How People were Humbugged a Century Ago.

DELUSIONS AND SHAMS.

The Notorious Cock Lane Ghost—A Man who Claimed to be Able to Transform Himself into a Jackass.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Since the world began there has existed a number of people who have been too willing to believe in any imposture or superstition that might happen to be prevalent at the time, and who are ever ready to join the crowd who had already been marching along in the train of some pretender to either an earthly crown or a heavenly one. Of the former Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck are familiar to the readers of history, and the latter Mohammed, Brigham Young, Johanna Southcote and the gentleman who is at present known as El Mahdi, or the false prophet are familiar figures. All had believers. In the case of Mohammed millions have lived and are contented to die beneath the sign of the crescent, and although the followers of the others were fewer in numbers they were not the less enthusiastic in their belief.

During the last century the credulity of the people was, if possible, almost greater than it has been in the present one. Last century was the golden age for charlatans and impostors of every description, and the people showed themselves only too willing to be imposed upon. Hardly a week passed that some "fasting girl" did not appear and draw thousands at sixpence a head on a plea that she had seen a vision who had commanded her to fast for so many months, and that since then food of any description had not passed her lips. Visions and wonderful apparitions were as common as blackberries, and a town or village without a haunted house was a thing almost unknown.

In London the most notorious of these manifestations was known as the Cock Lane ghost. In the house of the sexton of St. Clement's church, situated in Cock Lane, a young girl asserted that every night she was visited by a ghost who caused the furniture to jump about, and annoyed her by continuous scratching on the bed where she slept. This statement set all London agog with excitement, and the girl was visited by every one of note in the city. A committee of clergymen and medical men was appointed to visit her and report the proceedings, and they stated that the manifestations were undoubted and also that the spirit was supposed to be that of a woman who had been murdered in the house. But some were more sceptical than the rest and had some little common sense remaining. They determined to isolate the girl completely, and as it was only at night that the scratchings and knockings were heard, they made her sleep in a hammock slung in the middle of the room. That night there were no more knockings, but on the girl being taken out of the hammock and searched it was discovered that she had succeeded in secreting a piece of wood, and the whole deception was exposed.

An impostor afterward appeared who advertised that on the stage of Drury Lane theater he would appear, and first of all transform himself into a Newfoundland dog, then into a jackass, then into a roaring Nubian lion, and finally into an African elephant, with tusks twelve feet long. A committee could then come on the stage and saw off his tusks, the ivory of which was to be sold for the benefit of a charity. The theater was crowded, and a man stepped on the stage and informed the audience that the performer, while experimenting in his room previous to his public appearance, had successfully transformed himself into the dog, the jackass and the lion, but there he had stopped, and could not retransform himself, and that, finally becoming savage, he had attacked his attendants, who in self defense had been obliged to kill him. The public could stand a lot, but this was going a little too far, and a riot ensued which ended in the mob wrecking the theater. About this time a showman was arrested for imposing on the people by exhibiting the skull of Oliver Cromwell when a boy, but before the arrest took place the impostor had succeeded in drawing mints of money from the pockets of the credulous.

It was not only, however, in deceptions of the nature of the above that a golden harvest was reaped. Speculators with visionary schemes of every kind swarmed almost in greater numbers than they do now. But, whereas in the present day the schemes put before the gullible public have some resemblance of business, and the hook is covered with the bait in a more skillful and alluring manner, in the last century they were launched in the most barefaced and shameless manner. One man advertised that to every man who deposited with him at a certain coffee house the sum of $2 50 he would, at the end of three months, return $500. In one day he had collected $25,000, with which he decamped the same evening. The swindle of the greatest magnitude was what was known as the South Sea Bubble, the bursting of which brought ruin and desolation into nearly every family in England, and for a time afterward put an end to most of the swindling schemes. The islands of the South seas were painted in the most glowing colors, and the trade that could be done with them and South America was represented as fabulous. There was not only millions, but hundreds of millions, in it, and all you had to do in order to at once become a millionaire was to buy South Sea stocks. The people tumbled over each other in their eagerness to buy, and the doors of the cabinet minister were besieged by the highest in the land, anxious to secure their influence in getting possession of some of the stock. The shares speedily rose to 300 per cent. premium and the stock was looked upon as a better security than that of the bank of England. When the promoters and their satellites had filled their pockets the whole fabric came down with a crash and everybody was ruined. It is said that a sum of not less than $200,000,000 was put into the scheme.

Another bare-faced swindle was that of a company who issued a prospectus in which the great medicinal properties of the milk of mules and she-asses was extolled. Spain was a great place for mules and asses, and the promoters announced that they had obtained the sole right of milking all the mules and asses in Spain. They proposed to build a sanitarium near Brighton, where the milk would be transported and drank. For this purpose the public were asked to subscribe the modest sum of $1,000,000. Incredible as it may appear, they got the whole amount asked for, and, of course, the whole thing came to nothing.

DICKENS.

How His Boyish Experience Told on His Character.

The Scottish Review.

What manner of man Dickens was we can perceive well enough from his books as well as his letters. We all remember the passage in which Lord Macaulay shows how Johnson's privations affected his character and manners all through his life. It is certainly no less true that the boyish experiences of Dickens told with wonderful force on his character. His father was always in money difficulties, and the son had a miserable time of it as a child going to and fro to the pawnbrokers, hanging about the Marshalsea and Fleet, and tying up pots of blacking for 6s a week. And all the while he never lost the consciousness that he possessed great powers and capabilities, and fortunately, or things no business would have been belied. He also learned to throw himself eagerly into what he was doing, that he might do it well. In the blacking days there was constant rivalry between him and his companions who could tie up pots quickest and finish them off most neatly. The result of all which was that when Dickens overcame his difficulties and became a prosperous man he never for a moment doubted his own powers. He had expected to succeed and he had succeeded. What more was needed? And thus he grew more and more self-concentrated, self-confident, self-assertive. He was not a good scholar like Johnson or even Thackeray; never went to public school and certainly knew very little of the Latin grammar. But as a sickly, neglected child, he had loved to get away by himself and nurse his imagination on Fielding; and Smollett, and Lesage, and Shakespeare; and we might almost call this his only early book education. His powers of memory and observation were altogether astonishing; they were part of his habit. It is hardly to be wondered at that he seemed to have something very like a conviction of his infallibility. All through his writings you find him laying down the law on politics and history and theology, without any sort of misgiving that possibly wider reading might have modified his views. It was a heavy drawback to his character, and made him (to speak plainly) arrogant. And closely akin to this is his overweening personal vanity. Always he seems craving after praise, present and posthumous. He tells Mr. Forster to be sure and put so and so into his biography. And, by the way, it would have been wiser of the biographer to leave these little requests out and not to have exhibited his subject supplicating mankind for their "plaudits." We could multiply proofs of this weakness which are within our knowledge, but we gladly turn to a pleasanter subject. What kept him great, and makes us regard this self-conceit as a flaw on a fine character, was his generous heart. Throughout his labors he is ever seen anxious to improve the condition of the world and to enlarge men's sympathies for the poor and suffering. No one can doubt who reads him that his whole heart went with his denunciations of cruelties—whether of prison, of school, or of workhouse—of pseudo-philanthropy, of hypocrisy, and shams of all sorts, as they presented themselves before him.

ILL-MATED SPOUSES.

An Unflattering Sketch of Modern Conjugal Life in Boarding Houses.

New York Graphic.

Nothing is more unusual in New York than for the man just married to take his young wife to no other home than a boarding house. He does it with the most laudable intentions in the world, and with the fixed determination to go housekeeping just as soon as his improved prospects will justify him to indulge in an increase of expenditure. At present it it is so nice to sit down to table without any harassing fear of butchers' or bakers' bills, no wrangle with untrained servants, no fear of mother-in-laws' superior wisdom in household affairs putting your verdant experience to the blush. It is so pleasant to go off just when you feel like it on little flying trips to the country, or a visit to some friend without leaving a single doubt or care behind. You can calculate just to a nicety what your expenses amount to, and consequently indulge in many and unjustifiable little extravagances, which had been a great deal better bestowed in a more useful cause. And so at the end of the year, though intensely weary of it all, you have drifted into this irresponsible happy-go-lucky kind of existence, without any more definite course of action than when you first started. Your wife, deprived of all those charming little duties which constitute the chief pleasure of a married woman's life, those nice little plans for beautifying and embellishing her home, in which her faculties for the comfort of her surroundings find full scope, has either grown inert and listless, or she has found other interests with which to occupy herself. At the best it is a vague, purposeless dragging-along of one day to another, in which routine or method has no part. The most important task of her life is how to kill time most effectually, or to dispose of the day in the least tiresome manner. Her proper vocation is missing, she knows no other duty than that of self-indulgence, till finally when the time arrives for you to give her a home she has lost all inclination for it, and prefers to live on as she has begun.

Perhaps after this the cause for so many divorces is not far to seek. There is no country in the world where people have so little veneration for their household gods as in America. The most luxurious and elegantly appointed homes are broken up—generally for the most trivial reason in the world—with the same easy facility as one would fold up a tent without the least compunction in parting with the thousand and one familiar objects, endeared by long usage and association. Thus the ruling power receives fresh impetus from year to year, and there is no fear of a decay of its supremacy so long as people will not recognize that the chief welfare of a nation depends upon home influence and associations—to the wife the home; to the husband the task of providing for it. If the former shirks her part of the marriage contract it is surely excusable in the husband to shirk his responsibilities. The wholesale influence of numerous obligations, the necessary sense of weighty responsibilities, the beneficial restraint of home ties and duties, have no part in his life. The edge is taken off his ambition, because the chief incentive thereto is missing. He is a regular nomad with a nomad's idea of life. Its obligations and duties press but lightly on him, and he can pitch his tent wherever he pleases. His landlady is the only person he fears, because on her depends his material comfort. That is why he alternately cajoles and flatters her, meekly bows his head under her coarse despotism, abjectly accedes to her extortionate demand in "raising him," submits to the most humiliating impertinences from the servants, and in short, lives a perpetual life on sufferance, while vainly trying to delude himself into a belief that he is a free-born man and an independent citizen.

DIVORCES IN ENGLAND.

The Number of Suits Small because Expenses are so Heavy—A Queer Ruling.

London Cor. Hartford Times.

Mr. Charles Russell, who defended O'Donnell, is in clover just now. Besides the 2000 guineas he got with his brief in that case, he received 750 guineas at about the same time in two other cases. This aggregates something like $18,000, a sugar plum such as is not often picked up for two or three weeks' work, and this does not include refreshers. But lawyers' fees are climbing up here at an amazing rate. Three hundred guineas used to be considered the outside figure for the best man at the bar; now the bigbugs would turn up their noses at that sum. The other expenses connected with litigation in England are equally high. Justice may be had here, unquestionably, and it is not to be bought. Nevertheless in many cases it takes an awful pile of money to secure it. A stranger is struck with the small number of divorce suits that come before the English courts, but he will make a great mistake if he infers from this that connubial infidelity is uncommon. The real reason is, divorces come so high that none but the wealthy dare aspire to them. Apropos of this, I recall what was perhaps one of the wittiest speeches ever delivered from the English bench. A poor man was convicted of bigamy, and on being asked why judgment should not be passed upon him according to law, he replied that his wife had eloped with a hawker five years before, and he had not seen her since, so last winter he had thought it quite permissible to marry again. To this Mr. Justice Maule replied as follows: "I will tell you what you ought to have done, and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law conclusively presumes you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker. That would have cost you about £100 ($500). When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you could have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce a mensa et thoro. That would have cost you £200 or £300 more. When you had obtained a divorce a mensa et thoro, you would have had to appear by counsel before the house of lords for a divorce a vinculo matrimoni. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both houses of parliament, and altogether you would have to spend about £1000 or £1200. You will probably tell me that you never had 1000 farthings of your own in the world, but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor."

To show his sense of the heinousness of the crime, the learned justice sentenced the economical prisoner to imprisonment for the term of one day. This was some years ago. The process of getting divorces is a little more simple now, and a little less costly. Even yet, however, none venture to sue for this privilege but those having a long purse; probably the fact that nearly all the divorces that are sought concern people in high life is the reason why superficial observers rush to the mistaken conclusion that there is more immorality among this class than among the poor.

SONG OF THE DUCKS.

One little black duck [illegible] little gray,
Six little white ducks run[illegible] out to play;
One white lady duck, mother [illegible] and trim,
Eight little baby ducks [illegible] for a swim!

One little white duck holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck making water rings,
One little black duck turning round its head,
One big black duck [illegible] to bed.

One little white duck running from the water,
One very fat duck—pretty little daughter!
One very brave duck swimming off alone,
One little white duck standing on a stone.

One little white duck walking by its mother:
Look among the wet [illegible] there's another.
Not another anywhere? [illegible] you are blind.
Push away the grass, dear; ducks are hard to find.

Bright little brown eyes! [illegible] are linger;
Point me all the ducks [illegible] finger!
Make the picture [illegible]!
Now, where's that other one? [illegible] he about?

I think the other duck [illegible] duck of all;
He hasn't any feathers, [illegible] is sweet and small.
He runs with a light step [illegible] my knee,
And though he can't swim [illegible] me.

One little lady duck, [illegible];
Eight little baby ducks [illegible];
One lazy black duck [illegible];
One little precious duck [illegible].

One may eat canned [illegible] one's dangers at dinner parties, [illegible] exchange. So glad.

How the Old Prison [illegible] Appears—A [illegible]

Across the beautiful [illegible] hour or such a matter, [illegible] on which is the [illegible] Dumas made famous by his [illegible] of Monte Cristo. [illegible] foundation of the novel [illegible] a young master of a [illegible] Marseilles and betrothed [illegible] falls into a trap laid by a [illegible] girl and is accused of conveying [illegible] the Emperor Napoleon, then [illegible] to his partisans at Marseilles [illegible] innocent, but his accuser [illegible] government, and poor Dantes [illegible] arms of his love and hurried [illegible] d'If. Once there hope [illegible] prison often opened [illegible] coming prisoners, but seldom [illegible] upon departing ones. [illegible] was immured here for years, [illegible] all hope of ever again seeing [illegible] when one day he was surprised [illegible] scratching noise on the other side of his dungeon. He answered it, [illegible] it came from an old abbe who [illegible] confined in the prison for [illegible] digging a hole through the wall, [illegible] or caring what the result might [illegible] days sufficed to widen the aperture [illegible] could converse, and the result [illegible] who was well nigh gone with [illegible] Dantes the secret of the isle of [illegible] near Naples, where fabulous [illegible] cealed.

The abbe immediately expired [illegible] determined to make a bold [illegible] The custom was to envelop [illegible] sack and throw them over the [illegible] the sea at night. Dantes pulled [illegible] the dead abbe into his cell, [illegible] ing, and enveloped himself in [illegible] ing a knife about his person. The [illegible] came at the proper hour, carried [illegible] abbe, but really the living Dantes [illegible] pice and threw it over. This [illegible] the water Dantes liberated himself [illegible] knife, and swam to a rock in the [illegible] there are plenty of them, and [illegible] acle.

It takes three large volumes [illegible] Dantes found the island of [illegible] he possessed himself of its wealth [illegible] the title of Count of Monte Cristo [illegible] France and devoted his life [illegible] down of the three conspirators [illegible] nigh been his ruin, ending of [illegible] marrying Mercedes, after killing [illegible] has forced his love, Mercedes, [illegible] with him.

As everywhere else, the people [illegible] of the island and the disused prison [illegible] the most of the celebrity that [illegible] work gave the place. They have [illegible] dungeons as the identical ones [illegible] abbe and Dantes. They have [illegible] tween them, and you are shown [illegible] the opening as though the [illegible] historical fact instead of the [illegible] most wonderful romancer France [illegible] duced.

However, it might have [illegible] is simply a rock in the sea, [illegible] with a prison as horrible as [illegible] There are cells below cells, [illegible] geons into which the rays of the [illegible] never penetrate. There are [illegible] which all the light there ever [illegible] come through a narrow slit in [illegible] and it is so situated that escape [illegible] than that suggested by Dumas [illegible] sible.

As it was used as a prison of [illegible] old regime, and by the republic [illegible] great many tragedies have taken [illegible] its walls, which still show [illegible] beau was confined here for a [illegible] brother of the king of Poland [illegible] twenty years, till death released [illegible] tained," as the records say, "[illegible] king." The brother was [illegible] some, and kings were in the [illegible] each other in this way. He [illegible] here.

The walls are covered with [illegible] prisoners who had no other way [illegible] time. A nobleman imprisoned [illegible] sarcastically wrote on the walls, [illegible] Republic." Others abused [illegible] kings who imprisoned them [illegible] hardly a square inch that has [illegible] tion.

There is one large room, circular [illegible] which the prisoners were permitted [illegible] ble, though they were not [illegible] verse. A singular discovery [illegible] evade this rule. A singular [illegible] was discovered in the walls. [illegible] face close to the wall and talking [illegible] the sound passes around the [illegible] distinctly heard by any one [illegible] thereto, no matter what part [illegible] might be in, and so prisoners [illegible] converse would talk to the wall, [illegible] good and faithful servant, [illegible] on its smooth surface to the [illegible] feet distant, and the watchful [illegible] and down outside was none the [illegible] was said.

Priests, nobles, revolutionists, [illegible] itators, authors, poets and [illegible] all tasted terrors of imprisonment [illegible] monument of bygone cruelty, [illegible] tirely unused, the place being [illegible] ship of a dozen invalid soldiers [illegible] woman with a handsome [illegible] a living by exhibiting the [illegible] the lies that others have [illegible] cut the great story of Dumas [illegible] fine point and they have [illegible] good old abbe and of Dantes [illegible] of the escape, all which [illegible] chase. Whether you invest [illegible] the fertile brain of Dumas [illegible] drink a bottle of very bad [illegible] you must likewise disburse [illegible] services. This, however, [illegible] hoary old record of crime [illegible]

Female Tenacity of [illegible]

Toronto Globe.

It appears from the gathered [illegible] world that women have a [illegible] life than men. Nature works [illegible] all its varieties. Among [illegible] ishes at a relatively earlier [illegible] the feminate blossoms die [illegible] duced on the weaker limbs [illegible] peds have more endurance [illegible] human race, despite the [illegible] cal strength of the male, the [illegible] longest, and will bear pain [illegible] man succumbs. Zymotic [illegible] fatal to males, and more [illegible] than female. Deverge [illegible] tion dying suddenly is about [illegible] men: 1080 in the United States [illegible] mitted suicide, to 285 women.

Intemperance, apoplexy, [illegible] lus, affections of the heart [illegible] paralysis, are far more fatal [illegible] females. Pulmonary [illegible] other hand, is more deadly [illegible] males in cities are more [illegible] than in the country. All [illegible] turbed by emigration have [illegible] females in the population. [illegible] the statistics show more [illegible] The Hebrew woman is [illegible] the colored man is excep[illegible] The married state is favorable [illegible] of life among women. Dr. [illegible] that there are from 2 to [illegible] born than females, yet there [illegible] per cent. of females in the [illegible] From which statistics [illegible] women ought to marry, and [illegible] to become so scarce, they [illegible] prized by the other sex.

Dredging at [illegible]

London Times.

The Archæological Society [illegible] cided to make researches [illegible] ses in the Bay of Salamis [illegible] naval battle between the Greeks [illegible] was fought. The water [illegible] bay. As the present state [illegible] enables the society to adopt [illegible] investigation, and as the [illegible] the necessary financial [illegible] the enterprise will succeed [illegible] lost about fifty and [illegible] hundred galleys, which [illegible] undisturbed at the bottom [illegible] thought that it may be [illegible] some complete specimens [illegible] of them, which may [illegible] knowledge of the naval [illegible] Hellenes and the Persians [illegible] from their writings. The [illegible] forward to with great interest.

"Oh, yes," said the [illegible] table d'hote the other [illegible] yesterday with Mrs. Brain[illegible] a delicious repast [illegible] bread and piscatorial glob[illegible] "What?" asked her [illegible] globes," repeated the [illegible] what under the sun are [illegible] said Miss Culture, drawing [illegible] "I believe uncultured [illegible] balls."

At a dinner party last [illegible] was served in the form of [illegible]

wouldn't starve if they let the birds alone." He—"But what would the ladies do without bird ornaments?" She—"Oh, that's an entirely different thing. Of course when there's an actual necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must still one's feelings, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

ounce, 51 1 16
United States Bonds—4½'s, 115¼; 4's, 122.

BEERBOHM'S FOREIGN BREADSTUFFS REPORT.
LONDON MARKETS.
London, March 7.
Floating cargoes—The market is steady. During [illegible]

BRIMSTONE.
3,000 Tons in Warehouse.
Assays 98 Per Cent.
For sale in lots to suit.
H. MOLINEUX, 132 Sutter st. S. F.

Machinery of all kinds kept in stock; ordinary ENGINES, BOILERS and SAW MILLS.
Office and Works, Front and Harrison streets Portland, Oregon.

L. FELDMANN & CO.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE [illegible] wooden and willow ware, and [illegible] brushes.
125 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

SLAB WOOD—$1 [illegible] Mill. Orders [illegible] will be promptly [illegible]

48 FOR MEN [illegible]

MONTE CRISTO.

How the Old Prison Has Become Famous by [illegible] Appears—A Political Post[illegible]

Across the beautiful bay from [illegible] hour or such a matter, is the famous [illegible] of which is the famous state prison [illegible] Dumas made famous by his immortal [illegible] of Monte Cristo. Everybody knows the foundation of the novel. Edmond Dantes, a young master of a vessel sailing [illegible] Marseilles and betrothed to a Mercedes, falls into a trap laid by a powerful lover of the girl and is accused of conveying letters from the Emperor Napoleon, then confined at Elba, to his partisans at Marseilles. He is innocent, but his accuser is powerful in the government and poor Dantes is torn from the arms of his love and buried in the Chateau d'If. Once there hope is gone, for the prison often opened its doors upon incoming prisoners, but seldom swung them upon departing ones. The young sailor was immured here for years and had given up all hope of ever again seeing the outside world, when one day he was surprised to hear a scratching noise on the other side of the wall of his dungeon. He answered it and found that it came from an old abbe who had also been confined in the prison for years, and who was digging a hole through the wall not knowing or caring what the result might be. A few days sufficed to widen the aperture so that they could converse, and the result was that the abbe, who was well nigh gone with years, confided to Dantes the secret of the isle of Monte Cristo, near Naples, where fabulous wealth was concealed.

The abbe immediately expired and Dantes determined to make a bold stroke for liberty. The custom was to envelope dead bodies in a sack and throw them over the precipice into the sea at night. Dantes pulled the corpse of the dead abbe into his cell through the opening, and enveloped himself in the sack, securing a knife about his person. The two soldiers came at the proper hour, carried the supposed abbe but really the living Dantes, to the precipice and threw it over. The moment he struck the water Dantes liberated himself with his knife, and swam to a rock in the neighborhood, there are plenty of them, and escaped by a miracle.

It takes three large volumes to show how Dantes found the island of Monte-Cristo, how he possessed himself of its wealth, and taking the title of Count of Monte-Cristo returned to France and devoted his life to the hunting down of the three conspirators who had well nigh been his ruin, ending of course, with marrying Mercedes, after killing Danglars, who has forced his love, Mercedes into a marriage with him.

As everywhere else the people now in charge of the island and the disused prison have made the most of the celebrity that Dumas' great work gave the place. They have selected the dungeons as the identical one occupied by the abbe and Dantes. They have dug the hole between them, and you are shown the cells and the opening as though the great novel were historical fact instead of the revelation of the most wonderful romancer France has yet produced.

However, it might have happened; it is simply a rock in the sea, its summit crowned with a prison as horrible as one could imagine. There are cells below cells. There are dungeons into which the rays of the blessed sun never penetrate. There are others into which all the light there ever is is what can come through a narrow slit in the thick wall, and it is so situated that escape any other way than that suggested by Dumas would be impossible.

As it was used as a prison of state during the old regime, and by the republic afterward, great many tragedies have taken place within its walls, which still show mementoes of them. [illegible] been confined here for a long time [illegible] brother of the king of Poland was here for twenty years, till death relieved him, detained as the records say "by request of the king." The brother was probably troublesome and kings were in the habit of [illegible] each other in this way. He was safe here.

The walls are covered with inscriptions of prisoners who had no other way of passing the time. A nobleman imprisoned here in [illegible] sarcastically wrote on the walls "Hotel de la Republic." Others abused and satirized kings who imprisoned them; in fact there is hardly a square inch that has not some inscription.

There is one large room circular in form in which the prisoners were permitted to meet, but though they were not permitted to converse a singular discovery enabled them to evade this rule. A singular construction was discovered in the walls. By putting one's face close to the wall and talking in a whisper, the sound passes around the wall, and may be distinctly heard by any one who puts his ear thereto no matter what part of the room he might be in and so prisoners who wished to converse would talk to the wall which, like a good and faithful servant, carried the message on its smooth surface to the listening ear [illegible] feet distant and the watchful guard pacing up and down outside was none the wiser of what was said.

Priests, nobles, revolutionists, [illegible] agitators, authors, poets and philosophers have all tasted terrors of imprisonment in this monument of bygone cruelty. Now it is entirely unused, the place being in the guardianship of a dozen invalid soldiers and a woman with a handsome daughter, who make a living by exhibiting the place and [illegible] the lies that others have invented. They [illegible] out the great story of Dumas down to a fine point and they have photographs of the good old abbe and of Dantes and an engraving of the escape, all which you are urged to purchase. Whether you invest in illustrations of the fertile brain of Dumas or not, you must drink a bottle of very bad wine of the island, you must likewise disburse a franc or [illegible] services. This however is the best [illegible] hoary old record of crime was ever put [illegible]

Female Tenacity of Life

Toronto Globe

It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Nature worships [illegible] all its varieties. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. [illegible] the seminate blossoms die earliest, and [illegible] duced on the weaker limbs. Female [illegible]peds have more endurance than males, [illegible] human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman lives longest, and will bear pain to which the man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are fatal to males and more male children [illegible] than female. Deverga asserts that the proportion dying suddenly is about 100 women to [illegible] men; 1080 in the United States in [illegible] mitted suicide to 285 women.

Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, hydro[illegible]lus, affections of the heart and liver, [illegible] paralysis are far more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption, on the other hand, is more deadly to the [illegible] males in cities are more prone to it [illegible] than in the country. All old countries disturbed by emigration have a great [illegible] females in the population. In royal [illegible] the statistics show more daughters [illegible] The Hebrew woman is exceptionally [illegible] the colored man is exceptionally [illegible] The married state is favorable to [illegible] of life among women. Dr Hough [illegible] that there are from 2 to 6 per cent [illegible] born than females, yet there are [illegible] per cent of females in the living [illegible] From which statistics we conclude [illegible] women ought to marry and as [illegible] to become so scarce they cannot be [illegible] prized by the other sex.

Dredging at Salamis.

London Times

The Archæological Society at Athens has decided to make researches at the bottom of the sea in the Bay of Salamis, where the naval battle between the Greeks and [illegible] was fought. The water is not very [illegible] bay. As the present state of technical [illegible] enables the society to adopt efficient [illegible] investigation, and is the association [illegible] the necessary financial strength, it is [illegible] the enterprise will succeed. Since the [illegible] lost about fifty and the Persians [illegible] hundred galleys, which have since [illegible] undisturbed at the bottom of the [illegible] thought that it may be possible [illegible] some complete specimens or at least [illegible] of them, which may afford more [illegible] knowledge of the naval architecture [illegible] Hellenes and the Persians than can be [illegible] from their writings. The attempt [illegible] forward to with great interest.

"Oh yes," said the eldest Miss [illegible] table d'hote the [illegible] evening, [illegible] yesterday with Miss Braithwait and [illegible] a delicious repast, excellent coffee [illegible] bread and [illegible] What [illegible] [illegible] Boston [illegible] that under [illegible] said Miss [illegible] I believe [illegible] people [illegible] balls.

At a dinner party last week the [illegible] was served in the form of castles [illegible]

[illegible]MATED NATURE.

There seems to be plenty of water at the sink of the Pahute now, and also plenty of waterfowl.

The Pacific Coast Coursing club has decided to hold its spring meeting at Merced on the 5th and 6th of March.

They say that one friend Taft of Truckee did [illegible] slaughter the ducks last week down [illegible] the Suisun marshes.

The Bassford brothers, Horace H Briggs of San Francisco, and Fred. A Taft of Truckee had fine sport last week with gun and dog in Solano county.

We have received the illustrated edition of the American Angler. It is something that every lover of the rod should have. Address, 252 Broadway, N Y.

The Chico *Chronicle* says that the other day in the foothills two men named Anderson and Aldridge killed a California lion which measured ten feet in length.

Almost every day we hear of gunning accidents. Two of them occurred last week in Butte county. When will men and boys learn to handle firearms and powder with care.

Dr H. H. Pierson of this city has been up country gunning bears with G L Kingsley of Red Bluff. There has been no perceptible fluctuation in the price of bear meat however.

Thousands of pounds of pickerel were taken last week from Brooklyn Pond on the High Bridge branch of the New Jersey Central road. The largest taken weighed six and three-fourth pounds.

The Dixon *Tribune* says that ducks are very scarce in the tules, but there is some very fine shooting along Putah creek early in the morning, while the birds are on their return from the grain fields.

A horse balked with a man in Buffalo the other day and he sat there nine hours before the animal moved on. He was a house painter working by the day, and would have put in another hour if necessary.

In Berlin the famous zoological gardens are to be enlarged and a panorama of natural history added, the "finest in the world." Notwithstanding the increased attraction, the price of admission will not be raised.

Game is very plentiful at Cordelia at present. The fields and streams near there are alive with ducks and geese, from the fact that feed is very short in the tules, and it will continue so until there is sufficient rain to start it again.

The Chico *Enterprise* says that the other morning, just before daybreak Jim Brown of the Ten-mile house shot a bear which his dogs had treed. That is he thought it was a bear, but it turned out to be his favorite English hound.

The popular method for going into the Coeur d'Alene mines now is by toboggans and dog teams. Half a dozen outfits of this kind have started from Spokane Falls, where strong able bodied dogs are in demand at an average price of $40.

Some catfish were recently shipped from Sacramento to Bodie, packed in ice. They did not, like the blackbirds to do of in the nursery tale, begin to sing as soon as the box was opened, but, after a few minutes several of them got thawed out and became very frisky.

Livingston Green and Robert Radcliff of the United States fishery were in Redding this week. Mr. Green is still taking trout eggs at the upper fishery. He states that quite a number of men have been engaged surveying the narrow gauge railroad for the Clipper Gap Iron Company.

The old story is again brought to light by an exchange: "A big brown bear at the Black Hills found and ate a bushel of salt with great relish. An hour later he was seen at the bank of a creek assiduously drinking and occasionally raising his head to look up stream and see if the supply of water was likely to hold out."

Says the San Francisco *Exchange*: "We have it from good authority that Tom Hill has been ordered to paint a picture for the state capitol which shall represent Fish Commissioner Redding laid on the table with Buckingham and Dibble sitting on his stomach, electing themselves president and treasurer for the ensuing year."

The *American Field* says that when Gath, the champion field dog of last year, was offered for sale at New Orleans for $500 nobody seemed desirous of buying, but on his way home his owner was offered $1000, which he declined, saying that $1500 would not buy him. We believe that he was offered to a Sacramento gentleman a year ago for $200.

After the telegraph line was finished up the Nile a number of hippopotami were discovered below the second cataract, a thing unknown before. The poles furnished them such fine opportunities for scratching their scaly sides that they kept going from one to another until they got where they are. They devastate the farms, but the people are afraid to attack them.

Ethel—"Oh! isn't it lovely. The paper says that huge mastiffs are to be the pet dogs for young ladies this season." Endora—"That's not too great for anything. Why a mastiff is almost as big as a pony." Ethel—"Yes won't it be lovely? When dear Alphonse gets tired promenading with me by moonlight alone I can lift him up and let him ride on the mastiff."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Last Wednesday W. A. Wilkinson [illegible] himself as a hunter of more than ordinary ability by geese slaying. On the day mentioned he was hunting on the farm of W J Aydelotte, where a large drove of geese were busily engaged in destroying the young and tender wheat. Wilkinson cautiously approached the band and when within proper range blazed away with his muzzle-loading shotgun. He fired both barrels, killing 54 geese.

A writer in a juvenile magazine lately gathered a number of dictionary words as defined by certain small people, of which the following seem to be genuine: "Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—A thing to brush warm off with. Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep. Monkey—A very small boy with a tail. Pig—A hog's little boy. Salt—What makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on. Snoring—Letting off sleep. Wakefulness—Eyes all the time coming unbuttoned."

In European Russia the value of domestic animals destroyed by wolves has been estimated at £2,250,000. The police reported 161 persons killed by wolves in 1875. Fortunately the wolf is the most suspicious animal in existence, and is easily tempted by any object with which its ears or eyes are unfamiliar. Knowing this, the Siberian who finds his sleigh pursued by wolves fastens a coat or some spare garment to a piece of string and tows it behind, and this is often sufficient to keep the pack from advancing.

A correspondent from Cairo describes an ostrich farm in that neighborhood. The owner began four years ago with twenty four birds and has now 120. Each full grown ostrich yields nearly 400 francs worth of feathers. The hens lay about forty eight eggs, about one-fourth are bad and of the remaining three-fourths half are left with the bird and half are hatched artificially in warmed cases of sand covered with flannel. The difficulties in this process are in keeping a uniform heat and in breaking the shell at the right time and place. The most disagreeable work is plucking the feathers. Three Arabs can hardly master one bird.

Thomas H Williams of Stockton Cal having begun to buy cats with the purpose of exterminating the gophers that are laying waste the fields of alfalfa on Union island, the Sacramento Union tells a pertinent cat story. Shortly after the discovery of the Comstock lode an old gentleman was unable to meet a mortgage of $1500 on his place on Mormon island. A stranger stopping at his door saw several pretty kittens playing in the yard. He said, "Those cats if you had them on the Comstock, would bring you $20 apiece." The old man saddled his horse, and for the next few weeks rode from house to house, farm to farm and village to village, begging and buying cats. He got 500 and sold them on the Comstock mine, and after he had paid off his mortgage and put in bank $500 clear he told his neighbors why he wanted cats. They no longer deemed him crazy on cats.

The Nevada *Appeal* of Jan 7th says: Yesterday morning Hy Dowds, the tunnel tender of the Virginia and Truckee railroad, near Washoe lake, went out about 5 o'clock to shoot geese. He soon discovered a large flock on the ice in the lake, and crawled on his hands and knees over the ice through the tules to get a shot. Dowds is a thorough sportsman and never takes advantage of a goose that is not on the wing. Coming within shooting distance he stood up and expected to see the birds fly but they did not. Then he waved his hat and a few of the geese flapped their wings but they did not budge an inch. He then walked up to and there, to his astonishment, found 128 birds frozen fast in the ice and helpless. It appears that they had surrounded an air hole for water the night before and had been waddling about in the overflow and slush until the cold wave came up toward evening, and before they knew it their feet had become fast in the ice. Some were dead, but the majority were living. Later in the day he went down with a cart and bagged the entire lot.

H. Dawley is in the squirrel destroying business. He hires four men. His reward is five cents bounty for each scalp paid by the county. He assigns his men to different districts. Farmers pay the men $1 a day and board for going over their ranches. That nearly pays expenses and the bounty on the scalps is largely profit. Dawley has a poison that knocks the squirrels out on the first round, and generally before they can get into their holes. He says he has scalps enough on hand to clean out the squirrel and gopher bounty fund. He presents his scalps only as fast as there is money to pay the bounty. He has $2000 worth of scalps awaiting an increase in the fund.—*Stockton Herald.*

To ascertain how long a man should live the learned reason from analogy. The duration of life with the horse and with other animals of the higher species is proportionate to the time expended in their growth. M Flourens has improved on the working out of this idea suggested by Buffon. All the larger animals he observes live five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity. Thus the camel grows eight years and lives forty; the horse grows five years and lives twenty five; the ox four and lives from fifteen to twenty; the dog two and lives ten to twelve; the man twenty years and lives to 100 or more. By a physical analogy therefore the ordinary life of a man should be 100 years at least.

Philosopher as he is the chameleon requires food, and since he is too slow to go after it he brings it to him. As his ball and socket eyes roll this way and that way one of them marks a large white butterfly walking up the bars of his cage and he forms a purpose to eat it. He unwinds his tail, then relaxes the grasp of his broad palms one at a time (for he is extremely nervous about falling and breaking his bones), and so he advances slowly along the twig until he is within six inches of his prey. Then he stops and there is a working in his swollen throat; he is gumming his tongue. At last he leans forward and opens his preposterous mouth and that member protrudes like a goose quill steeped in white bird lime. For a moment he takes aim and then too quick for eye to follow it the horrid instrument has darted forth, and returned like elastic to its place and the gay butterfly is being crunched and swallowed as fast as anything can be swallowed when tongue, jaws and throat are smeared with viscid slime. But this part of the process is inconceivably vulgar and we may well leave the chameleon to himself till it is over.

THE DOG PINCHERS,

The Tricks Practiced by a Gang of Thieves in Chicago

"A dog pincher," said a Chicago detective, "is a man who makes a business of stealing pet dogs, either as a speculation of his own or to order. He tramps around the residence portion of the city from morning until night and if he sees a valuable dog he induces it to follow him away and then he sells it. Very often a man about town sees a fine dog he would like to own and he induces some pincher that he knows to lay for it and steal it for him. He usually has to pay a pretty good price for it, too."

How do they entice dogs away from their homes?

"That is the secret known only to professional dog pinchers." They rub some stuff on their hands or pants and when a dog gets a smell of it no one can call him away. What this stuff is I don't know, but I think it is oil of anise. You know all animals are fond of that. If you don't know it, just put a little bit of it on some bread in a rat trap and you'll have the trap full of rats.

Do you know any of the Chicago dog pinchers?

"No, not now. Since I have left the force I have lost all track of them. Hungry Dick used to be the boss of them all. He could pinch a dog when there wasn't any around. I remember a very funny thing about Dick. Poor fellow is dead now. Some years ago I had a beautiful Yorkshire bitch given to me. She had fine long silky hair and was a perfect picture. My folks were moving at the time and as I had no place to keep her I asked Dick to take care of her for me. He consented and I told him if he lost her or sold her I would kill him.

Well Dick took her, washed her thoroughly, combed out her beautiful hair and she was a fine looker I tell you. Dick took her through the streets with him and I guess he was stopped every block by some one who wanted to buy her. He would always say that she was not for sale but he would sell one or two of her pups. Almost every one would jump at this chance and I guess Dick sold about sixty of her pups. One day Sarah Bernhardt's agent —who was here at the time—saw the bitch and insisted that Madame Bernhardt see her. Well Dick took her up to the Grand Pacific and Bernhardt declared that she must have her. Dick knew that it would be as much as his life was worth to sell her so he said he would sell two pups. The madam agreed to pay $50 for them, and Dick went out and got a poodle and a little spaniel for which he received the $50. Then he disappeared mysteriously, and did not turn up again until after Bernhardt had left town. He told me he had planted himself and the fifty in Bridgeport, fearing that Bernhardt would discover the swindle and send for him."

What is your secret for making a dog follow you off? asked a *Tribune* reporter of one of the pinchers, who frankly said:

"I was brought up among dogs and I know their peculiarities. My father was a dog fancier and when I was still a very small boy I was trained by him to pinch dogs. I did most of my pinching through petting and good feeding. I would worm myself into the good graces of a dog by giving him little bits of meat and cheese on the sly and when he began to expect it as a regular thing I would go to him and then walk away. Of course he would follow me expecting to get his usual portion and when I had him some way from his home I would take him in my arms or chain him and make off with him."

But don't the pinchers have some secret means of inducing dogs to follow them?

"Yes they use oil of anise sometimes. They rub it on their hands and on their pants and then they pat a dog and allow him to smell it. The dog likes the smell and he follows it away but I think the feeding and petting is the best plan though it is not as rapid and easy as the other."

Do they sell the dogs at once or hold them for rewards?

Generally they hold them for a few days until search is given up by the owners. Then they sell them in hotels or saloons. They don't offer them for sale, but wait for an offer and as they always pinch good dogs the offer is not slow in coming. Sometimes a lap dog or a pet is stolen just for the reward. Actors and actresses will invariably offer large rewards for lost dogs and it pays to pinch their animals.

A Dog Saves Another Dog's Life

Poughkeepsie Eagle

Mr N O Chichester, superintendent of Arnold's chair factory, tells a wonderful dog story. On Thursday he was looking out on the river from an upper window of the factory when he discovered a dog in the ferry track struggling hard to get out. The dog would swim along the edge of the ice, then get both feet on it and raise himself partly out of the water and fall back. The animal did this once or twice when another dog was seen hurrying to the spot. The latter seized the half drowned dog by the neck and pulled and tugged away vainly endeavoring to haul him out. He got nearly out two or three times but each time he dropped back. Suddenly the would be rescuer started like lightning for the shore and the dog in the water kept up his struggles. In a minute or two the other dog was seen returning and there was a man with him who was running. Dog and man reached the drowning dog in time to pull him out and all started for the shore. When the two dogs reached the bridge which leads from the ice to the brewery pier they laid down side by side and made extraordinary manifestations of joy and delight and their cries and barks were incessant. The dog that was saved was owned by Mr George Lamb, of Swart & Lamb Brothers, and the dog that went to his rescue is a hunting dog belonging to Isaac H Wood of the Exchange house. Taking everything into consideration it was a most wonderful occurrence.

On a railroad train nearing Troy a few days ago was a five year old, amusing herself by putting on one of her mother's gloves. When the operation was ended she looked inquiringly about her and singled out a ministerial looking old gentleman, to whom she threw a kiss with the gloved hand. On leaving the car the gentleman passed the little miss with the remark, "Good by, little sweetheart." The child indignantly straightened herself and replied in an impatient tone of voice, "Oh, I was only flirting with you!"

THE INNER OR INDIVIDUAL.

At the Cardinal's dinner the other day the bread was all cut in tiny shapes of the cross.

Frozen oranges served in a little sea of good sherry wine is one of the fashionable salads just now.

Just now one pound of powdered sugar is necessary with every single [illegible] strawberry.

Stewed terrapin at the Astor ball was prepared by a colored cook imported from Baltimore.

Florida tomatoes and strawberries are in the market. If deficient in flavor they do not lack price.

A French physician rises to say that in his medical opinion truffles and mushrooms produce fever.

Citizens of Paris make bold to say that the so called French chop in this country is unknown abroad.

The effort to introduce [illegible] dressed beef in the east is said by interested parties, to be highly successful.

A hot fried oyster, clam fritter or a fish ball served with each drink is the latest allurement of a Bowery resort.

The restaurant buckwheat cake is now the size of the target at which our local ruffians shoot on Thanksgiving day.

In the south they have a tradition that the pompano is a fish that brings good luck to those who eat it. The tradition is scaly.

All the French cooks are busily engaged making preparations for the culinary exhibit to be made at their forthcoming ball.

"Do try some of our old port on your oysters," said Mrs Parvenu. "I know it's old for the label was as dirty as it could be!"

A gentleman felled to the ground a burglar he found in his room with a small piece of modern wedding cake he had under his pillow.

One of the show pieces at the coming ball of the French cooks at the Academy will be an illuminated Astor house made entirely of lard.

Mrs Parvenu heard that smelts were good fried in bread crumbs, but thought cake crumbs would be better, and so astonished her guests.

Canners of American peas now say they are far ahead of the French petits pois. But it should be remembered that this is what they say.

The secretary of the National Temperance society has been ill since New Year's day. Ordinary men get over it the next day.—Troy Press.

Mush is the great breakfast dish now among the girls of the period who want to get fat, heavy and lumpy just like their English cousins.

When asked what she had for dinner she replied "cold tongue." And he judged by her manner that there would be some of it left for supper.

"Oh no," said Mrs Parvenu, "we never put lemons in our finger bowls. Lemons is so common. We put in figs, white grapes or some such varieties."

Something new in sandwiches is called the Pinard because very daintily made by that well known caterer and introduced at the Astor ball.

Pope Leo XIII's dinner costs 37 cents. It consists of a simple soup, a little bread, a leg or wing of a chicken, six or seven grapes and one pear, with a big glass of best Marcia.

A delicious dish for dessert is made of six sweet oranges peeled and sliced, one can of pineapple and one grated cocoanut. Arrange in slices in a glass dish with plenty of powdered sugar between.

The hotel waiter's costume still remains the standard for an American man's full dress. To prevent mistakes at parties however the waiter is directed to carry a towel on his arm instead of a young lady.

It is said of the Duchess of Albany that she is a socially celebrated salad maker, using particular herbs which she sends men out into the fields to find. On snowy days the men are supposed to stay at home.

He was a new hand at printing, and set it up to read on the hotel bill of fare "Baked Indians in pudding," instead of "Baked Indian pudding." Now the printer and the proof reader never speak as they pass by.

A farmer's wife wants to know if we can recommend anything to destroy the common grub." We guess the next tramp that comes along could oblige you if the family can't stand your cooking.—Burlington Free Press.

A Baltimore paper says that city alone put up the past season 1 400 000 cans of peaches, 2,000,000 cans of peas, 800 000 cans of string beans, 100 000 cans of pears, 3 000 000 cans of tomatoes, 1,000,000 jars of fruit and other vegetables.

A certain economical hotel keeper writes his own bill of fare, thereby saving the cost of printing. One of the latest announced, "Coffey, supe roste befe, fride hamm, byled and bakt pertaters, mutting chops, veele culverts, hasch and crucified chickens."—Exchange.

Louis Anderson who was rescued near La Crosse Wis about a month ago from a hay stack under which he lay twenty three days without food is now on the road to recovery. He is able to eat and the process of digestion and assimilation goes on in a healthy manner.

"John," said a Philadelphia wife, "I suppose we will have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner." "No dear," was the reply, "we cannot afford it." "I thought not, but I'll make the neighbors believe we had. I'll open one of the bed ticks, take out a few feathers and scatter them around the yard."

The march of total abstinence in England has been interrupted for the moment by the farmers of Wiltshire. They have clubbed together and presented a purse of £500 to the man who a little while ago proved that he could pitch more wheat with beer than an opponent who drank water.

When a senator sends an order to the restaurant for cold tea and a crockery cup is returned, what authority can be found in the constitution of the United States for going behind the returns?—[New York Sun.] None. You can simply wonder at the freak of nature in giving such a perfume to his breath.

Now is the dyspeptic's time to live well. If a great sufferer, let him eat only fruit for breakfast and peaches with their jackets on. The peach skin has some quality that is highly useful in acrid dyspepsia, especially. Watermelon and cantaloupes eaten with other things may disagree with the dyspeptic. Try eating them alone. Especially is this the rule with them. If you are very hungry, yet too wary to eat, nibble at a pear or peach and wait. Fresh fruit has a tonic quality. The stomach will respond, and either you will find yourself refreshed without needing anything more (most likely) or you can indulge in a hearty meal.

During the performance of a thrilling play in Norfolk, Conn, last week, a well known physician of the town who seldom entered a theater was among the audience. When the part came where the heroine swallowed the poison, is dying, and her lover and friends are wringing their hands and crying hysterically, "What can be done?" the doctor was seen to be laboring under considerable excitement. At last the terrible scene was too much for him and forgetting where he was he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Give her coffee you —— fools, give her coffee!" Then a friendly hand pulled him back into his seat and the surprised actors went on with the play.

In explaining her system of preparing game for cooking, Miss Parloa said that it was well known that canvasback ducks for instance were always the sweetest and most savory if killed while feeding on the celery fields. Therefore a few pieces of raw celery cut up and placed in the body of the fowl after it was dressed was an improvement and that a small piece of raw onion put in in the same way gave the flesh a peculiarly pleasant flavor. All game Miss Parloa said should be cooked rare and that great care should be taken to have the oven in proper condition. If put into a good hot oven twenty or thirty minutes were sufficient to cook a duck or grouse or partridge—twenty minutes if very rare and thirty minutes if medium.

In England very little benefit is extracted from the present long list of vegetable substances. Bread and potatoes, cabbage and, in agricultural districts, beans, with a little bacon and cheese and milk for the children, almost exhaust the list of food attainable by the working village population. What is called butchers meat rarely makes its appearance in the cottage of an agricultural laborer, but it is quite certain that if the humble and wholesome materials in his disposition were more skillfully treated he would be greatly the better. In manufacturing towns vast quantities of food are destroyed rather than consumed owing to the ignorance of the women of the most elementary principles of cooking. A hastily made fire and a frying pan, a lump of butter of indefinite size, some bacon and a few eggs of doubtful freshness compose the culinary preparations of a family earning between £2 and £3 per week.

THE COLORADO RIVER.

Its Perilous Exploration Soon to be Made by Captain Mellon

S F Call

Captain J. A. Mellon, master of the steamboat Mojave, plying on the Colorado river, soon starts south, where he, Captain L. P. [illegible], Amos G. M. Thurlow and two Indians will explore the Colorado river from the Grand canyon to the Rio Virgin, a distance of about 150 miles and over water that none but a hardy spirit would dare venture. The party will go overland to the Grand canyon, where in a small boat they will embark on the raging waters of the river with the intention of ascertaining if the stream is navigable for steamboats. This is done in the interest of the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the mining men located along the river. The mines can only be reached economically by water if at all, and to show the difficulties to be encountered the experience of Captain Mellon in going from Rio Virgin to El Dorado, a distance of seventy five miles, the upward trip requiring nineteen hours and the downward two hours and twenty minutes may be mentioned. To go up the company had to have ringbolts placed in the canyon with which and with the aid of a cable and capstan the craft managed to make slow progress. The sloop Sou'Wester at one time with a crew of twelve came down the river over the same course and the helmsman attempted to steer clear of the rock. The currents managed to get the sloop fore and aft, resulting in its going broadside on the rock and within a minute the craft was in fragments. The men in the neck of time jumped on the rock. A boat containing six men came after and allowed themselves to be carried by the current past the rock, when they pulled into the eddy below and saved the remainder of the crew. This, said Captain Mellon, is the only thing to do under such circumstances and his idea was that the sloop should have run squarely for the rock, depending on the current to take it by safely. The river he said in many places had a seven foot fall within a distance of 300 fathoms and rocky bars had formed in many places by streams running from either side and the position of these it was intended to ascertain, after which the aid of the government would be asked to remove them. This accomplished, a great many of the dangerous rapids would be done away with. These rocks had in ages past been washed in from lateral canyons when water was more plentiful than now. At the present time no such action could well take place without a tremendous cloud burst or such a storm as has not been experienced in that country within the memory of man. The captain says he has been on the river for twenty years and is familiar with its characteristics and one trip over the unexplored portion will inform him as to whether it is navigable or not. The party in coming down the stream will be subjected to many dangers but with care he thinks the trip may be made safely. If the way was clear the voyage could be made in two days but as every turn in the river will necessitate a landing so as to enable them to determine what is ahead and every suspicious ripple will have to be examined before ventured into, the time occupied will be something like three weeks or a month. This be it understood will be but an ocular exploration so it can be imagined what time it would require to make soundings, determine the rapidity of the currents, their direction in various quarters and the exact location of rocks, etc. Along the river the captain says there are gold, silver, salt, gypsum, copper and sulphur mines while agricultural lands are scarce.

THREE REMARKABLE ESCAPES

A California Lawyer's Reminiscences of Criminal Cases in Early Days.

London Daily News

On the journey between Ogden and San Francisco I made the acquaintance of an early settler in California. He was a lawyer, and full of reminiscences of the early administration of law in the state. It seems to have worked consistently so as to give the odd chance to the criminal. Three escapes are worth recording. The first happened at Esmeralda, a town near the borders of Nevada and California. A man was being tried for murder—a very bad case. Esmeralda being at the time understood to be in California, the judge, sheriffs and jury were all from that state. The case for the prosecution was concluded, there was literally no defense and the fate of the prisoner seemed sealed. The judge was about to address the jury when the official surveyors who had been working in the neighborhood for some days arrived in the court and announced that Esmeralda was in Nevada. "Then gentlemen," said the judge, rising and reaching out for his hat, "I don't know that I've any business here." "I reckon, judge, that we've none either," said the jury, beginning to disperse. "I guess I'm in the wrong box too," said the prisoner, and out he went with the crowd and was not seen in the neighborhood any more.

In the second case the prisoner got off by an oversight of the judge. This happened at Sacramento. The man had been caught red handed in the act of murder, but in accordance with possibilities of American law had been bailed out. At the sitting of the court the man surrendered and the responsibility of his bondsman there ended. This was a preliminary inquiry and what the judge had to decide was whether the man should be held to answer the charge before a jury, a process akin to our magisterial inquiry. After hearing the evidence the judge held the prisoner to answer, but omitted the next formula of delivering him into the custody of the sheriff. It was accordingly the business of only a single person to look after the prisoner. That person was himself and judging he would be better outside he walked out, and has not since been captured.

The third case is less nearly connected with legal formula. A sheriff had after a hot chase caught a prisoner charged with shooting a fellow practitioner at the bar of a hotel. As there was some talk of a rescue the sheriff, a determined fellow, spared no precaution. He had the prisoner bound and carried into a substantial log hut. Arming himself to the teeth he determined to keep watch himself through the night. He barricaded the door and for greater safety slept across it, placing his prisoner in the corner remotest from the door. "I guess," he said as he lay down, "if they take the boy they'll have to stride over my body." At daybreak he was awakened by a cold draught and looking round saw that he was the only occupant of the hut. The prisoner's friends had raised one corner of the hut with a screw jack, the prisoner had rolled himself out and was already well across the border.

A FAKIR WITH A RACKET

Science and Music Drawn Upon in Furtherance of the Sale of Cough Drops

Baltimore Sun

A short thick set man, with a red face, stood in Second street Saturday afternoon and stripping off his coat slowly rolled up the sleeves of his calico shirt until a crowd began to gather and admire his muscular arms. When he had gotten the sleeves up high enough to expose the biceps he stooped and grasped a large iron dumb bell that lay on the ground before him. The crowd waxed larger and pressed around him. Without saying a word he lifted the bell and shoved it aloft eight consecutive times and then put it down.

"Now," said he, "if any of you think that presto change will make that thing lighter or heftier just try it."

A shinebroker picked it up cautiously, and getting it to his waist dropped it to the imminent peril of a number of toes in the vicinity. A laugh went round and somebody said "Here you are. This little muscle only one time." A young fellow in a fur cap then seized the iron and succeeded in lifting it to his shoulder, but upon some one remarking that he would strain himself he put it down. A grain merchant nudged it with his foot and smiled.

"Find it chained down?" sarcastically inquired the proprietor. "Well now here I am just going to show you about this dumbbell exercise. You see it's everything in the way you do it, but first let me offer you all some of my circulars," and here his glib tongue rattled off into an encomium upon his celebrated cough drops or some other mixture which he had in a box and which he persuaded many to buy before they could get away. "It's a good way to draw a crowd," said he after the sale was over. "Some of these fakirs stand on the corner and holler themselves hoarse without collecting more than two bootblacks and an errand boy. I give 'em some science and muscle to whet their appetites for my wares."

A Faithful Horse

Leavenworth Times

A couple of nights ago a lady well advanced in age was found wandering along the residence of Mrs Colonel Hunt on Twentieth street and being questioned by Mr Fred Hunt said she was searching for a buggy containing a child. She had left the buggy a short distance from the house and the horse attached to it had wandered off. The night was bitter cold. Yesterday it was discovered that the horse had wandered [illegible] and becoming tired laid down. The child, a bright little girl, was found by some boys next morning snugly sleeping against the breast of the horse, with its head lying on one of the animal's forelegs. The little one had evidently become cold, and when the horse laid down went to it to try to make it get up, when, the boys think, the sagacious animal managed to place it with its head on its arm so to speak, to keep it from freezing to death. The mother was overjoyed to recover her child and will keep the faithful horse as long as she lives.

AFTERGLOWS OF GOLD

Scientific Statements Made a Century ago on Meteoric Phenomena

A writer in the London *Times* calls attention to the fact that Gilbert White in the year 1783, in his Natural History of Selborne, a village in Hampshire about fifty miles from London, writes as follows:

"The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous one and full of horrible phenomena, for besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunder storms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island and in every part of Europe and even beyond its limits was a most extraordinary appearance unlike anything known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23 to July 20 inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as black as a clouded moon, and shed a ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood colored at rising and setting. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red, lowering aspect of the sun and indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and a part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway."

Other writers says the correspondent of the *Times* also mention volcanic disturbances in this same year 1783. We are told by Lyell and Geikie that there were great volcanic eruptions in and near Iceland. A submarine volcano burst forth in the sea thirty miles southwest of Iceland, which ejected so much pumice that the ocean was covered with this substance to the distance of 150 miles, and ships were considerably impeded in their course, and a new island was formed, from which the fire and smoke and pumice were emitted. Besides this submarine eruption the volcano Skaptar Jokull, on the mainland, on June 11, 1783, threw out a torrent of lava so immense as to surpass in magnitude the bulk of Mount Blanc, and ejected so vast an amount of fine dust that the atmosphere over Iceland continued loaded with it for months afterwards. It fell in such quantities over parts of Caithness—a distance of 600 miles—as to destroy the crops and that year is still spoken of by the inhabitants as the year of "the ashie." These particulars are gathered from the text-books of Lyell and Geikie. I am not aware whether the coincidence in time of the Icelandic eruptions and of the peculiar appearance of the sun described by Gilbert White, has yet been noticed, but this coincidence may very well be taken as some little evidence toward explaining the connection between the recent beautiful sunsets and the tremendous volcanic explosion of the Isle of Krakatoa in August last. The letter of the Rev Mr White referred to will be found on page 300 of Bohn's edition of his charming book and the letters preceding it contain further statements regarding the meteorological wonders of 1783 and 1784.

AN ELECTRIC BUGGY

Now being Built by a Skilled Mechanic of Stockton, California.

Stockton Independent Feb 14

P. Dunn, manager of the telephone system in this city and Henry T Hudson have completed plans for the construction of a buggy to be propelled by electricity.

"It's simply an experiment," said Mr Dunn. "We propose to have a buggy constructed at the wheel factory according to our plans and will build a motor to run by a storage battery which, we think, will give us a power equal to a four horse power engine. The vehicle will be constructed with two seats, calculated to carry four persons. The motor will be placed under the front seat and the concern can be guided and managed by one man."

"What do you calculate will be the speed of the motor?"

"We think it will travel at least fifteen miles per hour. The wheels will be six feet in diameter and we calculate to use it as a pleasure wagon to run about in. As I said before, it is simply an experiment and should the storage battery fail us we will put a boiler and engine in the buggy and run it by steam using petroleum for fuel."

"Has there ever been a motor of this kind used?"

"No," said the man of electricity. "I have never heard of electricity having been used for this especial purpose but it has been applied to tricycles with success and in France it is used to propel tram cars in the place of horses. In San Francisco they are now experimenting with a storage battery and motor to run a street car, but have not succeeded in storing enough of lightning to run the car but thirty five minutes.

"So long as the power lasted the thing worked all right. They say if they can store enough electricity to run the car for seven or eight hours they will use it instead of horses. Our trouble if we have any will be in getting a battery that will hold enough of the propelling force. If we can make one that will run satisfactorily we will then construct several batteries as we have to send them to San Francisco to have them stored from a dynamo propelled by steam power. This failing we think we can construct a chemical battery that will answer the purpose. You see these storage batteries are constructed so as to receive a large amount of electricity which is packed in the plates and remains until it is drawn off. We feel confident that we can make the thing work, and will begin the construction of it in a couple of weeks."

Lincoln's Advice to Oglesby

Chicago Tribune

Governor Oglesby related the following in regard to Lincoln:

In 1840 when I was 16 years of age I attended a log cabin convention at Springfield and heard Mr Lincoln speak. He afterward held a joint debate with Judge Douglas at Decatur where I heard him and was introduced to him in company with some other young boys. I was greatly fascinated with the simplicity of his character, his droll anecdotes and his fund of sayings, but above and beyond all these I was attracted to him by the charming manner in which he discussed the issues on the stump. He was long and ungraceful in his usual movements but in the midst of debate and when earnestly engaged there was a glow on his face, a sublime air in his manner and a lofty tone which elevated not only the argument but lifted up and encouraged every one who listened to him. While I cannot say he was partial to any one in his intercourse with men he was uniformly courteous, mild and polite toward all. He did not seem to seek favor by personal electioneering but he never turned coldly or formally from any man. All whom he knew he addressed by their given names and those to whom he was introduced he met actually kindly. As I grew into manhood and observed his methods I soon learned as everybody else did to look up to him as a great and thoughtful man capable of great actions and true devotion to any cause he might espouse. I instinctively followed him through the trying days of whiggery and into republicanism and was often encouraged by him to go manfully forward in the struggle of life. Once in the course of a conversation, I do not remember where, I recall distinctly his saying: "Dick, remember to keep close to the people, they are always right, and will never mislead any one!"

Effect of Standing Armies.

It is generally supposed that a man's physique is improved by army life, but such is not the opinion of Professor Humphry, president of the British Sanitary Institute, who said in a recent lecture that under the most favorable circumstances, and in spite of the good influences of drill and discipline upon the physical and mental qualities of the men, a standing army was to some extent necessarily a deteriorator of the national physique, inasmuch as by the selecting influence of recruiting regulations the best specimens were withdrawn from the community just when they were entering upon the vigorous period of life and then were subjected to a high rate of mortality especially from lung diseases which was attributed to what had been termed "vitiated barrack atmosphere," as well as from exposure of other kinds. The augmentation of an army therefore directly debilitated the nation, and lessened its fighting power by the drain it made upon the best bone and blood of the land. This was fully as serious as the drain which is made upon gold, even if we look into account the diminution of gold producing power consequent on the abstraction from the labor market of so many men in the prime of life and it was less easily repaired.

A San Francisco man was recently found dead with a bottle of water clutched in his nerveless hand. And San Francisco is horrified at its fate. The last thing a San Francisco man would consent to is to be found dead with a bottle of water.—*Hawkeye.*

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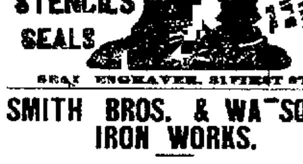

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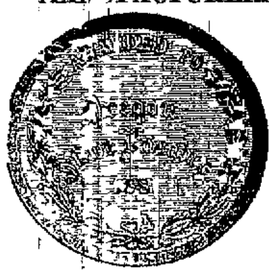

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1884.

NEW CONGREGATIONAL CREED.

At the close of the war, in 1865, the Congregationalists held a national council in Boston for the purpose chiefly of conferring together with regard to the state of the country, and to devise measures for the extension of evangelistic work in the south and west. The necessity of a more satisfactory statement of doctrine was recognized, and an attempt was made to meet this demand. Nothing more was done, however, than to declare in general terms their "adherence to the faith and order of the apostolic and primitive churches held by their fathers, and substantially embodied in the confessions and platforms, which their synods of 1658 and 1680 set forth and re-affirmed," but "extended to all believers the hand of Christian fellowship upon the basis of those great fundamental truths in which all Christians agree." At Oberlin in 1871 another council was held, a national organization intended to be permanent was formed, and the doctrinal position of the churches was defined in these words: "They agree in the belief that the holy scriptures are the sufficient and only infallible rule of religious faith and practice; their interpretation thereof being in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith commonly called Evangelical, held in our churches from early times, and sufficiently set forth by former general councils." But the demand for a new creed still remained unsatisfied. There was a general conviction that the Savoy declaration, of 1658, which was substantially the same as the Westminster confession does not express the living faith of the present age, and the national council which met in St. Louis in 1880 in response to memorials from the Congregational association of Ohio, the general Congregational conference of Minnesota, and the Congregational central south conference and a careful paper by the late Hiram Mead, D. D., of Oberlin, appointed a committee of seven to select a commission of twenty-five "men of piety and ability, well versed in the truths of the bible and representing different shades of thought among" the Congregational churches, to prepare, "in the form of a creed or catechism, or both, a simple, clear and comprehensive exposition of the truths of the glorious gospel of the blessed God for the instruction and edification of our churches." The commission was duly selected, and has completed the work assigned it, and reports a statement of doctrine and a form for the admissions of persons to membership in the churches. The report is addressed, according to the instruction of the council, "not to this council, but to the churches and the world through the public press," and it is to "carry such weight" among Congregationalists "as the character of the commission and the intrinsic merit of their exposition of truth may command." The council left the commission free to form their own plan, only suggesting the example of the revision of the bible, and that the general aim be "not to prescribe, but to offer our churches something which may be worthy of their adoption, and which may come, through such free and voluntary action, to stand by a general and common consensus of the exposition of our doctrines, the symbol of our faith."

The simple creed now recommended to the churches differs radically in phraseology, though not necessarily in substance, from the old declaration of faith. There is not a syllable of distinctive Calvinism in it, neither is it expressly Arminian. It is rather the old faith in a new dress, or the old faith as it is now understood. The Savoy doctrine of "imputation," of "divine decrees," of "effectual calling," of "elect infants," of a "limited atonement," has no recognition in it. It aims to satisfy the demands of Congregationalism for a creed couched in the language of to-day, expressing the present faith, directed against the present errors, and emphasizing correct religious belief. The following is the statement of doctrine with the names of the commissioners attached:

I. We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible;

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who is of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made;

And in the Holy Spirit, the lord and giver of life, who is sent from the Father and Son, and who, together with the Father and Son is worshiped and glorified.

II. We believe that the providence of God, by which he executed his eternal purposes, in the government of the world, is in and over all events; yet so that the freedom and responsibility of man are not impaired, and sin is the act of the creature alone.

III. We believe that man was made in the image of God that he might know, love and obey God, and enjoy him forever: that our first parents by disobedience fell under the righteous condemnation of God; and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin, except through God's redeeming grace.

IV. We believe that God would have all men return to him; that to this end he has made himself known, not only through the works of nature, the course of his providence, and the consciences of men, but also through supernatural revelations made especially to a chosen people, and, above all, when the fulness of time was come, through Jesus Christ, his son.

V. We believe that the scriptures of the old and new testaments are the record of God's revelation of himself in the work of redemption; that they were written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit; that they are able to make wise unto salvation, and that they constitute the authoritative standard by which religious teaching and human conduct are to be regulated and judged.

VI. We believe that the love of God to sinful men has found its highest expression in the redemptive work of his son, who became man, uniting his divine nature with our human nature in one person; who was tempted like other men, yet without sin; who by his humiliation, his holy obedience, his sufferings, his death on the cross, and his resurrection, became a perfect redeemer; whose sacrifice of himself for the sins of the world declares the righteousness of God, and is the sole and sufficient ground of forgiveness and of reconciliation with him.

VII. We believe that Jesus Christ after he had risen from the dead, ascended into heaven, where, as the one mediator between God and man, he carries forward his work of saving men; that he sends the Holy Spirit to convict them of sin and to lead them to repentance and faith, and that those who through renewing grace turn to righteousness and trust in Jesus Christ as their redeemer receive for his sake the forgiveness of their sins and are made the children of God.

VIII. We believe that those who are thus regenerated and justified grow in sanctified character through fellowship and obedience to the truth; that a holy life is the fruit and evidence of saving faith, and that the believer's hope of continuance in such a life is in the preserving grace of God.

IX. We believe that Jesus Christ came to establish among men the kingdom of God, the reign of truth and love, righteousness and peace; that to Jesus Christ, the head of this kingdom, Christians are directly responsible in faith and conduct, and that to him all have immediate access without mediatorial or priestly intervention.

X. We believe that the church of Christ, invisible and spiritual, comprises all true believers, whose duty it is to associate themselves in churches for the maintenance of worship, for the promotion of spiritual growth and fellowship and for the conversion of men; that these churches, under the guidance of the holy scriptures and in fellowship with one another, may determine—each for itself—their organization, statements of belief and forms of worship; may appoint and set apart their own ministers, and should co-operate in the work which Christ has committed to them for the furtherance of the gospel throughout the world.

XI. We believe in the observance of the Lord's day as a day of holy rest and worship, in the ministry of the word and in the two sacraments which Christ has appointed for his church. Baptism, to be administered to believers and their children as the sign of cleansing from sin, of union to Christ and of the impartation of the Holy Spirit; and the Lord's supper, as a symbol of his atoning death, a seal of its efficacy, and a means whereby he confirms and strengthens the spiritual union and communion of believers with himself.

XII. We believe in the ultimate prevalence of the kingdom of Christ over all the earth, in the glorious appearing of the great God and our saviour Jesus Christ, in the resurrection of the dead, and in a final judgment, the issues of which are everlasting punishment and everlasting life.

Julius H. Seelye, D. D.,
Charles M. Mead, D. D.,
Henry M. Dexter, D. D.,
Alexander McKenzie D D.,
Jas. Gibson Johnson, D.D.,
George P. Fisher, D D.,
George L. Walker, D D.,
George T. Ladd, D D.,
Samuel P. Leeds, D. D.,
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Lyman Abbott, D. D.,
Augustus F. Beard, D. D.,
William W. Patton, D. D.,
James H. Fairchild, D.D.,
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Alden B. Robbins, D. D.,
Constance L. Goodell, D.D.,
Richard Cordley, D. D.,
George Mooar, D. D.

A very simple form for receiving persons into the church is also reported. The applicant agrees to accept the system of truth held by the Congregational churches confesses his faith in the gospel, promises to consecrate his life to God and to God's service and repeats the apostles' creed. This form is in harmony with the views of some of the most conservative Calvinists. The late Dr. Hodge of Princeton, the most able exponent of Calvinism and a recognized authority in the Presbyterian church, strenuously insisted upon a simple form of confession for the admission of members, as simple as the confession made by the eunuch whom Philip baptized. At the same time he held that the church is bound to adhere to the standards, and that candidates for the ministry should assent to them and show their ability to expound and defend them. In other words, the minister should be required to subscribe to a more complete and rigid creed than the candidate for church membership, the former being the authorized teacher for the church and the latter its catechumen, to be edified and built up in the faith through its appointed means of grace. The new Congregational creed, with its simple form for receiving persons into the church, is based upon a similar theory. It is a fundamental principle of Congregationalism that no creed can be imposed upon the churches by any ecclesiastical authority. That attempt is not now made. The twelve articles recommended by these "men of piety and ability" are intended simply as a fulfillment of a general demand, and to "carry only such weight as the character of the commission and the intrinsic merit of their exposition of truth may command." The Congregational churches are still free to adhere to their traditional theory, which is similar to General Jackson's famous declaration respecting the constitution of the United States: "The constitution as I understand it," and "the Union, it must be preserved." Congregationalists accept the creed in the same way, while agreeing that the church must be preserved.

WEALTH AGAINST GENIUS.

Mrs. Mackay, wife of the bonanza millionaire, who resides at Paris, had a misunderstanding with Meissonier, the great painter, about one of his pictures; and to show her indifference to money sent to him, she burned the picture before his eyes! The Mackays say the painter is a "crazy old fool," and the New York *World* retorts that the expression is just what is to be expected from upstart wealth, when it finds genius, or anything else which cannot be bought or belittled.

An old story is told how Dick Whittington entertained Henry V. just before he set off for his last campaign in France, with great magnificence, which he wound up by calling the kings attention to a costly fire of spices in the grate of the banquet hall. "It shall be more costly yet," said Whittington, whereupon he added to the fuel the bonds which the king had been pledging everywhere to raise means for his war.

Other people have tried their hand at inventing expensive fuels on state occasions; but no one has surpassed Whittington's record until Mrs. Bonanza Mackay recently showed her enterprise and originality by conceiving the idea of using one of Meissonier's paintings for that purpose. There is no question that Meissonier's paintings in general would be a sufficiently expensive fuel to suit the whims of the most extreme fashion. In this case, however, there was the added value of the fact that it consisted of the portrait of the wife of some forty or fifty millions, which from her dislike to it we may conclude to have been tolerably accurate. This use as fuel of canvasses with a market value of $25,000 per square foot should satisfy the wildest ambitions of extravagance.

It is not by any means a fashion to be reprehended, this one of using paintings as fuel. They burn very well, and while the exact record of their odor is not preserved, it is to be presumed that they were not unpleasant to Mrs. Mackay's offended nostrils. Aside from that, it will be the verdict of many good judges that this is the best use to which a great many specimens of the French school of art can be put. If Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Vanderbilt et al. should diligently institute the fashion of burning a few French pictures each year, it will at once assure patronage for the artists and improve the artistic collections of the country to a marked degree.

This amusement is too high-priced for ordinary people to indulge in; but for that reason it seems just the thing to establish the social superiority of the ladies of the money kings. As for the money kings themselves, they will be compelled, if the fashion becomes established, to organize a bear campaign on art.

"I always go to Jerry McAuley's mission when I feel a little uncertain about my theology," said a gentleman to a *Tribune* reporter last Sunday. "There is no nonsense here about the disagreement between science and religion. These people know that heaven or hell awaits them, and they are earnest in proportion to their certainty." That man expressed a feeling that our city preachers generally do well to take into account. Most people do not go to church to hear about the disagreement between science and religion, nor to listen to a summary of the latest results of rationalistic criticism. No religion was ever propagated by pulling it to pieces. Converts are not made by critical lectures, nor are souls nourished by negations. It is the "heaven or hell" preaching that has stirred the masses and brought men to their knees, from the days of Paul to the days of Moody. The *Mail and Express* says: "It is a good thing that so many of our city preachers know this and act upon it; and a great pity that a few of them do not." The same remark might be extended so as to apply to some preachers in other cities.

If Mr. Gladstone's franchise bill is passed about two million more voters will be added to the number of the men in Great Britain who will determine its political character from time to time at the polls. Two million more will have a consciously political existence, will be lifted out of a position of mere subjection and dependency upon the will of others as to the political destiny of the country and become themselves part of the controlling number. This is the course of progress by which the old crust is broken up and the people let in, and if each change lets in two million more England will slide rapidly to extreme democracy. It is already predicted that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the heir apparent of Gladstone as the liberal leader, will be the first president of the republic of Great Britain.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has subscribed $15,000 for a bronze statue of William E. Dodge, the late eminent merchant and philanthropist.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The New York *Independent* calls attention to the singular use to which Rev. E. L. Stoddard of St. John's Episcopal church, Jersey City, says he has put the theater, while suffering severe affliction from the death of his wife through the accidental discharge of a pistol in his own hands. "He has given his church and congregation to understand that he has adopted a new method to obtain peace and consolation in this sudden and heart-rending dispensation of divine providence. * * * Such teachings will smooth the track to the theater immensely among the thousands and tens of thousands hereabouts, who refuse to be comforted by religion. If such teachings are heeded, we would not be surprised if our theaters should now be attended largely by audiences in black crape and bombazine, instead of the full dress of blooming colors in which theater-goers are now expected to appear. * * * The road to the theater is already broad and easy enough, one would think, to attract nine-tenths of the young people of those crowded cities."

TALMAGE ON THE BIBLE.

In a recently published sermon, Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn, referring to Heber Newton, H. W. Beecher and other clerical critics of the bible, said that a London fog seemed to have fallen on some clergymen respecting bible inspiration, and predicted that they would end in becoming atheists. He declared such men were doing more harm to the cause of Christianity than 5000 Robert Ingersolls, and that they were guilty of perjury in preaching such doctrines in their pulpits. Clergymen who believed the bible to be inspired in spots, instead of in every word and letter, filled him with disgust and abhorrence. Such men might well claim that they descended from an orang-outang or a tadpole. From such a debauched heaven as such preachers presented, with its promiscuous inhabitants, he would turn with loathing. Before the services Dr. Talmage made a statement of the yearly contributions in his church. His salary, he said, was $12,000, and the church, during the year, had given $762 00 in donations.

REV. HEBER NEWTON ON THE ATONEMENT.

A New York religious paper remarks that, in heeding the bishop's request to stop lecturing on the old testament, Dr. Newton by no means seems disposed to avoid the expression of his heretical views—e. g.: On Sunday, February 3d, he preached on the doctrine of the atonement, which he said, as generally taught and believed, was a monstrous doctrine. It was that, on account of Adam's fall, all men being doomed to everlasting punishment, Christ offered himself as a sacrifice for our transgressions, thus purchasing our deliverance from eternal death. There was not a passage in the bible to sustain this view. The bloody sacrifices of the old testament, made with a view to placate an angry God, were the outgrowth of ignorance and superstition. God was ever ready to receive his wayward children, as the father the prodigal son in the parable, on the simple condition of their repentance and reform. Christ, by his pure example and teachings, would shame us and bring us back to God.

THE DECLINE OF FAITH.

Rev. Dr. Draper, in the New York *Observer*, laments sorely the modern decline of faith, and says: "To-day the City of Calvin is more properly styled the City of Rousseau. The Zurich of Zwingli is a very citadel of unbelief. The state church cannot show a single Evangelical pulpit. * * * In our own land there is a lamented, acknowledged falling short of former efficiency. The locks of strength are shorn. * * * A long continued and familiar handling of the ark of God leads to irreverence and presumption. Purely official religion breeds spiritual death. Perfunctory performances prove greatest peril. One cannot traffic with holy things without utter paralysis of the soul's sensibilities."

BIBLE MIRACLES DEFENDED.

Rev. Dr. H. M. Scudder of Chicago is reported as having spoken in a recent discourse in defense of the bible miracles. There were two popular ways of attacking them, he said. One was to ascribe them to eastern hyperbole, and explain them in some natural way—e. g., the coin which was found in the fish to pay tribute with was really obtained by the sale of the fish. The trouble with these explanations was that it required more faith to believe them than it did the miracles themselves. A bolder party took the ground that no miracle was possible, because contrary to the eternal laws of nature. To this his answer was that by nature was meant only the ordinary working of God's ways, and this idea by no means precluded that of occasional variations. If he were compelled to give up the miracles he must give up the entire bible.

DISHONEST PREACHING.

Rev. J. V. Blake of the Third Unitarian church in Chicago is reported as saying, in a recent discourse on "Honesty in the Pulpit," that a great drawback to the moral influence of the pulpit at the present day was the widespread conviction that the preachers were not thoroughly honest in their utterances, and that very many of them were untrue to themselves and their people—not by asserting what they knew to be false, but by keeping back, from prudential considerations, a part of what they believed to be true. He mentioned several instances of orthodox clergymen who had acknowledged to Unitarian friends that they no longer accepted the Trinitarian faith, but were not prepared to sacrifice their positions and so refrained from discussing the points involved and concealed the fact of their unorthodox views. Such mental reservation and half-truthfulness in the pulpit was not faithful, or manly or brave, and led, if persisted in, to moral flabbiness and mental deterioration on the part of the preacher, and when understood or even suspected by his hearers resulted in the loss of their confidence and esteem.

"THE HOUSE OF VILENESS."

Rev. Justin D. Fulton of the Temple Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in a recent sermon gave his opinion of ministers who, like the Rev. Mr. Stoddard, patronize the theater. Such men, he said, though they might have a name to live were dead. They were "enemies of the cross of Christ," and a church had sunk very low indeed when it would employ a man in its pulpit who would pass from the pulpit to the stage, which was "the sanctuary of the ungodly—the house of vileness and patronized only by the vile." Ministers who went to the theater had "no part or lot in Christianity." If they were true Christians they would no more desire to go to such a place than "to make their bed in hell." The theater was "rotten," he declared, and Christians who were fond of the drama needed "to be converted over again." Their love of the playhouse proved their hypocrisy. For himself he would prefer to be shut up in prison or placed upon a polar iceberg rather than "to mingle with such an ungodly crowd."

BEECHER'S LAST SHOT.

Henry Ward Beecher said in a recent sermon that he never could preach the terrors of hell, and he never would. There were a good many theologians who could "see nothing but red hell fire. Christian men everywhere were like crabs—a good deal of them could not be eaten at all, and the rest had to be picked out in morsels. As a general thing the churches seemed more anxious to get men into their organization than to do them good after they were in. The most heretical thing was for a church to show the devil's spirit and call that religion. A quarrel in a church caused a holiday in hell."

It appears on the authority of Professor Ray Lankester of England that Barnum's alleged white elephant is a black elephant, with a few very small patches of flesh color about its head, a common condition in the race, and a disfigurement, not a beauty; it is not even one of the chance variety of flesh-colored elephants. Furthermore, he says the alleged Burmese priests brought to England to conduct a worship of the beast are no priests; that Barnum paid less than £500 for the animal, rather than the £40,000 advertised as its cost; and he distinctly denies that the white elephant is ever worshiped. He adds: "The verdict, not only of scientific men, but of all persons who are not to be fooled by spiritualists, thought-readers, quack doctors, electrical patents, and other American 'inventions,' must be that Barnum's elephant and its attendant priests are an impudent fraud."

In speaking of the success of prohibition in Maine, Ex-Governor Dingley, in a lecture in Washington, said: "The most reliable reports obtainable show that in Maine there is one retail dealer for every 700 of the population, while in the northern states, under license laws, there is one saloon for every 210, and in the District of Columbia one saloon for every 175 persons. There is less crime in Maine according to the population than in any state wholly under license. Maine is better off under prohibition than she was under license laws, and she has tried both." The Providence *Journal* says: "It will be something of a surprise to prohibitionists here to learn that under prohibition there is one grogshop for every seven hundred population of Maine. There may be some mistake in the figures."

A furore was caused in Kentucky last week by the assignment of James A. Grinstead in favor of his creditors, giving preference to John T. Shelby, including all his real and personal property, except such as is by law exempt from execution. Mr. Grinstead has for many years past been actively identified with breeding and racing, and time was when his "green and pink sash" was well known through the efforts of Crockford, Waverley, St. Martin D'Artagnan, Mistake and others. Old Lightning, one of the first and best of Lexington's sons stood at Mr. Grinstead's Walnut Hill Stud, and Gilroy, Alarm, Waverley, St. Martin and Thunderstorm have succeeded him. As a breeder Mr. Grinstead was highly successful. In addition to those mentioned above, he bred Grinstead, Danger, Decoy Duck, Gabriel, Wallenstein and many other good ones. Probably no man in Kentucky enjoyed a greater share of popularity. His wealth made him sought frequently by his fellow citizens under financial embarrassment, who never found a deaf ear. His pocketbook was always open, and hence it is probable he has often been imposed upon. His estate covers the Keene Richards farm of eighty-five acres at Georgetown, valued at $125 per acre, and the old Coon's estate in Woodford county, 234 acres, valued at $90 per acre; two fine residences in Lexington and a large stud of race horses, all of which will probably be sold, and the proceeds applied to his debts.

AN ENGLISH RADICAL ON AMERICA.

Professor James Bryce, one of the English radical members of parliament who visited Oregon last summer as a member of the Villard Northern Pacific party, has been telling a London interviewer of some of the many funny things which impressed him while in this country. Prof. Bryce is a keen observer of men and things. He did not confine his observations in the United States, like his countryman of Anglo Indian experience, Sir Lepel Griffin, with the alphabetic decorations, to the theaters, the clubs, and the saloons, but went into the country and saw the farmers in their homes, went into the manufacturing towns and inspected the dwellings of the workingmen. The result of his researches are that he found much to commend and not a great deal to condemn. He has the utmost confidence in the great democratic experiment on this continent and has returned to England "a greater believer than ever in the destinies of the United States." Having once before visited us, he has come to the conclusion that American politics are becoming purer, and he feels that it will be but a question of time when existing abuses will be gotten rid of. "The hearts of the people are sound. The civil-service reform act was but a concession to a popular demand which will grow stronger each year. Like Lord-Justice Coleridge, the fact that "farmers own their fields," our "artisans own their houses," is the most happy and hopeful sign in our social economy. He assures his own countrymen that Mr. George's communist theories find no favor here and that it is a standing puzzle with Americans how Mr. George can command so much attention in England. It is not quite so much of a puzzle, however, as Professor Bryce imagines. He, too, must have a very shrewd notion that did English farmers own their fields and English artisans own their houses, Mr. George would be a prophet without honor in the mother country."

Mr. Bryce strongly dissents from the average English notion of American newspapers. While he does not think that they wield the same degree of influence as the English journals, he thinks it is almost wholly owing to our magnificent distances, and not to any lack of ability on the part of their conductors. "There is no doubt," he says, "a strong vein of flippancy in many of them, but there is also a great deal of talent." It may have occurred to Professor Bryce that the "flippancy" which he so moderately deprecates is preferable to the lugubrious stolidity of most of the London dailies.

Besides our system of [illegible] Professor Bryce thinks that there are many other things which England can copy from us. Our system of proportional representation is one of these though he deprecates the American custom of demanding residence in a district. The high-license system of America, if introduced into England, would, in his opinion, go far toward the solution of the liquor problem in that country. He condemns prohibition as impracticable.

The dangers which beset the republic, this observant Englishman thinks, are greatly exaggerated. They are: (1) "The growth of abnormally large fortunes and the excessive luxury resulting therefrom," and (2) "the excessive power of great corporations." The first of these evils, however, is confined to the large cities. Time will remedy that. The people will remedy the second. They perceive the danger. "You must go to America," said Mr. Bryce, "to understand the strength of the anti-monopolist feeling." It is but a question of a few years, as he says, when the power of the corporations will be limited by national and state regulation—then, too, the opportunities for amassing abnormal wealth will have passed away in a great measure.

THE MORTGAGE TAX QUESTION.

Deduction of Indebtedness Disallowed on Foreign Mortgages.

PORTLAND, March 7.

To the Editor of the Oregonian.

Judge Deady, in declaring the mortgage tax law of 1882 void, has given opinions on most of the points involved, which are valuable to the legal profession and to mortgage lenders, as showing conclusively that Oregon mortgages, whether payable to citizens or domestic or foreign corporations or non-residents, are alike taxable *as personal property*, if assessed in the same manner as other property is assessed.

This is unquestionably just and proper; and now, seeing that the law of 1882 is declared null and void, all mortgage transactions will come under those tax laws passed in 1880, and prior thereto. What do we there find? The tax act of 1880 says (See laws of Oregon of 1880, page 52): "It shall be the duty of the assessor to deduct the amount of indebtedness *within the state* of any person assessed, from the amount of his or her taxable property." Indebtedness to the Scotch companies the courts have already held is not indebtedness "within the state." Consequently, the assessors of the various counties and the assessor at Portland, will do as they did in 1877, 1878, 1879 and 1880—refuse to allow persons who have borrowed moneys from these Scotch companies in the past (or future) to deduct their indebtedness. What will be the result? A borrower who owns real estate in Portland worth $30,000, is generally assessed about $10,000 to $12,000. He has borrowed $10,000 on mortgage thereon from, say, Ladd & Tilton or the Portland savings bank, which is deducted from his $10,000 assessment, so that he practically has little or no taxes to pay. But if he has borrowed the same $10,000 from any of the Scotch companies on the same security (worth $30,000 and assessed as before at $10,000), he will have to pay 3 per cent. per year of taxes on the latter sum, or over $300 per year. Why? Because the Scotch indebtedness is not allowed to be deducted.

We cannot see any justice in this indebtedness law which practically compels persons in Portland who borrow on mortgage from the Scotch companies or any foreigner to pay 3 per cent, and in the country 1½ to 2 per cent per year more interest than they will require to pay to residents and domestic corporations of Oregon.

The last legislature seemed to recognize this injustice, as it had a clause inserted in the mortgage tax law of 1882 (which law is now declared void), to the effect that the grantor of all Oregon mortgages, *whether payable outside or inside the state*, should be entitled to deduction of their mortgage to indebtedness.

TAXPAYER.

Decline of French Population.

Pall Mall Gazette.

If all the blessings of life came to that nation which has a stationary or decreasing population, what a happy country France ought to be! According to the returns of vital statistics for 1882 recently published it would seem that France is rapidly reaching the condition in which the births are only just sufficient to supply the waste caused by death. In 1882, as compared with 1881, there were 10,000 more deaths and 1500 fewer marriages. Sixty years ago, under the restoration, France would have doubled its population in 112 years; at the present rate the doubling would occupy 526 years, but for the steady immigration of an enormous body of foreigners into the country every year. This is a state of affairs which ought to bring comfort to our Malthusians, who, no doubt, will be able to demonstrate to us that there is no such thing as discomfort or distress in a country existing under such sound economical conditions. It does not seem to be regarded with quite so much complacency by French statesmen and statisticians, who are asking themselves with some anxiety, what is likely to happen when the population of France, even with the addition of a few millions of Germans, Italians, and Belgians, will be rather less than half that of Germany.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

MEETING NOTICE.

J. H. Maynard Lodge, No. 102, I. O. of L. F.—Meets until further notice at 2 o'clock P. M. every Sunday in Odd Fellows hall East Portland. Officers: C. H. Remington, Master; H. W. Hill, Secretary; Chas. Bussell, Financier; C. H. Remington, Magazine Agent.

BORN.

February 7, 1881, to the wife of George F. Forest, at Cove, Union county, Or., a son.

[illegible] "Oh, that's an entirely different thing. Of course when there's no social necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must still one's feelings, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

BEERBOHM'S FOREIGN BREADSTUFFS REPORT.
LONDON MARKETS.
London, March 7.
Floating cargoes—The market is steady. Burin; [illegible]

3,000 Tons in Warehouse.
Assays 23 Per Cent.
For sale in lots to suit.
H. MOLINEUX, 130 Sutter st., S. F.

NEW TO-DAY.

WANTED—SITUATION BY A HANDY MAN with horses; apply O. C. Martin, 49 N. First st.

LARGE FRONT ROOM—SUITABLE FOR TWO gentlemen; S. W. Park, N. W. cor. Yamhill.

FOR RENT—COTTAGE 7 ROOMS; RENT $20. Furniture for sale on installments. 74 Mill, near Fourth. 9m3

NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOMS, SINGLE or en suite; private family. Inquire at 229 Ninth st., bet Salmon and Main. 9m12

ONA E. SMITH WILL PLEASE CALL AT THE Esmond to-day from 10 o'clock to 11. MRS. L. S. GATES. 9m1*

DWELLING HOUSE WANTED—WITH MODern improvements. Will lease for a term of years. Apply to JACOB MAYER. 9m3*

LOST—A POCKETBOOK CONTAINING GREENbacks and paper. The owner will pay a reward for return to police station. J. F. BUCHANAN. 9m2

WANTED—BY A WOMAN A PLACE TO DO chamber or housework; no objection to country. Call or address No. 64 N. Tenth st., bet. C. and D. 9m2

LOST—A DOUBLE-CASED WALTHAM SILVER watch and chain last Monday night. The finder will please bring it to his office and receive reward.

WANTED—A GIRL TO DO GENERAL HOUSEwork. Steady employment will be given to a capable, willing person. Inquire at 127 Oak, bet. Sixth and Seventh. 9m3

WANTED—A PERMANENT GENTLEMAN roomer for a pleasant room, with use of bath, in a private family; rent $15, or two gentlemen for $20. Inquire at [illegible] st., cor. Oak.

FOR SALE—50 SHARES OREGON FIRE AND Marine Insurance stock; 25 shares Molson Cordage Company stock; 30 shares Oregon Transfer Company stock. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., 8 Washington st. 9m4

GOOD STEADY GIRL WANTED TO ASSIST IN dining room work. None but a respectable girl need apply. Have 10 boarders and can accommodate a few more men with board at $15 per month. Apply at 107 North Fifth street. 9m1

ENGLISH WATCHMAKER—HARRY A. CARTWRIGHT, four years with B. L. Stone, Yamhill and First. Watches that others have failed to make go correctly a specialty. 9m*4&9

FOR RENT—I WILL RENT 3 NEW HOUSES, 7 rooms each; water in house, at corner Lincoln and Front streets, for $13 per month each; none but responsible tenants need apply. S. SIMON, 127½ First st., in old First National bank building. 9m3

M. SCHEYDECKER, LANDSCAPE GARDENer. Surveying, drawing and laying out of Parks and pleasure grounds; green house, rock and rustic work; fountains, ponds, etc.; room 12 Dekum's building. 9m4

FOR RENT—NEW DWELLING HOUSE WITH 8 rooms and bath room; situated on Fourth, near Lincoln street. Inquire PARRISH, WATKINS & CORNELL, 45 Washington street. 9m3

WANTED—A YOUNG GIRL TO HELP TAKE care of child. Apply 35 Salmon, cor. Fifth. 9m3

WANTED—A GOOD SOLICITOR (ADVERTISing solicitor preferred) with $50 to engage in an entirely new enterprise, which will net 300 per cent on investment in three weeks. Apply at room 57 Quimby House 12 to 2 P. M. and 6 to 7 P. M. 9m2*

SALOON FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST SAloons in Oregon; well furnished and doing well; license paid for the next three months; price $1000. For information apply to CHAS. KOHN, 44 Front st.*

WANTED—SITUATION TO DO GENERAL housework or upstairs work. Apply at N. E. corner Eighth and E. 9m2*

ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING PURPOSES; gas and bath if desired; at corner First and Montgomery; suitable for families. 8m6*

TO LET—LARGE DINING ROOM, INCLUDING wood shed, range, etc., with connections: No. 70 Mill street, near Third. 7m3

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED OR PARTly furnished rooms to let; S. W. cor Third and Mill.

TO LET—A NEW HOUSE WITH TEN ROOMS and bath, hot and cold water. Inquire of HAIGHT & NEWBURY, 52 Morrison street. 7m8*

NOTICE—FRESH IMPORTED SWISS, CREAM, French and Limburger Cheese received by every steamer. German Pickles, Sauer Kraut and Bingemachte Herrings; also choice groceries. No. 86 Morrison st. Mrs. M. LAUSI. 3f10*

ST. CHARLES HOTEL RESTAURANT.
Cor. Front and Morrison Sts.
G. C. RIDER, Manager.
COOKED TO ORDER.

Oat meal mush and cream	20
Oat meal mush & milk	15
Dry toast or extra plate of bread and butter	5
Buttered toast, or dry toast with butter	10
Boston cream toast	15
Milk toast	15
White flour or corn meal griddle cakes	10
Waffles	10
Buckwheat cakes	15
German pancake	25
Coffee, tea or milk	5
Pot of tea or coffee	10
Glass of iced tea	10
Cup of chocolate	10
Cake, coffee cake, rolls or doughnuts	5
FISH.	
Mackerel, boiled or broiled	15
Codfish stewed	15
Codfish cakes	15
Sea bass fried or boiled	15
Salmon, fried or broiled	15
Trout, smelt or flounders, fried	25
GAME, IN SEASON.	
One pheasant or grouse broiled	60
Half pheasant or grouse	60
One quail on toast	50
One teal or widgeon duck	60
One mallard or canvas-back	75
Venison cutlet	20
Venison cutlet breaded	25
One prairie chicken	1 00
Half prairie chicken	50
EGGS.	
Shirred, two	15
Ham and two eggs	25
Bacon and two eggs	25
Boiled, two	15
Poached, two	15
Fried, two	15
Scrambled, two	15
Plain omelet, two eggs	15
Omelet, any other style, two eggs	25
MEATS.	
Family Porterhouse steak	$ 75
Family Porterhouse steak, Spanish sauce	90
Family Porterhouse steak, mushrooms	1 00
Porterhouse steak	40
Porterhouse steak, Spanish sauce	50
Porterhouse steak, mushrooms	60
Tenderloin steak	40
Tenderloin steak, Spanish sauce	50
Tenderloin steak, mushrooms	60
Sirloin steak	25
Sirloin steak, Spanish sauce or onions	35
Beef steak	15
Beef steak, Spanish sauce or onions	25
Rib steak	25
Rib steak, Spanish sauce or onions	35
Mutton chop	15
Pork cutlets, plain	15
Pork cutlets, breaded	20
Veal cutlets, plain	15
Veal cutlets, breaded	20
Sausages, broiled or fried	20
Brains, fried or stewed	20
Tripe, fried, stewed or broiled	15
Ham or bacon	15
Kidneys, fried, stewed or broiled	15
Bacon and liver	20
Pigs feet, fried in batter or crumbs	25
Wiener Schnitzel	25
Hamburger steak	25
OYSTERS.	
Eastern, on half shell	50
Eastern stew	50
Eastern, fried	60
Eastern, fancy roast	50
Eastern, broiled	50
Eastern, roast on toast	60
Eastern, roast, double shell	75
Olympia, raw	25
Olympia, fried	25
Olympia, stew	25
Olympia, fancy roast	25

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE
OF FINE
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
AT RESIDENCE.

We are instructed to sell by auction without reserve at the residence, southeast corner of G and Sixteenth streets (now occupied by J. Fred. Clark), on

Thursday, March 13, 1884,

Commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., sharp, the entire elegant furniture of residence, comprising in part

PARLOR FURNITURE.

Elegant Parlor Suite, finely upholstered in spun silk, 7 pieces complete, in fine walnut frames. Elegant Roxbury Brussels Carpets in double parlors. Elegant French Glass Mirror, with marble-top pedestal, in fine gold frame; elegant mantel mirror, fine French plate in heavy gilt frame. Fine Boston Rocker and reception Chairs, finely upholstered. Very fine Oil Painting (view on the Columbia). Handsomely upholstered Lounges, Cornices, Camp Chairs, fine Marble-top Brackets, etc.; also

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

Fine solid Walnut Extension Table, latest design. Fine solid Walnut and Marble top Sideboard. Full set Walnut Dining Chairs. Fine Coal Stove, open grate, game pictures etc. Also Walnut Hat-rack. Brussels hall and stair Carpets, Rustic Stand, Brackets, Lamps. Also Elegant

WALNUT BED-ROOM SUITES,

Full marble-top, fine Spring and Hair Mattresses. Solid Walnut Chiffonier. Fine solid Ash Bed-room Suite complete. Toilet sets, Hanging Lamps. Brussels Carpets throughout the house.

ALSO

Crockery, Glassware and Cooking Range (Medallion) Graniteware and kitchen furniture, Garden Hose.

We particularly invite the attention of parties contemplating the purchase of household goods to this sale.

N.B.—The residence will be open for the exhibition of furniture upon Wednesday, the 12th, from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

PLATO'S AGENCY, DEKUM BLOCK.
Corner First and Washington—P. O. Box 869.

$1500—FURNITURE AND PIANO IN a new 10-room house. PLATO'S AGENCY.

$600—PAYING RESTAURANT; OWNER must go east. PLATO'S AGENCY.

$150—ESTABLISHED BUSINESS FOR WOman; full value in fixtures; business worth $200 per month. PLATO'S AGENCY.

PLENTY OF GIRLS FOR PLACES. MRS. PLATO.

T. T. STRUBLE

HEREBY RESPECTFULLY CALLS THE ATtention of the voters of school district No. 1 to the following notice, and wishes it remembered that he is a candidate for School Clerk, mentioned in said notice:

ANNUAL SCHOOL ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that the annual school election of District No. 1, Multnomah county, Or., will be held on the second Monday, being the 10th day of March, A. D. 1884, at which time there will be elected the following officers: One Director, to serve for the term of five years, and a School Clerk, to serve for the term of one year.

The following places have been selected for polling places:
First Ward—Louis Kuhn's shop, southeast corner of Third and A streets.
Second Ward—Corporation shed, on the east side of Fourth street, between Yamhill and Morrison.
Third Ward—One door south of the southeast corner of Jefferson and First streets.
The polls will open at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day and close at 6 P. M.

FOUND.

FOUND—1 WHITE, 1 SPOTTED, AND 1 BLACK hog. The latter has a round hole in each ear. Owner can have same by calling at the corner Thirteenth and G, proving property and paying expenses.

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, etc., entirely cured by the use of
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
[illegible]
[illegible] LIVER REGULATOR.

IMPORTED!
Direct Importation from

Latest Wraps,
Mantelets,
Hubbard Ulsters,
Raglons,
EXCLUSIVE SHAPE
A Most Elegant and Desirable Sele

S. Lipman & Co.

NEW
SPRING
MILLINERY
AT
[illegible]'S
70 MORRISON ST.

MRS. [illegible]
The Leading and Most Fashionable
[illegible]
OF PORTLAND.
Manufactory and Workrooms
27 Morrison Street, Near First.
SALESROOMS:
153 FIRST STREET.
(Entrance through both stores.)
CLOAKS, SUITS MADE TO ORDER AT SHORT NOTICE.
Prices reduced. Dresses, Cloaks, etc., sent to any part of the country, with privilege of examination, or made to order from measure.
All Wool Suits, from $11, $12, $13 and $14.

[illegible]
M. MARKS
Formerly of No. 141 Front street, has reopened The New York Boot and Shoe House, No. 193 First street, near Taylor, with an entire new line of
BOOTS AND SHOES
From the leading manufacturers, and has also purchased, at
SHERIFF'S SALE,
The bulk and choice of Hyman Gallick's
BANKRUPT STOCK,
Which he will dispose of at a
SACRIFICE.
Would be pleased to have my customers

FIRST
[illegible]
—OF—
Furniture, Bedding, Upholstery, Wall Paper, Etc.,
—AT—
J. M. BIRMINGHAM'S,
244 AND 246 FIRST ST., NEAR MAIN.
Anything in these lines can be bought for
15 DAYS ONLY, AT COST,
In order to make room for immense spring orders soon to arrive.
This is a chance never before offered to get FIRST CLASS GOODS AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

REMOVAL.
K. SELIG & CO. Wholesale Liquor Dealers, have removed to No. 50, Front street, one door south of WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, between Pine and Ash. 10f1m

OREGON PAINT & VARNISH WORKS.
C. F. PEARSON & CO.,
74 OAK STREET,
Manufacturers of
PAINT AND VARNISHES, ETC.
Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

REMOVED.
THE OFFICES OF THE
OREGON TRANSFER CO.
HAVE BEEN REMOVED TO
North side E st., bet. Front and First,
First door from First. 6m6

Enclose 10 cents and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the statistical OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

L. FELDMANN & CO.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
wooden and willow ware, and brushes.
125 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.

HOTELS AND RESTAU

INTERNATIO
HOUSE
COR. THIRD AND

LOUISVILLE RESTAU
JOHN SLAVI
THE POPULAR RESTA
Has just refitted his large, elegant
restaurant, First st., bet Morrison and
Meals can be obtained at all hours
A number of fine rooms have been fitted

WANTS.

WANTED—50 TO 200 ACRES OF
cent to or within city limits of
tract as can be utilized for business
facturing purposes. All commun
and considered will be answered
1st, 1884. Address, stating price
corners," Oregonian.

MAN WANTED—EXPERIENCE
work; 20-acre hill farm, two mil
lane; married or unmarried
where "Argus," Oregon City.

WANTED—A SECOND-HAND
inch water wheel; must be
HUMPHREY, P. O. box, Oregon City.

$400—PARTNER WANTED
steam power and good business
Pacific coast. WELCH & CO.

WANTED—EMPLOYM

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT
well qualified and well
graphers, bookkeepers, clerks
mechanics, and common laborers
Y. M. C. A., 128½ First street.

OFFICE WORK—COMPETENT
enced man wishes employment
or general office work.

AN EXPERIENCED NURSE
sition to nurse ladies in
Address MRS. NELSON

BAKERS OR FARMERS
years old, who is an orphan,
will be bound out by his guardian
Address "J. W." Oregonian office.

A LADY WILL CARE FOR
children, in her own home
HUMPHREY, Portland.

WANTED—AFTER 6 P. M.
as book-keeper, correspondent
ences. Address "W. W." this office.

HELP WANTE

WANTED—A MARRIED
ranch; new arrivals, English
ferred; man to look after stock
generally useful; wife to cook
ERICK LOGAN, Esmond Hotel.

TO LET—ROOM

FOR RENT—OFFICE AND
Washington street, between
J. FRED. CLARK & CO.

TO LET—TWO UNFURNISHED

FURNISHED ROOM FOR ONE
gentlemen; No. 274 Second st.

NICELY FURNISHED
nished or unfurnished rooms
corner Salmon.

TO LET—HANDSOMELY FUR
rooms, suite or single, with all mod
within 1½ blocks of postoffice
163 Seventh st.

TO LET—NEAT AND PLEASA
rooms, with use of bath; also
nished, with use of kitchen.
B streets.

A NICELY FURNISHED ROOM
for one or two gentlemen
bet. Washington and Alder.

Furnished Rooms—$12

FOR RENT—NICELY FURN
161 Yamhill st.

LARGE NICELY FURNISHED
151 Yamhill and West Park

FURNISHED ROOM; CENTRAL
Apply at 143, Yamhill st.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET
en suite; also rooms for
the new brick block, 310
George Hotel.

SUIT OF ROOMS WITH
wanted at once for man and
private family, close to business
Barton, this office.

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM
cent House, 105½ Third st.

ROOMS AND BOA

ROOMS WITH BOARD—AT
single or en suite. At 151

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM
or without board. Mrs.

TO RENT—TWO ROOMS
without power. Portland

TO LET—HOUSES AN

TO RENT—A COTTAGE OF
bath-room; with 2 lots
street, corner Columbia.

FOR RENT—TWO-STORY
ern improvements. Ap
Stark and B. Apply to P. DALY
between B and C.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—MACHINE
ply to P. M. JACKSON

FOR SALE—TWO IMPROVED
on J and Twenty-first
particulars. P. O. Box 609.

$300—HOP HOUSE
Inquire at
sequence of other business.

FOR SALE CHEAP—ONE
50 inches in diameter
band, 60 horse power
63 Madison st., Portland.

FOR SALE—125 FAIR
Cheap.

FOR SALE—A GOOD HAC
harness cheap, and terms
clic Livery Stable, corner

FOR SALE OR TO RENT
Portland Restaurant
Apply at N. W. corner
Villa saloon. A long lease

BUCHERIE AND CHA

E. GARCIN, DEALER IN
toe, Veal Ham, Beef
smoked Beef and Tongue
Sausages, Sheep's Tongue
Sauerkraut, Cervelat
and Blood Pudding
constantly on hand
Families, hotels and
Free delivery.
Sanderson de Lyon

48 FOR MEN

TREBLE IN TROUBLE.

Samuel Treble, convicted of selling liquor to Indians, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Deady to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a year. Mr. Treble, from the tenor of his life, should have been named Bass. He lives in a sort of "floating scow of old Virginia," and appears to have dealt with the red men somewhat extensively in the article of whisky, as he has been up before the court twice before on the same charge. The third time proved the charm, and Mr. Treble will have leisure to improve his voice during the next year.

RETURNED.

Mr. Chas. H. Dodd, who went east in January as representative of the Portland board of trade in the meeting of the national board, returned yesterday morning. He expresses himself as more than pleased with the consideration with which the demands of the northwest were received, and will report to the board, specifically, the names of the men who assisted him in advocating the claims of Oregon and Washington. Mr. Dodd reports very little snow now along the line of the Northern, maximum depth being eleven to twelve inches, and very little drift. The train he came on picked up little parties of emigrants all along the line, destined for points south and west of Spokane Falls, and at nearly every stopping place there were preparations for a large emigration within the next two months.

JUSTICE TO TENNANT.

Policeman Tennant called at this office yesterday and asked that justice be done him, stating that the statement concerning him in yesterday's issue was false. The statement was correct in every particular, and was written for the express purpose of doing Tennant the justice he asks. It may be added that a brother officer was called in and asked to remove him from "Capting" Schneider's branch dive, a fact of which Tennant was not probably aware. And further, he is informed that the occasion alluded to was not the first on which he has been picked up drunk since he joined the police force. It is thought by some that the affidavit he made to add to his efficient and truthful chief's barrel has had something to do with his star being restored to him. Probably the council will investigate the matter.

LONDON ALSO DISSATISFIED WITH HER SCHOOLS.

Portland is not the only place where the board of school directors are in trouble. An editorial in the last number of the London *Graphic* states that about a million pounds has simply been wasted through the wild and reckless policy of the school board of that city. The paper says:

"The majority of the people of London have borne without complaint the burdens imposed upon them for the establishment and maintenance of good popular schools and probably they would be willing to sanction increased expenditure if it was really necessary or the improvement of our system of elementary education. The worst is, however, another matter."

From the above it appears that notwithstanding the distance which separates them, the people of London and Portland have some ideas in common.

KEEFE'S VICTIM.

The trial of Patrick Keefe for killing William Morton at Sitka was concluded in the United States court yesterday, the jury, after being out half an hour, returning a verdict of manslaughter. William Morton, the victim of Keefe, accompanied Kane on two of his Arctic exploring expeditions, and was the leader of the sledge party which had a view of the open polar sea. In speaking of his company Kane says: "Two of these, Morton and Brooks, were my associates in the first expedition, gallant and trustworthy men as ever shared the fortunes or claimed the gratitude of a commander." In his account of Morton's visit to the shore of the open polar sea, Kane says: "Having climbed up the cliff several hundred feet he fastened to his walking-pole the Grinnell flag of the antarctic expedition, which has now followed me two polar voyages. This flag had been saved from the wreck of the United States sloop-of-war Peacock when she stranded off the Columbia river, and had accompanied Wilkes in his southern discovery of an antarctic continent. It was now its strange destiny to float over the highest northern land, not only of America, but the globe. It must have been an imposing sight as he stood at the termination of his journey looking out at the great waste of waters before him!" It is sad to think that a man with such a glorious record should in his old age die at the hand of a rum-crazed dive-keeper.

SLAUGHTER HOUSE BURNED.

The fire briefly noticed yesterday morning as having occurred out on the white house road about 2:30 proves to have been the burning of J. S. Keller's slaughter house. When Mr. Keller arrived on the scene at 6 o'clock he found that in addition to the total loss of the slaughter house, valued at $2,000, the engine and steam fixtures were totally ruined involving a loss of $1,300 more. Seven beef carcasses at about $70 each, and 30 live sheep, worth four dollars each, were also consumed, with 3,000 pounds of lard and $40 worth of hides. A lard press and other apparatus, also entirely consumed, are estimated at $300 more, besides $500 worth of hay and chopped feed. These losses appear now to amount to about $5,250, and may be more. The building was insured with Boyd in the Hamburg-Bremen company, for $1200 and there was a policy of $1000 in the same company on the machinery. The cause of the fire is unknown. There was no one in the building after 2 P. M. yesterday. P. B. Beckley, J. D. Mergens and Lawrence Keller were at the slaughter house Friday night between 8 and 9 o'clock, and there were no indications of fire then. Had it not been for the act of an employe of Jones' sawmill, by going hastily over at the time of the fire and letting out a lot of live cattle and sheep, $2000 more of losses would have been sustained.

CHARACTERISTIC ACT BY THE CHIEF.

For reasons known only to himself and friends the chief of police has been trying to get policeman A. Johnson off the force. Bill Tennant was appointed to succeed him, but Johnson's record on and off the force was clean and the council refused to oust him to make room for a man like Tennant. While confirmation was pending policeman Flynn resigned and this allowed Tennant to drop in. But the chief is still after Johnson's scalp. A few nights ago Johnson arrested a drunken, worthless shoemaker, who next morning claimed that the captain of police who searched him stole his watch. Then he charged Johnson with stealing it and went to Justice Bushwiler's court to swear out a warrant for Johnson's arrest. Bush laughed at him, and he then went to Justice Greene, who treated him likewise. Upon the statement of this drunken fellow, the chief came blustering into headquarters about 7 o'clock last night and shouted like a cattle driver: "I want that man Johnson suspended." Addressing Captain Hair in the presence of several by-standers, he yelled: "When Johnson comes in, you take his star away and suspend him. Now don't you forget it. I want him suspended." Johnson had not reported at midnight, hence he was not then suspended.

The chances are a hundred to one that when Bill sobers in the morning he will come smiling to THE OREGONIAN office, draw out an affidavit that he is a particular friend of Johnson, that he "never issued no such order," and will get Captain Hair's written statement to that effect.

DAN MC'MILLAN TURNS UP.

By the following from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, it will be seen that the notorious Dan McMillan, who, while awaiting trial for robbery escaped from the county jail here by hiding in a stove, has turned up in San Francisco as a burglar: "Daniel McMillan alias Ryan, one of the three burglars arrested by Officer Hayden and posse a few mornings ago, was released on $2,000 bail Friday afternoon. The two sureties appeared before Judge Webb and gave the names of F. O'Donnell and J. W. Green. O'Donnell claimed to own property on the south side of Chestnut street, near Fillmore, while Green represented himself to be a property owner residing at 273 Natoma street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth. After McMillan was released it was discovered that no one named O'Donnell owned property on either side of Chestnut street, and that Natoma street did not run out as far as Sixteenth. A bench warrant was immediately issued for McMillan's arrest, and after a long search detectives Dan Coffee and Byram found him secreted in a room on Kearney street, near Pine. Under the bed was found a companion hiding, and he was also taken to the central station. There he gave the name of Michael Holden. It was afterward learned that he is the fourth burglar, who made his escape when the others were captured. Saturday night he was charged with burglary in the first degree." It is to be hoped that when the San Francisco authorities get through with McMillan he may be sent up here and served out for his highway robbery.

BLOXAM SENTENCED.

Yesterday morning William Bloxam was arraigned in the state circuit court for sentence. When asked by Judge Smith whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, Bloxam answered, "Nothing at all." He was then sentenced to imprisonment for life. His counsel, W. W. Page, had previously made a motion for a new trial, which was overruled. It was based as he stated, on five distinct grounds, but that he would not add anything to the objections. Ten days were then allowed in which to file a bill of exceptions. Counsel also asked that the court issue an order to the stenographer to have such parts of the evidence transcribed as might be necessary. He stated that there would not be much of it. The order was allowed.

After the sentence Bloxam asked Sheriff Sears to be allowed to have his photograph taken and consent was given. The Sheriff escorted Bloxam to a gallery. Mrs. Fisher and Mary Fisher accompanying them. Bloxam bargained for one dozen portraits and, after he had sat for one negative, he requested the operator to make two half dozens at the same price, one negative to include his *fiancee*. The operator consented and a negative was made with Mary hanging on his arm. Mrs. Fisher is still loyal to Bloxam and expresses the intention of moving to Salem, where she can be near him and comfort him. It is a bet of dollar to apples that the girl will marry some other fellow within a year, and it will be pleasant to show her husband the portrait of herself joined to that of the man who murdered her father.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

PORTLAND, March 4, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

I see in your paper of the 6th, under the head of Misleading Paragraph, an article so very misleading that I can't but notice it. The writer says, It is a thousand times better that Leavenworth should stand out as a law-breaking and rebellious city than that the devastating saloon pestilence should permeate every town and hamlet in the great state; and then goes on to say that constitutional prohibition has brought deliverance to ninety nine out of every hundred towns in Kansas. I wish this were so, but the facts will not bear out the statement. I was a resident of Kansas all through her prohibition campaigns, and worked as hard to procure the constitutional amendment as any other man. I was a delegate in the state convention that nominated St. John for his second term. He was nominated that a good, wise and efficient law might be enacted under the amended constitution. The Hon Mr. Ada drafted the prohibition law; it was passed, signed by the governor and went into effect in May, 1881.

Now does prohibition prohibit in Kansas? At Leavenworth, Atchison and Topeka, the three principal cities of the state, the saloons have never been closed for any considerable time. At Topeka in September, 1882, the time of the state fair and soldiers' reunion, in the face, and before the eyes of the whole state, the saloons run in all boldness, even without screens before their bars. I was in Kansas last October and November, and from the best information I could gain from talking with known temperance men, the law is not a success. The Hon. Mr. Ada, the father of the law, told me last fall that it was wonderful what a change had come over the minds of the people, two years ago all were for it and now so many against it. No, "E. H." you have simply got the thing badly mixed. It is ninety-nine places that prohibition does not prohibit in Kansas to one that it does.

I will tell you of two things that prohibition has done in Kansas. It has and is causing whisky to be carried into the smaller towns by jug full and drunk by individuals that scarcely ever went to a saloon to drink. It has caused quite an increase in the business of Wells, Fargo & Co. from Kansas city, west. It turned 60,000 voters, and thereby elected a democrat for governor. Thereupon, after seeing the result in Kansas, I go for a high license and for educating the people up to prohibition and then adopt it, live it and enforce it.

M. B. CADY.

Eppinger's Dinner Menu To-day.

SOUP.

Chicken and Consomme.

FISH.

Trout au Gratin.

RELISHES.

Anchovy Salad, Olives, Pickles, Beets, Celery.

COLD DISHES.

Boned Turkey with Jelly. Smoked Tongue. Ham. Pressed Corned Beef. Chicken Salad. Cucumber and Tomato Salads.

ENTREES.

Volau Vent garnished with Oysters. Chapon Braise a la Toulouse. Fricandeau a la Jardiniere. Game Goose Stewed, Madeira Sauce. Roast Ham, Champagne Sauce. Deviled Crab a la Maryland.

VEGETABLES.

New Asparagus. Artichokes. Brussels Sprouts. Stewed Tomatoes. Baked Potatoes. Cauliflower. String Beans.

ROAST.

Beef. Lamb. Chicken. Stuffed Turkey and Cranberry Sauce.

GAME.

Canvasback and Mallard Ducks, Lettuce Salad.

DESSERT.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes. Nuts. Raisins Fruit. French Coffee. Perse Cafe.

THE HOTELS.

OCCIDENTAL.

M D Byland, New York
J Groat, U S A
J Garden, Buffalo
W J Wagoner, Chicago
F Sailsor, Steptoe
D Sutherland, Oak Point
E Mulloy, do
James Cook, do
J Renwick, W T
D Shepphard, Washougal
W W Wherry, Astoria
J Udbye, U S A
H Reed, Siskiyou
W Danny, Seattle
M J Raymond, St Paul
S J Johnson, do
J M Johns, Sutter Flat
G Gay, do
A B Woodin, Albany
F T O'Brien, Cathlamet
X C Muckle, St Helens
F Hurst, Lincoln
F Durchett, Beaverton
A Martindale, Comas val
W A Shifflet, Van
D M Byas, Connecticut
J S Campbell, Astoria
H Taylor, S F
M Kinney, Van
E Mannis, do
W Perkins, do
T Coffey, W W
Mrs L C Phillips, Dalles
T Foster, Seattle
Mrs Brooks, Independence
W N McCoy, Carlton
P Brainian, Waterford
J Crow, Van
W Hall, do
J Bucklin, do
H T Hunter, do
L Stephens, For Grove
Miss Stephens, do
P Brewer, Seattle
E Costello, do
V Paul, Greenville
W J Stauff, Van
W C Papson, Coquille
M Elonier, Van
C Williams, do
B C Guild, Lewis river.

ESMOND.

J R Johnston, St Louis
William Ford, Cincinnati
H Walling, Oswego
E Spring, Tacoma
S Alkley, do
J McLeod, do
J M Cromwell, S F
H Skinner, do
E Lyons, do
Jas Stephens, do
Mrs Warren, Jacksonville
James Williams, Detroit
J H Spencer, Roseburg
H W Neville, do
Mrs Hobart, do
John Anderson, Missoula
Bill Andersen, do
Thos Jackson, Dubuque
Hiram Jackson, do
Andy Stewart, Chicago
James Lea, St Paul
Wm Thompson, La Crosse
Chas Campbell, do
John Abraham, St Paul

THE OPERA.—This beautiful and æsthetic opera which has so amused and delighted the people of both Europe and America, is at last to be produced in Portland. While the citizens of California and the eastern states have been raised to a high pitch of excitement and enthusiasm over the beautiful melodic strains, and have been convulsed with laughter at its comicalities, Portland has had to content itself with reading newspaper accounts of the great success, and wonderful run business, created in other cities. But now we are to have it produced in our city by our own home talent in first-class style. The costumes are to be furnished by the celebrated costumers of San Francisco, John and Foster, and will be very fine. A very efficient orchestra, selected from among our best musicians will support about sixty of our finest voices, many of whom have sung with great success before Portland audiences. Professor Jackson is the moving power in this enterprise, and that is a sure guarantee that it will be a success. As the expense of putting this opera on to the stage will be very great, we suggest that it would be a good plan to open subscription lists at the music stores, and we have no doubt that Portland will respond and show their appreciation of such efforts to develop the amateur talent of our city.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

J. A. Binger to A. L. Smith—Lot 3 in block 68, Portland city homestead; $250.

P. A. Marquam and wf to A. A. Binger—Lot 3, block 68, Portland city homestead; $100.

V. B. DeLashmutt and wf to D. Smith—Lot 2, block 74, Carter's addition $200.

P. Richardson and wf to T. Richardson—One-half lot 6, block 25, Caruther's addition; $1000.

River View Cemetery to W. F. Brown—Lot 111, lot 3, cemetery; $200.

AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—Mr. W. H. Hunter, formerly connected with Mr. Quimby in the hotel business on Front street, has associated himself with the new Quimby Hotel as passenger agent and general representative of this leading hotel. Mr. Hunter is well known here, and has a large circle of friends who will be pleased to hear of his new departure in business.

IMPROVEMENT OF BUSINESS.—Large consignments of goods are being received every day. Mr. J. M. Birmingham has been kept quite busy for the past week. He has just received a full line of all desirable patterns of wall paper and decorations, and would call your attention to his new style of furniture. Call and see him, Nos. 244 and 246 First street, near Main.

JUST RECEIVED.—The first arrival of spring styles of millinery goods of all kinds, bonnets, hats, feathers, etc., all new shapes, at Mrs. R. H. Hildebrand's.

THE REAL QUESTION AT ISSUE.

PORTLAND, March 8, 1884.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Mr. Director John Wilson, in his lengthy ramble "around Robin Hood's barn," evades, with apparent purpose, the real and great reason why the board of directors got "sat down upon" so heavily last Monday evening. That reason is this: The taxpayers of this district wanted to rebuke the board for its duplicity and deception, by which it has entailed upon us an onerous and unnecessary burden. The board of directors, in their report read at the annual school meeting held March 5, 1888, said: "We estimate for building a high school on the Reed block, if of wood, about $60,000, and if of brick, about $75,000. This was their estimate. Under the guidance of the "professors" and against the remonstrance of some of the leading taxpayers of Portland, the board decided to build the "Stokes elephant" which now stands on the Reed block, and with what result? Let their report read at last Monday's meeting show. Speaking of the cost of the aforesaid white elephant, the report says: "This will make the total cost $54,176 37." Various estimates are made as to the amount required to complete the building according to plans adopted. These range from $43,000 to $60,000 including in the latter sum the cost of heating apparatus, which will be within that, whether of water or steam." From our past experience with the board's estimates to be even half-way safe, we must take the latter figures as approximating somewhat near the actual cost of completing the building. Taking those figures, we find that the building completed will cost $114,176 87. This is, in round numbers, $40,000 higher than their estimate of the cost of a brick building. Now, we would ask these five directors, who are business men, if they don't actually need "sitting down upon" for such management? Any private business conducted in that manner would soon run in the ground—just where the board has run the district's business by their gross mismanagement and utter lack of plain business judgment.

Mr. Wilson in his lengthy article endeavors to throw the responsibility of having the children of the Central school kept in Marquam's "firetrap" for a year or so more upon those who refused to vote for a seven mill tax last Monday evening. Let me tell Mr. Wilson how he can find out the men who are responsible for that thing. Let the five directors of that school with Bro. Wadhams at their head march up in Indian file before some mirror and take a good strong look, and they can see the five men who are alone responsible for this state of affairs. If they had heeded the advice which was proffered to them on every side last year they would have built a building somewhat similar to the Couch or Failing building, which might have been completed at this time, and our children might have been attending school there instead of still being compelled to go for a year or two more to the "firetrap," as Mr. Wilson terms it.

By reference to Mr. Wilson's letter and the resolutions of the board of directors it will be seen that the board will endeavor to circumvent the action of the taxpayers at the last school meeting by playing the sympathy dodge, with Mr. Wilson as martyr. We are having the play of Julius Cæsar acted, for the purpose of breeding sympathy for the malfeasant board. Mr. Wilson stretches himself out on the directory table as the murdered Cæsar, with 150 red daubs on his body, representing the 150 votes cast at the last school meeting. Phil Wasserman enacts the role of Marc Antony, while Parson Elliott from the crowd fills the highly responsible and necessary character of "1st Cit." And so they appeal to sympathy instead of judgment. This is unworthy of them as men. If they really want to know what the people of this district think of their management of affairs regarding this Stokes elephant, let them give us a chance of saying yes or no to an indorsement of their conduct at the election of a successor to Mr. Wilson, and they would plainly find out. This would be a fair way. They dare not do it.

X.

UNCONGREGATIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

PORTLAND, March 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN,

I have been greatly pained at the subversive and utterly uncongregational movements of late in the First Congregational church of Portland. I am not a member of that church nor yet a parishioner, but I am a member of the great household of the Congregational faith, and cannot look with indifference upon movements so revolutionary and destructive.

1. In Congregationalism the church is greater than the minister. The minister is but the servant.

2. A Congregational minister who is neither an installed pastor nor member of the church has no voice in the internal affairs of the church. He is but a hireling, and if at any time he acts as moderator of a meeting it is only by request of the officers of the church.

3. In all matters where the resignation of or withdrawal of a minister is concerned it is uncongregational for a minister to be present and take part in the discussion. He is only to be called on to make explanation or to give information, and then always to withdraw, that the church may consider and act without hindrance and seeming discourtesy.

4. The faith of the church is not the subject of attack for the minister; he is the servant of the church. If he is an honest man and knows his true place, he will, on entering upon his duties as the minister of a given church, ascertain what its faith is, and if he cannot endorse it, be honest to admit it and let there be no mental reservation. Belief is to the church a sacred thing, and not to be trifled with. The Congregational church admits of but one course—that the minister shall be loyal to the church and its faith, or frankly say he does not believe it, and step down and out. He is to serve the church in the enfolding and setting forth of what it has been pleased to adopt as its cardinal principles; and when he ceases to do that, his vocation is gone as relates to the church. He may withdraw and set up for himself.

5. It is utterly uncongregational for a minister to demand of a church that they shall alter or annul their faith to gratify the idiosyncracies of an individual, who at best is only a passenger.

The church is for all time. Its faiths are ancient; its victories under those faiths have been grand. Those faiths are prophecies of grander victories yet to come. They are sacred to the church universal. Men die, but the church will live. Men finish their course, but the church never. Congregationalism is building, not for a man, not for men, but for all time and all eternity, and it stands members of the church in hand to carefully consider what they are doing when called upon to remove a corner stone from the glorious temple whose walls have already penetrated to the higher skies.

Congregationalism has a profound and mighty faith. She is not afraid to declare what she believes. She has proclaimed it to the world and for the propagation of that faith to the ends of the earth, her loyal hosts are contributing $3,000,000 every year, and some of that money has gone into the very foundation stones of the First Congregational church in Portland. But for the loyalty to the old faith, that temple would not be standing to-day. "Go slow," brethren.

This communication closes by repeating the "Burial Hill Confession of Faith," adopted by the national council of Congregational churches represented by 512 delegates, when standing in the graveyard of the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth, Mass., in 1865:

"We confess our faith in God the father, the son, and the holy ghost, the only living and true God; in Jesus Christ, the incarnate world who is exalted to be our redeemer and king, and in the holy comforter, who is present in the church to regenerate and sanctify the soul; with the whole church we confess the common sinfulness and ruin of our race, and acknowledge that it is only through the work accomplished by the life and expiating death of Christ that believers in him are justified before God, receive the remission of sins, and through the presence and grace of the holy comforter are delivered from the power of sin and perfected in holiness. We believe, also, in the organized and visible church, in the ministry of the word, in the sacraments of baptism and the lord's supper, in the resurrection of the body and in the final judgment, the issues of which are eternal life and everlasting punishment."

Under the inspiration of that faith the church is enabled to sing,

Oh, where are thrones and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

E. H.

ARRIVED.—A line of silk and wool plaids, a line of styles in elegant mixtures, a line of summer silks, and a line on the road which I will show in my windows, which are no doubt the handsomest goods in the market. Dress goods sold from the counter or made up in dresses, by Ellis, the leader.

To the Ladies of Portland and Vicinity.

Madame Seaviers the well known modeste, having made new arrangements, is now prepared to send samples purchase goods and make dresses from measurements. All orders will be attended to with promptness and exactness. Address, 1st Sixth st., Portland.

Notice to Dealers—Orders promptly filled for oranges, lemons, limes, nuts, bananas, pineapples, figs, dates and all kinds of delicacies; also French, eastern and San Francisco candies. S. L. Stone, First and Ash.

Uncle Ike pays the highest price for cast-off clothing, jewelry, etc. at First st., bet. Pine and Oak.

The arrival of Mrs. Adcock is daily expected. Everything is in readiness for the goods.

Greatest medicine of the Nineteenth century—Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

NEW BOOKS.

THE UNITY OF NATURE. By the Duke of Argyll, author of "The Reign of Law," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Price, cloth, $3 50. Sold by A. L. Bancroft, San Francisco.

This volume is the sequel of "The Reign of Law," which was first published in 1868, and which has exerted a powerful influence over scientific and theological criticism ever since. The noble author, who has a far better title to nobility than that which he has derived from the English crown, foreshadowed in that brilliant essay, which, however, is confined almost entirely to the works of nature, another effort carrying forward his sublime speculations into the realm of Christian theology. The mere hint was, in many cases, all that was necessary for more than one theological seminary in this country set to work at once to resolve the doctrine of the atonement into spiritual cause and effect. The Duke of Argyll, however, is still *facile princeps* in his line of thought, and has pushed it much deeper and further than any one else. He soon discovered that such a treatise presupposed an intermediate one, in which was traced the connection between the reign of law and the ideas which are alike fundamental to all religions and inseparable from the facts of nature, and the result is this magnificent volume on "The Unity of Nature." With regard to the manner in which this task has been performed it is almost needless to express an opinion, as the noble duke's intellectual resources and literary style are universally known and admired. One cannot help being reminded, however, in reading this splendid production, of that other and immortal, and extremely similar work Bishop Butler's "Analogy." It is very difficult to think that the duke did not draw much of his inspiration from the bishop, and yet without abating a whit of his own brilliant originality.

The argument of the present volume may be summarized in the following propositions: The unity of nature is not a unity which consists in mere sameness of material, or in mere identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but a unity which the mind recognizes as the result of operations similar to its own. Man, not in his body only, but in the highest as well as the lowest attributes of his spirit, is inside this unity, and part of it. His mental powers are, like the instincts of the beasts, founded on an organic harmony between his faculties and the realities of creation. The limits of his knowledge do not affect its certainty, and its accepted truthfulness in the lower fields of thought arises out of correspondences and adjustments which are applicable to all the energies of his intellect, and all the aspirations of his spirit. The moral character of man, as it now exists, is the one great anomaly in nature, the one great exception to its order, and to the perfect harmony of its laws. The corruption of this moral character stands in immediate and necessary connection with, and, indeed, essentially consists in, rebellion against the authority on which that order rests. All ignorance and error and misconception respecting the nature of that authority and of its commands has been and must be the cause of increasing deviation, disturbance and perversion. It is a great natural law that every tendency of thought, and every habit of word, whether in a right or in a wrong direction, is prone to become inherited and organized in the race.

The perusal of this work will serve to increase the anxiety to peruse the third, which is the objective point and consummation of the first two, and which it can safely be predicted, will clear the theological cobwebs out of a great many shallow but honest brains.

DUE WEST; or Round the World in Ten Months. By M. M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

"Due West" is a tourist's record of his observations and experiences in a voyage around the world, starting from Boston, crossing the continent, visiting Japan, China, Siam, India, the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, and so on through Europe, across the Atlantic and home once more. The tourist and writer has recorded his impressions and adventures in easy, flowing prose, which slips along under the reader's attention as smoothly as ice beneath the runner of a skate. The adventures are slight and not very numerous. The circumnavigation of the globe has ceased, in these days, when excursions have reached as high a state of development as the head of the leaders of animal life to be either a very difficult or a very dangerous undertaking. Of hair-breadth escapes the book does not afford a single instance and the reader who looks for sensational literature will find little in these handsome pages to gratify his taste; but he who enjoys pleasantly written and detailed descriptions, mingled with quiet and graceful reflections, will find the volume a most enjoyable and attractive one.

REVEALED RELIGION. By the Right Rev. Henry Cotterill, D D. Bishop of Edinburgh, Scotland. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Price $1. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

This volume contains the Bedell lectures for 1883, delivered on Founder's day, November 1, 1883, at Kenyon college, Gambier, Ohio. They are three in number and are entitled respectively, "The Fundamental Principle of the Science of Theology," "The Relation of this Principle to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity," and "The Redemption of Man the Complete Exponent of the Principle that Love is the Being of God." Dr. Cotterill is one of the ablest of Scottish divines, and in this form his thoughts on revealed religion will be widely read.

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD in the War Between the States, 1861 to 1865, Including a Brief Personal Sketch and a Narrative of His Services in the War with Mexico; 1846–8. By Alfred Roman, formerly Colonel of the Eighteenth Louisiana Volunteers, afterwards Aide-de-Camp and Inspector General on the Staff of General Beauregard. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

The ever-increasing bulk of war literature has been swelled by the addition of these two large volumes fresh from the press of Harper & Brothers. As indicated by its title the work treats of the military operations of General P. T. Beauregard during the war of the rebellion from 1861 to 1865. General Beauregard was the first general officer commissioned by the confederacy, and one of the many graduates of West Point who drew their swords against the government that educated them. He was one of the ablest of the confederate generals, and in defensive engineering and strategy and probably few, if any, superiors. The history of the rebellion would be incomplete without it included the record of Beauregard's military career, for he was concerned in many of the most momentous events that marked the steady progress of the work of crushing the rebellion. And it is owing indeed, in a considerable degree, to the military genius and attainments of Beauregard that the early and temporary triumphs of the southern arms were achieved.

Colonel Roman's work, while not autobiographical in form, has the authoritative character of an autobiography, having been compiled as we are told by the author, from authentic notes and documents, vouched for and furnished by General Beauregard himself. It throws much new light on some important controverted questions, and sets forth many facts hitherto unknown or unappreciated. The work is, in brief, a valuable and an essential contribution to American war literature, and will be welcomed as such by all students of history. Each volume has a photograph portrait of the general, the first taken in 1860 and the second in 1883, and there are other illustrations.

THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. By John Richard Green. One vol. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Of all histories of England, within reasonable compass, the narration furnished by the writings of this author is unquestionably the most. His "History of the English People," in four volumes, is a model of perspicuous and comprehensive historical writing, and has established his fame forever. Two additional volumes, one on the "Making of England," the other on the "Conquest of England," occupied the latest days of his life. The volume now before us contains his last work. To say too much in praise of the manner in which he has treated his subject would be impossible. He has illuminated a period hitherto involved in darkness, and has introduced us to the conditions and events of the time that forms the great starting point in the modern history of the English race.

THE LOYAL RONINS: An Historical Romance from the Japanese. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

Four years ago appeared the translation made by Edward Greey and Shiuichiro Saito of the historical Japanese romance by Tamenaga Shunsui, "The Loyal Ronins." The work was received with the utmost favor, as it well deserved to be, since it is a novel of power and merit, informed with a high moral spirit which can be found in few even of the best works of its class produced in the Occident. As a picture of heroic life in Japan, and as a specimen of good Japanese literature, the book is unique and invaluable; and it was made more interesting by the illustrations of Kei-Sai, Yei-Sen of Yeddo, a native artist of skill and decided talent. A second edition is now published, which has the merits of avoiding the very ugly cover of the first edition, and of giving the cuts in a single page, concealing the peculiar effect of the originals, which, like other Japanese drawings, were made in two pieces.

Induced Him to Come.

Arkansaw Traveler.

During the high water a man was seen going down the Arkansaw on a log. As he was passing Little Rock, several men sprang into a skiff, rowed out to the lone navigator and said:

"Climb in."

"Climb in whar?"

"In the skiff; hurry up."

"Well, strangers, I'm pretty well fixed. Don't take no work to move along."

"Where are you going?"

"Down the river."

"We know that. Where are you from?"

"From up the river."

"Of course you are, but—"

"What made you ax, then?"

"What are you doin' on that log?"

"Travelin'."

"What do you want to fool with us for? Don't you know you'll drown if you keep on that way?"

"Won't drown if I keep on this er way. Ef I was ter git off in the water I mout drown."

"How far have you come this way?"

"I've come this way all erlong."

"But where were you when you got on the log?"

"On the log."

"Of course, but where was the log?"

"In the river."

"Certainly, but how far from here?"

"Ain't made no calc'ation."

"Where do you live when you are at home?"

"At home."

"Of course, but where is your home?"

"Whar I live."

"Where is your family?"

"Scattered erlong."

"Did your house wash away?"

"Sorter. My wife's back yander on a cottonwood log, an' my son Bill's comin' along somewhers on a poplar."

"Why don't you come to the shore?"

"Cause it don't cost nothin' ter ride."

"You'd better come on and get a drink of whisky."

"Dinged if I don't do it. Feller back here wanted me to come out an' hear him preach, but he didn't have the right kind o' gospel. Now, fellers, pull for the shore as fas' as yer kin."

CHURCH NOTICES.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of D and Twelfth streets, Rev. O. J. Larsen pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

First Christian church, East Park and Columbia streets. Ben. Clark Davis will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M.

The German Evangelical Reformed Church, corner of Ninth and Stark streets. Rev. J. Gantenbein, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Scandinavian Baptist church, corner of Caruthers and Sixth street—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by Rev. G. Liljeroth. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

Professor Chaney will lecture on "Primitive Christianity" in Nonpareil Hall at 7:30 P. M. Mr. Gordon will open the discussion at 3 P. M. on the "Monopoly of Land." Admission free.

United Presbyterian Mission—Corner First and Clay. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. Rev. William R. Stevenson pastor. Residence Twelfth and Jefferson.

Services at the M. E. church, Hall and Sixth, at 11 A. M. by the Rev. F. G. Hetzer, superintendent American Bible Society. Service in the evening at 7:30 P. M. Seats free. A cordial invitation to all.

North Portland Presbyterian Mission.—Sabbath school at the Couch engine house on C street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, at 2:30 P. M. Preaching service in Watson's hall, on Sixteenth and D streets, at 7:15 P. M.

Blessing a Church.—The Right Reverend Bishop Junger of Vancouver, Washington territory, will bless the new Catholic church on the corner of Third and Sherman streets to-morrow morning. The services will commence at half-past 10 o'clock. His lordship will also preach the dedicatory sermon.

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and Clay streets. Services Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 9:30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk (residence 191 Clay street.) All understanding German are cordially invited to attend.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at 105½ First street (room No. 6, over Prentice's music store), between Washington and Stark streets. A lecture will be given by Mr. T. M. Rogers on Sunday at 11 A. M. Subject—"The wonders of the heavens and earth." Seats free; no collection.

The First Baptist church, corner Fourth and Alder streets—Preaching to-morrow at 11 A. M., by the pastor, Rev. L. W. Hayhurst, also in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. The ordinance of baptism will take place at the close of the evening service. Sabbath school at the close of morning service.

First Presbyterian church, corner Third and Washington streets—A. L. Lindsley, pastor. Services morning and evening. One of the subjects by request, "Recognition of Friends in Another World." Sabbath school at 12:30. Thursday evening meeting at 7:30. The public invited to all services.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee, residence Ninth and Columbia street. Services: Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. All pews are free, and congregational singing. A cordial effort is made to welcome visitors and strangers. You are specially invited to these services.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson streets. Services Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Dr. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject "The value of faith." Evening service, "Moral and spiritual rites." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Young people's meeting at 6:45 P. M.

Taylor-street M. E. church, Rev. Geo. W. Izer, pastor. Morning discourse 11 A. M., subject—"Superior advantages of probation under the Christian system; comparative methods of salvation." Evening discourse, 7:30 P. M. subject—"Manifold redeemers: one messianic redeemer. Praise meeting at 6:30 P. M. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

Unitarian church, corner of Seventh and Yamhill streets—T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The evening sermon is the first of four discourses, entitled, "Christian affirmations." First, "As to the source and authority of truth." Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Mission Sunday school in South Portland at 3 P. M. Pastor's class Monday evening. Class for young women Friday afternoon at 3:45. Social religious meeting Thursday evening.

The church of Sea and Land, corner of North Third and D streets, Chaplain Stubbs, pastor.—Reception of members and sacramental services. Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. by the chaplain; subject—"A Creedless Church, a Rudderless Ship." Monday—Bethel Home Lodge, No. 1, I. O. G. T., of the world. Tuesday—Prophetic study, "The Church in Pergamos." Thursday—Prayer meeting. Friday—Services of the W. C. T. U. Meetings at 7:30 P. M.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

M. E. church, Rev. S. P. Wilson pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M.

First Baptist church—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. A. J. Hunsaker. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Sellwood rector—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:45.

Congregational church, Holladay's addition Rev. A. W. Bower pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30.

United Brethren church, Rev. Geo. Sickafoose, pastor—Service at Ross hall at 11 A. M. No evening service. Sabbath school at 10 A. M.

German Evangelical—Services at Livermore chapel at 4 P. M. March 9. Preaching by Rev. A. Schlenk. All who can are cordially invited to attend.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and B streets—Rev. W. O. Forbes of Albina will preach at 11 A. M., Sabbath, March 9, 1884. No evening service.

All women powder, but only those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder improve their skin.

[illegible]

Robert Alexander, thought to be Cicero Grime, an Arizona Outlaw, Taken at Coos Bay.

The last issue of the Coast Mail has the following: The sensation of Empire City and vicinity during the past few days grew out of the arrest at South slough, last Sunday, by Marshal Rhodes and Deputy Sheriff Jim Hall, of a young man known as Robert Alexander, upon suspicion that he is Cicero Grime.

Doubtless the public will remember the circumstances of the highway robbery between Tucson and Globe City, Arizona, August 20, 1882, that resulted in the capture of $5000 in treasure by the robbers, and the killing of Andy Hall, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger, and Dr. D. W. F. Vail, and the subsequent hanging of Lafayette V. Grime and Curtis B. Hawley by a mob. The confessions of these men at the time they were hanged said that Cicero Grime planned the robbery. For this he was afterward tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years. From the Arizona prison Grime was sent to the Stockton (California) insane asylum, from which institution he subsequently escaped.

About one month ago Alexander came to Empire City. While he was about town his great resemblance to the late Lafayette V. Grime attracted the attention of several people, who spoke of it, but the matter was jocularly treated. R. V. Pierce, was one of the first to suspect Alexander, and telegraphed to the superintendent of the Arizona prison, asking if Grime had escaped. The answer was that he had been sent from there to the asylum at Stockton; had escaped from the asylum, and that a reward of $50 was offered for his arrest. The description of Grime fits Alexander exactly except as to age.

Alexander, since his arrest, has been somewhat inconsistent in his stories, and the belief of the officers is that, if he be not Grime, he has been guilty of some crime which prompts him to conceal his identity. He says he has lived in Washington territory for several years, but when asked to refer to some person or persons there who would vouch for him, he declined to do so, giving as a reason that he did not wish to cause his relatives and friends uneasiness. He seems to be rather a shrewd young fellow, and altogether too young to be Cicero Grime, who is reported to be the father of several children. Alexander states that he is not quite twenty two years old, and his appearance indicates that he spoke the truth.

On Tuesday Alexander was taken before a magistrate for a hearing. The prisoner stated that the officers had not telegraphed to Portland, as he had desired, and in order that they might do so, the hearing was postponed until 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon. Alexander referred to the Portland Ice company, to which a dispatch was sent. The answer returned was that a man answering to his name and description worked for the company during the summer of 1882. If that be so, and this be the man, he cannot be Grime. Further hearing of the case has been deferred.

MILITARY AND PERSONAL.

Vancouver Independent.

Colonel Alexander Chambers, Twenty-First infantry, with his wife arrived at the post on Tuesday evening.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rodney Smith, chief paymaster, was at the garrison on Friday on official business.

There is a case of scarlet fever in the Battery quarters, in the family of Private Levoy, and a quarantine has been established.

The officers composing the court martial for the trial of Private Shea, First artillery, for killing a comrade at Camp Sully in Portland, last Fourth of July, have commenced to arrive.

Major Poole, paymaster U. S. army, came over from Portland yesterday and disbursed two months pay to the troops at Vancouver barracks.

Captain Frank E. Taylor and Lieutenant Abercrombie left for the east on Saturday, via San Francisco, to enjoy several months leave of absence.

Open air concerts by the excellent band of the Twenty-First infantry have been resumed. The band plays at 3 P. M. daily, except on Saturdays and Sundays.

Lieutenant Stamper, recently assigned to the Twenty-First infantry, is now en route to Vancouver barracks, with a detachment of recruits for the Second Infantry, from David's island station.

The first review of the season took place at the garrison last Friday, muster day. The weather was especially propitious and the troops acquitted themselves creditably.

THE COURTS.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT—DEADY, J.

SATURDAY, March 8.

United States vs. Chris Oregol—Information filed, arraigned, plea of guilty and sentenced to fine of $25.

The Queen of the Pacific, Flavel, et al, libellants—Set for trial Tuesday, April 22.

United States vs. Sam Treble—Sentenced to one year in Oregon penitentiary.

United States vs. Keefe—Jury present, trial proceeds; argument of counsel.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—SMITH, J.

State vs. Wm. Bloxam—Motion for a new trial overruled; ten days for bill of exception; sentenced for life in the penitentiary.

State vs. M. Joyce—Sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

State vs. J. W. Murray—One week to file bill of exceptions; motion for new trial; sentence postponed same time.

Warren vs Boyd—Allowed until the 12th to file counter affidavit.

Shaw vs Davis—Judgment for $675 25.

May vs Montgomery—On trial.

COUNTY COURT—STEARNS, J.

Estate of Amanda J. Hoemer, dec'd—April 10 set for hearing of final account.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

SATURDAY, March 8.

L. F. Warren, J. Cohen, H. Runwell, Mike Curry, Ed. McNeal, Jerry Driscoll, Mike Burk, Dan Lawson, d. and d., fined $10 each.

N. F. Parsons, fighting, fined $10.

Ah Ping, dismissed; costs paid.

T. B. Wells, gambling; continued.

L. P. Kindall, assault and battery; fined $20.

OPENING

N w D ss G s.

NEW .... Silks
NEW .... Plaids
NEW .... Satteens
NEW .... Jerseys
NEW .... Ginghams
NEW .... Hosiery
NEW .... Gloves
NEW .... Handkerchiefs
NEW .... Ribbons
NEW .... Ruchings

SPECIAL.

100 PIECES NEW

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New Shades.

Regular Value 45 cents, at 25 cents.

W. B. SHIVELY & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

Nine Cent Store.

Corner of Third and Alder,

(Masonic Temple Building).

Redington,
Woodard
& Co.,

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PORTLAND. 6mlm

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but the best wishes for its prosperity, but we remember all too well the time the Northern Pacific railroad was bankrupted in the interest of that town, and we sincerely hope that the interests that then destroyed the Northern Pacific may not again succeed in wrecking it in the effort to build up that town at the expense of the rest of the country.

cost of shipping and working

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

new year, the Chinaman pays up all his debts. On the first of January and for some days thereafter, the average American devotes himself to dodging his creditors. We are a superior race.—Lowell Citizen.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. $1.

Wm. Jones was killed by Indians on the 27th ult., about fifteen miles above the mouth of Arrow creek. Arrow creek is about thirty miles from Benton, toward the Musselshell.

The lower Teton gorged in several places, flooding the bottoms and driving the ranchers to the hills, where the people have been living in tents for the

Police Commissioner Dillon indorses St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful pain-cure.

Landberg's Perfume, Edenia.
Landberg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Landberg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Landberg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

OREGONIAN. It is a notorious fact that the papers of the Pacific coast, both in the city and country, are far ahead of the eastern papers in appearance and ability, considering the size of the towns in which they are printed.

The very best remedy for malaria and loss of appetite is Dandelion Tonic.

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ALBANO

The lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight star shows clear
And large and solemn it gazes down
In the mirror of the mere,
Was it here they rowed their crazy craft,
Where only the ripples are—
The strange, lake-folk of the floating raft?
Was it yesterday? said the star

And the mountain slept, and the nights fell still
And the thousand years rolled by,
Was there once a city on yon low hill,
With its towers along the sky
And the cry of the war-din of long ago
Wailed over the waters far?
There is no stone left for a man to know
Since yesterday, said the star

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake
And again a thousand years,
And the tents of battle are by the lake
And the gleam of the horsemen s spears
They bend their brows with a fierce surmise
On the lights in the plain afar
And the battle hunger is in their eyes
Was it yesterday? said the star

And a thousand years—and the lake is still
And the star beams large and white,
The burial chant rolls down the hill
Where they bury the monk at night
The mountains sleep and the ripples lave
The shore where the pine woods are
And there s little change but another grave
Since yesterday said the star

—Spectator

POSTAGE NOT STATED.

I was tall, overgrown and 16 with a prevailing consciousness that my hands and feet were very large and the added mystery in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them in company. I was making a visit to my grandmother's delightful old fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her

"Here is something for you, Jim" she said, "an invitation to the children's party at Mrs Edwards'"

"Children's party!" I repeated probably with a shade of scorn in my voice as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in the juvenile category

"Not children exactly" corrected grandma with a smile at a masculine dignity "Young people, I should have said Mrs Edwards' daughter Florence is 14, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say" with a twinkle of amusement, "will be there"

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all being as yet very much afraid of the girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor very unhappy because of my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion

Various games were suggested and played but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc, so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements

Then somebody suggested that we should play "postoffice"

"Postoffice! What is that? How do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play postoffice?" he asked, with a scorn at my ignorance "Oh, well I suppose you city fellows don't know anything"

"I never heard of this," I assented meekly

"Well, I'll tell you how it is A girl asks for a letter for some boy and then you have to ask how much postage and if she says one cent you have to kiss her once"

"Oh!" said I

"Yes," replied Tom "and you kiss her twice for two cents and three times for three cents It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl" he added judiciously

"I suppose so" I added vaguely

"But I forgot to tell you" he added "if she says postage not stated, then you kiss her as often as you like Hush! they are going to begin."

To be sure one of the oldest boys was appointed postmaster and one girl after another went out into the entry, each presently knocking at the door asking for a letter whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall, and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed paid his postage under considerable difficulties

I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call for me! But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause, there was a faint knock The postmaster opened the door a few inches

"What do you want?" he asked

"There is a letter here," she replied

"For whom?"

"For Mr James Hill"

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face I got my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness as the hall was but dimly lighted I paused a moment and then I heard the faint sound of quick breathing another heart was beating as violently as my own For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her I scarcely know how The darkness gave me the courage and I had her in a close clasp and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid half frightened kisses before she could tear herself from my embrace

"There there, Mr Hill," she said with a faint merry laugh "don't be so bashful again I'm sure you are bold enough now"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered

"Indeed yes enough and to spare Come, let us go back to the parlor"

She led me in a willing prisoner and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave, her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys and gratified in my accomplishment), and at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

That was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city and Mabel Byrne became only a memory, strong at first fainter as the time went on but sweet always When I saw the other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel, and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she

But then I did not see any other girls My bashfulness instead of diminishing seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by I avoided society and was so much of a recluse from the ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people I had made the science of geology my study and at the age of twenty seven found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges the salary of which with my own income added making me so far at ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe

Equipped with a bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology I avoided the well traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists and was therefore utterly amazed when one evening as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a heavy voice called out

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"Who is it?" I replied with a half nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

"Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn" he explained, "and was sure it must be you At any rate I thought I would start out and meet you"

"But how came you here?" I inquired "in this out of the way corner of the world?"

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist."

So Mabel was with him My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply

"Yes" he went on, "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life She has not thought of marriage and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society She will be glad to see you though as you are a man of science" he added, consolingly.

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman whose bright dark eyes flashed with the intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor which Tom and his sister had secured

For once in my life I felt quite at ease in a lady's society In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk about airy nothings that light foam of the social whirlpool which I had never yet been able to skim She spoke first of my scientific pursuits she showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with an earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the country, and especially of the glacial system and the curious marks of its action borne by the specimens I had collected

She in turn contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no schoolgirl weakness in her handling of the brush but a force and poetic thought that had won her honorable recognition in the world of art

"And you have never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" said Tom

"No" I confessed "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies"

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for over so long, have you?"

"No," I replied "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's"

"Jolly times we had too" said Tom, reflectively "Do you remember that party at Mrs Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me I stammered a reply, and Tom to my relief went on with some rambling reminiscences It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel Surely she was blushing too

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain Mabel was in a short gray suit with alpine hat and stout boots Tom carrying her drawing materials Thus we made this and many another delightful expedition

Life took on new colors for me There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the rough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies In this loveliest country in the world with the most glorious woman by my side, I was indeed as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul

At first I knew not what had befallen me I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits, and the charm of her conversation but gradually I awoke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date from the days of long ago, to have been always with me and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair

And yet as soon as I learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten through with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure be an impossibility

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me They turned to me with a softened lustre that thrilled me with hope and yet if I attempted even a compliment I blushed, floundered and was lost

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects grave and gay and so strayed to marriage in general and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends

"You remember Boyd, don't you Hill?" asked Tom

"Tall, bashful fellow like me?" I added

"Yes" replied Tom laughing "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher I always thought she proposed to him"

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help out You remember that book of the late Dr Horace Bushnell, published some years ago, called 'A Reform Against Nature?' In it he denounced the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained the every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked I think he was scientifically correct"

I spoke with great eagerness looking always at Tom but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel Her eyes were fixed on mine and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift tumultuous rush that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me It was late sunset when I reached the inn The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with the marvelous beauty which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor ed there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control The room was quite dusk and she was alone As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands

"These came while you were away" she said

Mechanically I took the papers Among them was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp

"You have paid something on this," I said, "how much was it?" and looked up

"Postage not stated" replied Mabel

Promptly smilingly she uttered the words Then her dark eyes softened and faltered The papers and letters were scattered over the floor I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days

Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on the brow and lips I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart

A WIFE'S POWER.

How Men Can Rise or Fall Through a Wife's Influence

Youth's Companion

Two gentlemen at a large reception in New York were discussing one of the foremost politicians of the country a man who, whether in office or out always keeps himself prominently before the public "I knew him at college" said one of the gentlemen "He was a man with a clear head, extraordinary memory and much personal magnetism But I cannot understand why he chose a public life or has pushed himself forward so persistently He was a lazy thoughtful visionary fellow absolutely destitute of ambition" "I can tell you the secret" said the other "You will find it at his wife's nose There she is! Did you ever see a more perfect incarnation of energy and love of command? Napoleon would have chosen her for one of his marshals at first sight"

His friend was amused at the guest and said presently "There is another of my old classmates P He was a thin ambitious scholarly fellow with refined tastes and high aims He now is a fat indolent, animal without a thought apparently but his cognac and terrapin Who is to blame for that?" "His wife's mouth and her money I will show her to you" He pointed out a gross, voluptuous woman, richly dressed "P" he resumed "has lived in idleness since his marriage He was not strong enough to carry the weight of so much wealth and so much vulgarity They have borne him down He will never rise Young men at school and college are very apt to be enraptured with a sparkling eye a rosy cheek or some charm of manner in some young woman that they happen to meet They are hardly masters of themselves, and a moonlight night, or a song suddenly tempts them to ask the enchanting creature who has bewitched them to share their future They do not consider that she will be the most real active force in their whole lives almost irresistible with power to drag them down or to lift them up in body mind and soul

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"How do I look Milly?" asked Brown, who had donned his new dress suit for the first time. Milly hesitated for a moment "Why papa!" she exclaimed gazing at his expansive shirt front, "you look exactly like Tom's bow kite."

TIM BUNCE'S STEERS.

"Oh, mother! do come to the window," shouted Harry, rushing into the room like a March wind, "there's a man out here with the prettiest pair of steers you ever saw in your life!"

My interest in "steers" is not specially active, but Harry's contagious enthusiasm carried me instantly to the window At a little distance from the house up the road was congregated a confused group of men boys and teams There were two or three pairs of horses one attached to a wagon others waiting by the roadside one man seated on his plow, with curved hands sheltering from the wind the enclosed pipe which he was carefully lighting Nearly a score of men and boys worked or looked on some with hoes some with idle pickaxes, there was much talking and laughing and bustle of ineffectual labor

"Dear me!" I exclaimed "they're at work at the roads"

"There! just behind that old fellow with the gray team see him! see the steers!" cried Harry, holding by my arm with one hand and pointing with the other

At the moment a man came into view holding a scraper drawn by a pair of small quick stepping steers or oxen They were certainly a striking contrast to the usual type of these beasts of burden Their beautiful heads, dark in color and elegant in form, their round black and tawny sides, with the orange skin shining through the dark hair—their movements as unlike the slow dogged pace which we expect from oxen as their aspect was superior to the usual plumy bovine awkwardness,—all attracted attention, as their owner guided them by a word, while he gouged out ragged clods from the green turf their docility and intelligence were evident at a glance

"Aren't they splendid?" cried Harry "He says they are just as good as a pair of ponies they can do anything and oh mother! he drives them on the road hitched to a buckboard!

"What next?" I asked in amazement "Is he training them for a circus?"

"He says I ought to have a pair—oh mother! can't I?"

"Are they for sale?" I inquired my admiration somewhat damped

"Oh no! he says he wouldn't take $200 for them Why that nigh one he ed with a spoon Its mother died and it wasn't but just alive and they gave it to him They're pure Jerseys That one he says he wouldn't have got for $5 if the man that owned it hadn't thought it was just as good as dead"

Tim Bunce was the hero of the day Before night I had both seen and heard quite enough of him He was a "cow doctor" of local fame He could discourse most bewilderingly upon horn distemper and kindred ailments He would tell you of a cow he doctored for Jim Baldwin "He's a peculiar kin' of a man he tried to doctor her first himself til she got to runnin' down, so he go, kin' o scared, an' he sent for me, but it was too late then she died in about six weeks an' her brains were all gone—her head was jest as holler as an egg shell!" He often talked about his "instruments" for various necessary operations but they had a chronic way of being "lent" or "broke," if he wanted to experiment on an obstruction in a cow's teat he borrowed a "knit' needle," if he had an animal to bleed he used his trusty jack knife

The road menders plied their intermittent tasks for two or three days and Harry with unflagging zeal admired the steers They were wonderfully knowing cattle and seemed as their owner claimed as useful as a pair of ponies while they needed no oats Harry was never tired of talking about them, nor were ours the only eyes to admire them

The widow King lives in the little red house up at the corner the widow's lattice is always open She has bright black eyes and rosy cheeks a buxom figure and bustling manner Not often does the dull routine of her narrow life give her any pleasanter interest than this lusty congregation of road menders close by her on the near highway

"Widow King asked me if you were going to send any cider out to the men" said Harry, on the second day of the prevailing propinquity

"I send cider out? Of course not! What made her think of such a thing?

"Well, I don't know, I guess she would if she had any" said Harry dubiously

At that moment the wonderful steers which were approaching at a smart walk, stopped at the gate and Harry hastily started for the side door

But he soon returned saying, "Mother, Mr Bunce wants to buy a little cider," while I heard at the side porch the husky voice of Mr Bunce, clearing his throat by way of preface

I went to the door "Good mornin', Mis Cornel'—nice weather we've got"—was the prompt greeting He stood in the doorway, his two lean brawny hands grasping the lintels His dingy, gray brown cloth cap was firmly set tied upon his head, where much as it startled me it in no wise disconcerted him His eyes, small and light yet keen, were fixed upon me with that undisguised stare of curiosity with which the true native-born Yankee transfixes all woman kind differing from his own But Tim Bunce had none of his own I learned the chief facts of his personal history in the somewhat one-sided conversation which followed.

There was an odd mixture of sagacity and boldness in the narrow bony face, surrounded by a ragged fringe of whiskers, both foxy and grizzly I listened to him, half amused until I began to think that he had really no errand except the gratification of his curiosity But he came to it at last When the history of the steers, with much collateral information and inquiry, was ended, he cleared his throat and made a fresh beginning

"Wal Mis Cornel, can't ye spare us a little cider" accompanied by a confidential wink Too glad of an opportunity to leave him, I went to call Bridget and to tell her to draw a pitcher of cider So in spite of myself, I actually did send out cider to the men

It was a few days after that Harry said one morning "Mrs King's cow is sick; she sent for Tim Bunce yesterday"

Troubled at her misfortune I went up myself just at evening to inquire about it and condole with her

"Good evening Mrs King" said I "I'm so sorry to hear your cow is sick."

The widow changed color as I fancied a little uneasily

"It ain't the cow" said she, in a deprecatory tone "it's the little heifer"

"What, that pretty little yearling? Why, what is the matter with her?

"Well—I don't know s Mr Bunce did exactly—she acts kin' o' peaked—I think mebbe she's a lonesome over in that woodlot"

"I'm glad it isn't the cow," said I, my anxiety quite relieved, "Harry always sees those steers if they are anywhere near"

"Ain't they dreadful party critters?" said the widow, brightening up "'Pears to me they du step raound jes' like lively horses"

At that moment we perceived a strange sound the mingled noise of swift wheels and tramping feet and subdued cries Widow King's head was out of her window in an instant Down the hill a quarter of a mile away we saw it coming—the buckboard and the steers Tim Bunce had made for them a simple harness of a few straps only, he guided them in driving by the voice aided only by a small rope tied to the horn of the near ox From some sudden impulse of willfulness or fright they had taken matters into their own control Down the hill they came—with heads lowered and swaying from side to side of the road as the driver from time to time pulled the single rein as long as he dared The buckboard was trembling in every fiber, Tim with difficulty kept his seat as they swiftly approached the meeting of two roads at which the widow's house stood The widow screamed—the steers jibed at a tremendous pace round the corner—up went the buckboard on one side—Tim was thrown head foremost into the widow's woodpile—the buckboard dissolved itself quickly into scattering tires splinters and axles—the steers plunged down a wood road and were soon puffing and panting in the cool brook The widow with infinite sympathy helped Tim to his feet and wiped the blood and dust from his face, which was "pretty well skinned"

I hurried home to recount to Harry the destruction wrought by Tim Bunce's steers.

The widow King is the widow King no longer, she is Mrs Tim Bunce and the steers will soon end their career as beef, for Tim Bunce has bought a pair of steady-going old horses "You never would a got me behind them pesky critters!" cries Mrs Bunce—and Tim makes no reply but he wrinkles his thin cheeks in fits of silent laughter

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A little nine-year old Mrs Partington at a recent church wedding asked "Mamma, are all those gentlemen with white boutonnieres the gushers?"

WEST POINT.

A Colorado Congressman's Objections to the "Lex- -ce at Lottery"—A Preceptor's Upset.

Cor. Springfield Republican.

Representative Belford objects to the examination of candidates for admission to West Point, and declares that grammar has but little weight in fighting a battle, and he objects to giving so much money to pay the expenses of a board of visitors every year He says the visitors buy kid gloves, patent leather shoes, swallow tailed coats and ruffled shirts to wear to the balls at West Point Representative McAdoo of New Jersey declares they all do this, and also that the fancy ball given every year at West Point is a matrimonial market where aspiring mothers seek to find husbands for their giddy daughters whom they palm off on the unfortunate cadets Now Mr Belford is from the far west, where the denizens of that part of the country are considered by some to be enlightened but not civilized Mr McAdoo is from little Jersey but a step from the great metropolis, and where the people are noted for a blue blood culture that amounts to aristocracy But the two great minds run in a similar groove and the prejudice against dress coats and fancy balls and grammar, is no sectional and not a product of the east or west, but of both the civilized and enlightened mind There is something to be said on both sides, Nobody will deny that $3000 is not a large sum to defray the expenses of the board of visitors who go to West Point to stop ten days during the examinations of cadets to be graduated Everybody knows that West Point is a charming spot especially in June and that the hotels charge $5 per day and that the visitors must wear good clothes—gentlemen dress coats and ladies ball dresses Mr McAdoo says $1000 is sufficient—and begs the house to reduce the appropriation from $3000 to $1000. It would be well to try a board of visitors on $1000 next June and prove whether the fancy ball will lose by the reduction in the matter of handsome toilets

Now as to the examinations for admission they are in some respects quite as sensible as those of the civil service, with different results The boy who fails to get in at West Point sometimes has brain fever, caused by the anxiety and nervous strain, and being virtually a prisoner while the examination is going on But if he lives through that he is tortured semi annually with the fears of failure If the standard is not too high, why is it that out of a class of 200 but thirty seven were graduated in June, 1882? Two hundred were admitted four years before and they had gradually dropped out til the graduates numbered thirty seven I happened to know something about it at that time and one of the professors told me that the standard was too high and higher than when he himself was a cadet. Some of the best soldiers at the time when we were mighty glad to have soldiers with or without grammar, barely got through West Point Both Grant and Sheridan were much nearer the foot than the head of their class West Point boasts of being superior to influence It is merely a boast The son of a senator has a much better chance of getting through than the son of a private citizen without political influence The latter must rely wholly upon himself The former is aided in a thousand indirect ways

To a certain extent nothing could be better for a young man than the discipline at West Point. If the commandant is a man of common sense and sufficient judgment to deal justly and kindly with a cadet the discipline is an excellent training for the young man. It is not many years since a lady who went to West Point in behalf of a young relative in the academy was told by the commandant that he looked upon the cadets as upon so many machines. But Colonel Blank when a cadet is reported for some very trifling fault you do not punish him as severely as for some serious misdemeanor" she said "Madame the cadets are reported to me and it is not my business to inquire into the charges, but to mark them I look upon them as so many machines, and with no more emotion than I would feel for those gaslights here. If I knew that by adding one more demerit in the number against him would cause the dismissal of a cadet I should add it without any hesitation It is not my duty to inquire into the circumstances of the charges but to report him for the offense" She was surprised and shocked at the hardness of the officer The longer she talked with him the more she became convinced that a man of such prejudices could be neither just nor merciful She was not a stupid woman and after learning that the reporting of the offending cadets was done by other cadets she made up her mind that with such a commandant, there would be cases of unjust punishment. And then she looked up the commandant's record as a cadet and found that he had been court-martialed and suspended, finally turned back in his class because of his bad conduct, and that he barely got through without reflecting any glory on himself or on the academy I was shortly after this that the commandant was relieved much to his surprise and the surprise of everybody at the academy He was sent out west, where he had no chance to treat cadets like so many machines She was not only not a stupid woman but she was a quiet woman who told her story very briefly, and asked, "Can an officer with such strong natural prejudices deal justly with these boys at West Point?" The answer from the power behind the throne was simply "No" That was all there was about it but Colonel Blank was sent to serve his country at another post out west

THE SENATOR'S SON AND THE DUDE

How Freddie Gebhardt Paid the Gambling Debts of a Readjuster's Son.

Washington Letter to Hartford Times

The senior senator from Virginia has a son named Butler Mahone Butler is a young man about 25 years old and is inclined to be what the boys call a "blood" Since his father became a United States senator Butler has been in many scrapes His latest venture was in New York city It appears that Butler went to New York and while there became acquainted with Freddie Gebhardt of Langtry fame Gebhardt is a member of the most fashionable club in that city One evening he introduced Butler at the club as his guest Gebhardt's associates received Butler cordially and the latter soon felt himself quite at home During the evening a game of poker was proposed Butler asked permission to take a hand His request was granted, and he soon lost all the change he had in his pockets amounting to about $50 He played along until he was about $300 out When the game concluded he drew a note upon his father and Gebhardt who had introduced him, indorsed the note Butler said the money should be paid as soon as he returned to Washington This statement appeared satisfactory and Butler came on to Washington

Gebhardt waited several weeks before writing to Butler to tell him that the party who held the note claimed that he (Gebhardt) as the indorser, would be held responsible unless the money was immediately forthcoming Butler paid no attention to Gebhardt's letters, so the latter addressed a letter to the senator stating the facts in the case and requesting him to pay the debt contracted by the son The senator replied that he knew nothing about his son's conduct in New York, and intimated that Gebhardt was a bunko man or a three card monte player, endeavoring to blackmail him out of $300. Gebhardt showed the senator's letter to several members of the club and a good laugh was had at the expense of Gebhardt

The party holding the note insisted upon its payment, so Gebhardt finally drew a check for the amount and took a receipt This he inclosed to Senator Mahone, with the statement that instead of trying to swindle him out of his money, he (Gebhardt) had been obliged to pay Butler's gambling debts. He denounced the senator as a repudiator as well as a readjuster This story is from a well known New York club man, who says it is current gossip in the New York clubs.

A Cat's Remarkable Fall

Philadelphia Ledger.

The presence of a cat on the roof of the First Baptist church, Broad and Arch streets attracted the attention of a large crowd of people on Saturday afternoon. How the animal had reached the roof no one knew but it was supposed that it had been attracted by the twittering of the sparrows that had nested in the vines on the side of the church and had climbed after them "Pussy" did not know how to go down, and it was its loud "meow," as it walked along the edge of the roof, looking down at the street, that attracted attention Sympathy for the cat was soon aroused among the bystanders and a dozen or more men went to the house of Truck A at Broad and Race streets, for a ladder The longest one was procured raised against a side of the church and a fireman mounted to the rescue of the cat. But "kitty" did not understand the good intentions of its rescuer, and, frightened by the approach of the man it scampered to the tower and soon had climbed still higher up the vine. Here it hung for a few minutes fully seventy feet from the ground when it fell. The cat's nine lives stood it in good stead, for no sooner had it struck the ground than it ran up Arch street, apparently unhurt

YOUNG AMERICA.

Two boys quarreling—"My pa is a preacher an' will go to heaven"—"Yes, an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your ole pa."

"Peter—"Knowledge, my boy, is better than wealth." Pupil—"Ye-es; but po' my word, d'you know, sir, I think I prefer the inferior article."

Johnnie (who has been taken to call on a typical unaired boarding house)—"O ma! where's the elephant?" Mamma—"Hush dear, there isn't any elephant." Johnnie—"O, yes, there is, I smell him!"

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite," and after a brief pause, one little boy said "I know sir, when I'm eatin I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight"

Visitor (about leaving)—"Good by, Johnny I'm off" Johnny—"To Halifax?" Visitor—"Goodness, no what made you think I was going there?" Johnny—"Why I heard papa say he wished you were in Halifax" Johnny is suddenly suppressed

A little girl unconsciously and touchingly alluded to the exceeding drudgery of her mother's life when, on being asked, "Is your mother's hair gray?" she replied "I don't know, she's too tall for me to see the top of her head and she never sits down"

A Beacon street lady visited the chamber of her little son last Christmas eve and found that her promising heir had pinned his stocking in a conspicuous place and had attached a little slip of paper bearing the suggestive words "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver"

Johnny came home from school the other day very much excited "What do you think, pa? Joe Stewart, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about a question in grammar" "What position did Joe take?" "His last position was across a chair face down"

A little 4 year-old boy in Hartford says the Times was asked once by his father if he wanted some flowers and replied, "I don't care if I do" The uncle said "I never give flowers to boys who don't care" Upon which the urchin responded "I don't care if I do but I do care if I don't"

Bob Burdette sums up his experience of babies in an audience as follows "The babies in the audience never bother me I have seen them drive an audience to madness however But then the audience isn't paid for listening to the baby, and I am"

The eminent basso, Karl Formes, tells American parents that they make a grave mistake in sending their children to Italy to study music when they can obtain much better results at home. He says musical science is at its lowest level in Italy, and the great singers are not Italians

When only 18 months old Julius Manthey was shot by a Chinaman who had a grudge against his father That was fifteen years ago The bullet lodged in the chest and was never extracted Manthey has just died at Stockton of consumption produced by the wound

Little Johnnie and Mary were sitting on an ottoman in rather close quarters Both realized the crowded situation of affairs, and it was finally righted by Johnnie, who said "Mary, there would be more room for me on this ottoman if one of us was to get off"

"What do they grind at a spice mill?" asked Rollo, as he walked past one with his father "Customers," replied Rollo's father, who knew what pepper was made of and how cinnamon was flavored. "They grind the customers" And Rollo said, "Oh!" He will say it louder when he is old enough to keep house himself

A Mexican boy in Encinal county, Texas fell into a well about fifteen feet deep and containing nine feet of water. The mother jumped in to save the boy, the grandmother followed suit to rescue the daughter and the great grandmother was in the act of going over the brink when she fainted They were all rescued by one man

We will close our paper by an amusing example of childish scepticism A little boy about 4 years of age was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and when he had finished the Lord's prayer, she said "Now Willie, ask God to make you a good boy" The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the reply, "It's no use mamma He won't do it I've asked him a heap o times"

A professional man with a good income writes to an English paper that he has recently apprenticed his son, 16 years old to a builder Of course, says the father he has to work at the bench, and go out on jobs, but he is happy and all time well employed When he is 21 he will become master of his trade and being an educated lad and sharp to boot a very few pounds would start him in one of the colonies on the high road to competency The silly pride of parents he says "is the chief drawback to their sons' success in life

Alphonso Kell aged 15 years, is the typical colored bad boy of the current time He lives in Washington, D C. In the police court his uncle, W T Benjamin, said Alphonso had repeatedly attempted to poison members of the family had tried to poison his cattle, to set the house on fire and to cut the throat of one of the children The boy said this was all true and confessed that he had poisoned his mother and his aunt, both of whom had died as a result of it, and he had set his mother's house on fire The boy was remanded for examination as to his sanity

A seven year-old girl living on West street is a good reader and very fond of poetry A few days ago a gentleman of 88 years called on her grandfather, who is 84 years old The little girl, wishing to entertain them brought out her book of poems and selected one which she thought would please them as it referred to old men entitled "What Can an Old Man Do but Die?" every verse ending with that cheerful sentence. The hearty laugh that followed from the two hale and hearty old gentlemen satisfied her that her efforts were appreciated—*Danbury News*

The teacher of a country public school had been absent for several days on account of the death of her husband When she returned to her duties her pupils were so awed by the remembrance of her sorrow through which she had passed that none of them ventured to address her. Finally a meek looking little blue eyed girl mustered up courage enough to remark "We are very sorry for you" "I know you are, my dears" said the widow tearfully "Very very sorry" continued the sympathetic child "and—and we hope it won't happen again"

"Well, my child," said a father to his little daughter after she had been to church "what do you remember of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply "Nothing!" he exclaimed in a severe tone "Now remember the next time you must tell me something of what he says or you will have to be punished" Next Sunday the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement "I remember something to-day papa" she cried eagerly "I am very glad of it" said her father "What did he say?" "He said 'A collection will now be made!'"

A bright-eyed little five year-old girl tripped gaily along the street a few days ago clinging to the arm of a gallant about her own age Another little fellow of about their ages approached, tugged at the little girl's sleeve and with a look of mild reproof in his eye exclaimed "I say are you going back on me for that fellow?" The miss eyed her interrogator for a moment elevated her nose tossed her head and as she resumed her promenade replied "I guess I've got a right to walk with another fellow if I want to you don't expect I can love you all day"—*Syracuse Herald*

Protection has evidently done great things for New Jersey The inspector of child labor who has just reported found that in 7000 of its factories "the child labor system had left indelible traces of mental and physical degeneration in the careworn children with dwarfed bodies He saw countless young women that were physical wrecks from being employed at an early age for long hours amid machinery The illiteracy of children whom he met in factories was shocking Many of them had never been to school at all Some of them did not know the name of the state in which they lived and had not the slightest conception of right or wrong

The last seat in a Boston horse car had just been taken when a very pompous nervous old gentleman boarded it and, casting his eye around in search of a place discovered that a little boy occupied the corner seat The old gentleman, approaching the youngster said "My good little boy you are younger than I am and can stand a strain upon your legs better than I can, for I have so much more to hold up Won't you, like a good little boy give me your seat?" "Now" said the boy stonily gazing at the old gentleman "You should be more polite my boy, and more obliging You know that if your father were to come in now and ask you for your seat you would give it to him" "You betcher life I would" answered the boy in a truly obliging spirit "cause I wouldn't ride in no car wid no ghost."

"CAPE COD FOLKS."

Remarkable Lawsuit That Grew Out of a Story.

In the "Cape Cod Folks" libel suit, February 14th, the jury found for the plaintiff on the second count, laying damages at $1,095.

The suit, which has excited great interest, not only on Cape Cod, but in Boston, grew out of the story called "Cape Cod Folks," the first literary venture of Miss Sallie McLean of Connecticut, who taught school in that part of Cape Cod where the scene of the story is laid. Miss McLean used the real names of Cape Cod people for the characters in the book, and this caused the trouble Lorenzo L. Nightingale, who under his own name was described as the "champion fiddler, inventor, whale fisher, cranberry picker and potato bugger," began the suit. The defendants were the publishers, Cupples, Upham & Co of Boston

Miss McLean related in the story how Nightingale had kissed her and made love to her On the trial Nightingale denied that he had done either One passage in the book ran thus

"Teacher,' he said "I should like to kiss you just once to-night, and mean it."

That's a remarkable request I said, "to come from my oldest pupil but it is my privilege to bestow it just once if you will bend down from your commanding height and put yourself in an humble and submissive attitude before me The nightingale knelt on the doorstep I would have stooped to his forehead, but he put up his arm with an extremely boyish, inoffensive gesture, almost with a sob, I thought to draw me closer I would have had that kiss as passionless as though it had been given to a child The cradle-bow's breath was pure upon my cheek, but I was compelled to feel the answering flame creep slowly in my own blood

"Never ask me to do that again" I exclaimed in righteous exculpation of the act "never"

Nightingale said this was absolutely untrue, and had caused him and his family great annoyance

The defense claimed that there was no malice and therefore no libel The publishers didn't know the names were real names and when they learned that that was so they had the book overhauled and printed a new edition in which the names were fictitious. Counsel argued also that, as for the plaintiff, the book made him a hero and endowed him with noble and heroic characteristics

Ignorant Millionaires.

Our rich men writes a New York correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, are not educated men, their faculties are sharpened in the line of money getting, their cardinal virtue seems to be money keeping The elder generation whose wit and tact and brute force made and heaped and accumulated the fortune, finds its pleasures to an amazing extent in the possession of expensive horses I can name a dozen triple, quintuple millionaires who, after a few hours devoted to business down town resort immediately to their stables, where with jockeys and stable boys and visitors, they discuss the points of their horses and bet upon their speed Every afternoon the boulevard leading from the park toward Manhattanville is literally crowded with the owners of fast-flying horses, eager to witness the trials of speed furnished for their delectation by the Vanderbilts the Works, the Deweys and other sports, for which New York of to-day is noted. The boulevard is lined with road houses, where a cigar and a bottle are the average entertainment furnished to the man while his horse takes his sponge at the post. Fortunes are won and lost every pleasant afternoon by these men of money, and their example pernicious and enervating has taken firm grip upon the second generation which adds to the follies of the elder the vices more peculiar to the people of their age Utterly selfish absolutely ignoring the convenience and comfort of others, these drivers push their horses to their utmost speed, and would no more think of holding up or turning aside to avoid a collision or calamity to others than of eating the dust of the road for their dinner In their mind a check is ample compensation to any victim, however old or of whatever sex And this spirit of brutal selfishness, which they evince every afternoon in this particular sport, is a fair type and index of their feelings in all other relations of life toward their fellow men Like begets like, and if these men continue, as they certainly will their course of personal gratification at the expense of their fellow citizens literally reckless of anybody's weal but their own the day of reckoning as surely will come

Arguments against Polygamy

There is no record anywhere in history of happy marriage state where a man had more than one wife Lamech had two, but the scriptures say nothing more about him Adam didn't have but one and Noah one, and they started the business of peopling the world. Old Father Abraham had one, and when he took another one they said Old Aunt Sarah got after him and she frailed out the second one with a thrash pole and run her off. Jacob had two, and if ever a man deserved two he did, but they didn't get along well even though they were sisters Moses didn't have but one King David had several but he was curst with 'em, and actually committed murder to get one of em and lived in anguish ever after for he said "My sin is ever before me" Old Solomon must have had an awful time of it, for he had a thousand and they kept him so harrassed and bedeviled that he flew to his inkstand and wrote that he had found one good man, but a good woman in a thousand he had not found Of course not, How could a woman be good when she was only the thousandth part of a wife? But Solomon repented of his folly and said it was all vanity, and advised all men to "live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest," and to "beware of strange women" I never think of these surplus wives who are sealed to the Mormons without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one causes the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison and their dependence is like that of the caged bird that looks tamely to its keeper for food There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong especially if she has a child or children to keep her company

A Pension Office Romance

Washington Cor Boston Traveler

It frequently happens that the pension office furnishes a romance, which reads more like the flights of fiction than the stern reality of truth. Congressman Cassidy of Nevada relates an incident which happened under his personal observation only a short time ago which shows this to a marked degree About two weeks since he received a letter from a man signing himself Eli Johnson of one of the small towns of his state saying that months and months ago he made an application for a pension and as his papers were complete and without a flaw, he wished to ascertain where the hitch was and how much longer he would have to wait He furthermore stated that he served during the war in company F, First California cavalry, and the records of the war department would show such to be the fact Mr Cassidy went to Commissioner Dudley and looked up the papers in the case when judge of his surprise he found that the records showed that Johnson was killed in the battle and that his widow had received back pay, some time previous to 1879, of a sum amounting to over $2000 She, however believed that Johnson was dead, had married a Mr Sill and was now residing in Florida. Mr Cassidy communicated these facts to Mr. Johnson and the latter answered, saying that he had heard that his wife had died while he was away to the war He came east and went down south and claimed his wife and the couple only a day or two ago started for his home in Nevada The only party who is not satisfied with the denouement is Mr Sill who finds himself minus a wife

A State for Blacks Alone.

The negro agitators from the south who have been all the fall and winter trying to advance a scheme for colonizing the race in a territory separate from the whites have now decided upon Lower California as the most advantageous country for their people to reside in. Niles the principal agitator and his associates were working to secure the land belonging to the general government and not incorporated in any state which is bounded by Texas, Indian territory Colorado, Kansas and New Mexico A petition was prepared during the fall for the purpose of securing this land, which it was intended should be presented to congress This move is now indefinitely postponed. The Niles agitators contend that Mexico owes the United States money, and would readily cede Lower California for the amount The peculiar advantages of the country have been discussed, and it has been decided that no more suitable territory can be found in America The ultimate object of the agitators is to have an exclusively black state, where white men can trade but will not be allowed to vote or hold property

Miss Parloa says the way to tell when meat is done is to press it, and if it is spongy it isn't.

Oh, that's an actual when there dear creatures one —Boston Transcript

BUCHU PAIBA." Quick cure all
duty and urinary diseases

FELDMANN & FOREIGN BREADSTUFFS REPORT

LONDON MARKETS

London, March 7

Floating cargoes—The market is ready. During

5,000 Tons in Warehouse
Assay 98 Per Cent
For sale in lots to suit
H. MOLINEUX, 132 Sutter st., F

Front and Harrison streets
Portland, Oregon

L. FELDMANN & CO.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
wood and willow ware, and manufacturers of
brushes
135 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OREGON

WILLIAMS' LUCK.

was down on his luck ... it to be inferred from McWilliams ever had any luck ... or was likely to have, as ... wheel spun him away in ... Neither do I wish it to be ... he has been a victim of ... ill luck, for such, I feel ... was not the case His bad ... different, mongrel sort of ... equal to sudden flight of ... nor mean enough to ... comfortable level of actual ... A positive luck of either ... might have been consistent, ... neglectful luck was ... giving the depressing ... the man was not to be ... for a plaything of fate ... it had been a matter of ... me whether or not McWilliams ... have succeeded better ... he recognized the indifference ... luck, and so set fate at defiance ... bound to respect the man ... himself; and if the bat ... will bestow on ... smiles of her daughter

... unfortunately, never recognized ... He had lived with the ... notion that fortune would ... his favor, and that he ... enduring success without ... of his own He followed ... singleness of purpose ... it been in a more practical ... would have brought his ex... resignation A blind ... of luck, even when ... is more injurious than ... Like a young ... too constant lover, for... of her idolatrous fol... him scurvy tricks with-

... played villainous pranks ... time out of mind, and ... taken them so uncom... good naturedly that to ... persons it seemed a dis... If Mr. McWilliams had ... pranks were being per... the bridge of his own nose, ... thrown the fickle flirt over ... without hesitation, but he ... and he kept straight along, ... persistence, making luck ... of second-hand religion ... missionary to convert him, ... along through early life ... in a cloud of doubts and ... As he was exasper... and courteous al... might impose on him This ... in the battle of the Wil... McWilliams, after fight ... unexplained bravery at the ... party, rushed gal...

... of spring of 1865. Developments in his immediate neighborhood were so uniformly successful that McWilliams was looked upon as a lucky fellow and future oil prince. From the awakening of this sentiment — date the beginning of McWilliams' ill luck, for at this time he was shamefully imposed upon by a young woman in Oil City.

The young woman was good enough in her way; but her way, unfortunately, was a little out of the orthodox line. Personally, and so far as anyone knew, she stood without reproach, but her ideas of life, I grieve to say, were somewhat warped She was anxious (but, for the sake of euphemism, let us say, ambitious) to get a husband. I am inclined to the belief that she did not expect to love her husband when she got him, for she had time enough on her hands to love two or three husbands It would have been an easy matter for her to get married had she cared less for social distinction and a future free from tradespeople's bills, but a praiseworthy desire to shine as the wife of an oil prince caused her to throw a dragnet over the unsuspicious head of McWilliams This net took the shape of a plausible argument to the effect that McWilliams' casual meetings with the young woman were compromising in their tendency, and that, unless McWilliams was enough in earnest to clear her name of reproach, he should leave the country until the society of Oil City for got him This was arrant humbug as every liberal minded woman in the oil country will attest, but, as I have said, McWilliams was easily imposed upon Like a thoroughgoing oil man, he refused to let anything stand between him and the oil well of his dreams, and in a straightforward, honest sort of way, he married the young woman out of hand

Mrs McWilliams ought to have been happy, but if the unsolicited testimony of disinterested witnesses may be allowed as evidence, it would seem that she was in a state of constant dissatisfaction and misery With a wariness truly Scotch in its origin and tendency, McWilliams refused to launch into extravagance in living until the capacity of the Pithole lease should be known This vexed Mrs McWilliams beyond endurance, and it came to pass early in the winter, when the lease failed to produce anything but the driest kind of dry wells, that the indignant wife, declaring that McWilliams had failed in his duty toward her, left the oil country to try her fortune elsewhere After paying his wife's debts, McWilliams—now penniless and friendless—seated himself on a stump on the hillside above Pithole, and admitted to himself, with a dull feeling of satisfaction that he was down on his luck

McWilliams luck had deserted him at last! The hopeful man had waited a long time for fortune's wheel to stop in front of him, and now that he had stopped a flying spoke had knocked him down

Most strong and healthy persons will resent a blow, even from fate! With a Scotch slowness to wrath, after picking himself up and seating himself on the stump above the town, McWilliams observed that his luck had treated him cruelly Sitting there watching the busy wells around him, the puffs of steam that floated away like snowy banners from panting engines, hearing the rattle of machinery and the clanging of busy hammers, and noting with sullen brow the prosperity of hundreds of men beside him, McWilliams gave rein to his swelling temper, and with sturdy arm aimed blows at fate

The process of it was altogether unrecognized by McWilliams This revolt at fate was in another form, but a renunciation of a religion and the ultimate issue was neither argued with nor questioned The subtle sophistry of unknown argument with him did not find utterances which were emphatic and commonplace

"Well, said he, "I guess I'm pretty low down now luck's all gone to thunder, and no mistake Luck? To the devil with luck! Who said anything about luck? There's no such thing Hard work makes it—hard, steady pounding work"

The debate within him sent out no bulletins to the public for several minutes At length, when the sun suffused his thoughtful eyes with golden radiance from the western hill tops, McWilliams roused himself angrily, and with a little "To hell with luck!" strode down to the town

Fate must have paused in surprise to see its grandchild, luck, so grievously flaunted by a hitherto harmless slave She must have respected him then, for McWilliams was beyond her power He had taken his destiny into his own hands

The morning of the 37th day of January, 1866, saw McWilliams at work with his shovel on the edge of his lease He was digging a water well "Most likely find quicksand or a coal bed here,' he muttered, grimly

"Drilled for oil and found salt water on the upper edge Things seem to go by contraries with me Luck having no connection with this well, neither quicksand nor coals were found, but water, pure, fresh spring water, in volume sufficient to supply half the town. Later in the day McWilliams put into the well a box pump of his own manufacture, and, with the help of a dozen barrels and a few lengths of two inch iron pipe, established the McWilliams water works.

McWilliams was pretty low down on his luck at this time, for he was less than a hewer of wood—he was a drawer of water In Pithole, in 1865 66, the drawing of water was much more profitable than it had been in ancient Palestine In dry months water retailed at 10 cents per drink and one dollar per bucket, but the closing days of January 60 cents per bucket was the ruling price Even in the dry months there was little danger of a water famine, for, as the price of drinking water increased, the demand fell off to such an extent that O'Reilly a saloonkeeper who came to Pithole with a keg of liquor on his back and 13 cracked glasses in his pocket, was enabled to buy a diamond as big as a walnut and to run as the popular candidate for mayor At the time when McWilliams broad back began to heave up and down with the motion of the pump handle, water was cheap enough to drink, and yet not too expensive for occasional cleansing of soiled linen, so that at the end of the first day's pumping McWilliams considered himself justified in looking forward to the time when he might put in a boiler and engine and a steam pump

At the close of the second day McWilliams was so well satisfied with his defiance of fate, fortune and luck that he determined to quit his boarding place and for the sake of economy take up his residence in an abandoned engine house on his lease This engine house was all that remained of his attempt to strike oil, the derrick the engine and other machinery having been sold to pay his quondam wife's debts

With the hand engaged in purely mechanical labor, the busy mind broke away from the menial office of the body and soars into a world of its own The unlaboring hand plods on, the quiet eye performs its part, but the mind, roaming at its will, builds castles, towns and cities, paints pictures in bright array at close of day, until ambition, filled with light and hope, returns to cheer and soothe the wearied senses that in honest labor wore the hours away. Suddenly awakened from its lethargy, McWilliams' strong mind ran on before and with a master hand built waterworks, laid lines of pipe, and poured into the owner's pocket a stream of gold The practical outcome of this hopeful train of thought became apparent on the first day of February, when McWilliams after working hours began to dig foundations for the new boiler and pump

Those three (scape) graces, old grandmother Fate, her worldly wise daughter, Fortune, and her impulsive granddaughter, Luck, watched McWilliams with curious attention If McWilliams, by sheer force of will and energy, could get along without them surely they could not get along without him They must get him back in some way and with this resolve they retired to work out their plot

The fourth day of February 1866, will long be remembered by men that drill for crude petroleum It was the day on which Fate shot her last arrow at McWilliams Leaving the clumsy pump and greasy water barrels in charge of an indolent negro, McWilliams set off for Oil City to buy machinery for his new enterprise Second hand engines and pumps were not plentiful, but after a tiresome walk up Oil Creek McWilliams succeeded in purchasing what he wanted.

It was late in the afternoon when on his return, he came in sight of the hills of Pithole A towering cloud of smoke hung over the city Holmden street was in flames The Tremont house Syracuse house, the United States hotel the Buffalo house and Chatauqua livery stables were great blocks of fire

McWilliams hastened forward His first thoughts were for his pumps and water barrels Of course, in their eagerness to subdue the fire the citizens would seize upon his pump and use all the water without a thought of remuneration In hasty or careless pumping they would destroy the well or pump it dry Panting and breathless McWilliams looked eagerly at the burning buildings Only a dozen or two of frantic men seemed to be near him, and no water was being thrown on the flames The well must have gone dry! McWilliams sat down upon a stump and groaned Fighting against fate was a hard job, after all After a few moments he rose and resolutely pushed on toward his lease He would know the worst The Scotch grit in him came to the surface, and he determined, with set teeth and clenched hands, that neither fate, luck nor the devil could swerve him a hair's breadth in his purpose He would succeed, hell itself had no power that would make him pause

But what was this, as he climbed a slight rise of ground? Three thousand men were crowded upon his lease Something unusual had occurred It could not have been that the well had merely gone dry no one cared about that It could not have been that the negro had fallen into a quicksand and disappeared no one cared about a white man's life much less a negro's What was it—what was fate's revenge?

The crowd passed like madmen about the pump Greasy drillers with strong rude motions elbowed aside less stalwart men and trod on the toes of finely dressed speculators from the east Small men went down like straws in the crowd and were carried out half strangled Employer fought with workman for places at the pump

"What new misfortune is this?" cried McWilliams, as a man dashed past him

'They pumped your well dry, and—' The runner was gone before the sentence could be finished

The well had gone dry? This was enough to start with! What next? McWilliams forced his way into the crowd with a fierce energy Men recognized him and gave him room

The pump handle was flying up and down like a runaway walking beam Then McWilliams crowded forward, suddenly stopped Something there—there where his eyes were chained—sent blood back upon his heart, and left his cheeks and lips like ashes It was oil!

McWilliams luck had run to its uttermost limit, it had done its worst and here was the result McWilliams had pumped for water and found oil The first of the wonderful surface wells of Pithole had been struck Did McWilliams care? No, for in that trying moment, when the sun threw the radiance of that sparkling stream of oil in his staring eyes, the Scotch perseverance held its own He had done with fate and luck forever

"Fore God, massa!" shouted the negro, as he caught sight of McWilliams in the crowd "Ise po'ful glad to see you I pump dis yer for de fire, an' de mo dey frow on de mo de fire burns'

The negro was right It will be remembered that the discovery of the famous surface wells was due to the fire on Holmden street In speechless amazement the firemen saw streams of fire turn and go blazing heavenward When it became known that the water well on the hillside was belching forth a torrent of oil, the fire lost attraction except to the hotel proprietors and persons financially interested For a full description of the scene I cheerfully refer the reader to the flowing English of the Pithole record of February 5 1866

McWilliams received his gift of fortune with sullen thankfulness, much in the same spirit as that in which an angry, wilful child accepts a favor that it has fought for He took what was given but there was no concession in word or thought It was a part of his resolution to take things as they came—he had already learned to part with them as they go, which was much the harder

I need not detail the events following the discovery of the Pithole surface wells Having served their purpose these wells fell away to nothing They were but the heralds of things certain [illegible] in which Pithole itself went down in material [illegible] bloom and were overblown [illegible]

McWilliams sold his lease [illegible] set on the very summit [illegible] going, and following the line of development into other fields [illegible] and wisely He [illegible] being a careful operator [illegible] leaving nothing to chance [illegible] until success [illegible] gave up her store of [illegible] tried to play with him [illegible] Nothing could [illegible] tention to [illegible] mered away at his own [illegible]

Mrs McWilliams [illegible] tention of [illegible] liment [illegible] check for $50 [illegible] change [illegible] ever to [illegible] elsewhere it was [illegible] Mr McWilliams [illegible] she was [illegible] to Europe

Last winter, while standing [illegible] visitor in the correspondents' gallery in the house of representatives at Washington, I heard a strong, steady familiar voice deliver a speech on the tariff question The honorable member went at his subject, hammer and tongs, and by his dogged earnestness claimed the attention of the whole house Something in his gesture, in a forgetful moment, spun me back to the oil regions It was McWilliams

As he finished his speech he saw me, and hastened upstairs to meet me His grip was stronger and even more persistent than his speech

'How's your luck?' said he I never think of it All the luck there is in life is that which you can pound out with your fist It's hard work and plenty of it But come down to Willard's my wife will be delighted to see you'

"Your wife?

"Yes, not the first one—she's in the bottom of the sea, poor thing—but Miss Child, she kept the school at Oil City, you know'

What the little girl from New England?

"The same!

You must have had luck with you there, McWilliams?

'No, not exactly She said it wasn't luck, but that I kept at it so persistently, so perseveringly, she had to marry me But come—come along'

And I went —[William Willard How ard in the Continent

Legend of the Strasburg Clock.

The famous Strasburg clock furnishes one of the most interesting of Rhineland tales, and it is little known in connection with the wonderful clock A celebrated mechanic once lived in Strasburg whose only thought was a care for his motherless daughter and to produce some lasting work of art He brooded so much over his mechanical plans that he neglected the commonest civilities, and became known as a crank This made his pretty daughter very unhappy but she said nothing in the hope that his mysterious plans would soon reach success

A rich magistrate and a young mechanic were suitors for her hand but she refused the dignity and power offered by the one for the humble station of the other, though her decision was kept from her father until he should complete his work Meantime she induced him to accept her lover for a partner and the young man soon began to manage the elder's affairs

One day Guta, for that was her name, heard her father shouting joyously She flew toward the mysterious chamber followed by her lover The great work was done They were admitted to look at the ingenious clockwork, now moving lightly and easily on its springs The aged man, his white locks in disorder, his face proud and full of dignity held the weeping girl in his arms as he gazed with a joyous awe at his wonderful work

The inventor's name was soon on every tongue and his fame brought members of the guild from Basel, whose citizens offered to buy the clock Strasburg then agreed to purchase it, and selected a side chapel in the cathedral for its reception Basel's citizens however unable to be disappointed, urged that another such clock be made and offered the inventor a considerable sum Then there was excitement in Strasburg as its glory would surely depart were other towns, argued the citizens, to boast of an equal work of art The master must never be permitted to construct a second clock was the unanimous opinion

The offended magistrate whose pride still suffered because of Guta's rejection of his hand now saw the opportunity he had been waiting for He caused the inventor to be brought before a tribunal to promise never to build a second clock He proudly and firmly declined, saying "God has given me talents I have now done enough for my town and its glory I see no crime in benefiting others by my art' The counselors cast down their eyes before his noble look, but they nevertheless decided to blind him, as that was the only way to prevent him from constructing a second clock The accused heard the sentence with a contemptuous look but he finally asked that he might undergo the punishment before his work, as he wished to give it some final improvements The request was granted

Long and tenderly the inventor gazed at the clock, when the revengeful magistrate urged that the execution of the sentence be hurried At this, nerved by the taunt, the old man quietly removed the principal springs that caused the motion of the clock, and surrendered himself for the torture The clock suddenly began to whir The weights fell rattling to the ground The bell struck inharmoniously thirteen times and breathed out its final sound like a wail of despair The inventor now blind, stood erect like a demon of revenge and cried ' Rejoice, proud citizens, in my work, the clock is destroyed and my revenge complete "

During the moment of consternation and horror that followed, the young artisan led the old man into the arms of his unhappy daughter The magistrate who had incited the dreadful crime became an object of contempt, and died cursed by the people Guta and her lover confessed their attachment, and were united, with the unfortunate inventor's blessing The clock was finally restored in 1842, and the glory of the restorer quite equals that of the constructor

Selfishness in Marriage.

Husband and wife must strive to obtain happiness by creating it for one another, and at best they must not expect too much, said Rev Chauncey Giles in a Philadelphia lecture Again in going into a detailed account of the causes of marital troubles Mr Giles thought that one of them lay in the exaggerated notions prevalent of the happiness of married life It is the happiest state,' he said, 'but it must have its trials regrets and disappointments Those married lives which seem the happiest, streams which flow on without a ripple are not the highest by any means That men and women expect too much of one another was thought by the reverend gentleman to be a common cause of infelicity "The mask must drop off he said "The selfishness and meanness of man's nature will come out and then we are surprised We expect that our partners should be always kind, always gentle, considerate and tender But we do not apply the same rule to ourselves Tolerance self scrutiny and self control, the striving to make the other happy was the rule for husband and wife to attain happiness, [illegible] the lecturer All this, however [illegible] the earthy in Mr. Giles [illegible] least portion of marriage All marriages on earth," he said [illegible] owing to the depraved nature of man, [illegible] What marriage was in its entirety Mr Giles thought was the gradual union beginning with [illegible] in eternity of [illegible] of mankind "For man [illegible] one thing with two natures one male and the other female '—Exchange

[illegible] the Oregonian The best [illegible]

Grinding Up Mummies for Paint.

"Some people call me an undertaker, but how they belie my glorious calling. I am a resurrectionist and an importer If every man should regard Egypt with my eyes there would be no El Mahdi, no Chinese Gordon and no war in the birth place of the gods The people would be fat and numerous, money would flow in upon them with a thousand streams and the bankers of Alexandria might have winter villas along the shores of Victoria lake and establish a water-cure hotel at the headwaters of the Nile' And then the little man took off his dirty little fez and stamped upon it with righteous indignation that the land of Cheops and Sesostris was going to the dogs with so many abominable tin pans tied to its tail

A Tribune reporter took him by the third button hole ' What in the name of Osiris, are you talking about he asked

'Mummies replied the little man 'Mummies are things which I know more about than any man living Brugsch Bey wasn't a patch to me and Ebers, why he didn't know a mummy unless he looked in the glass I know mummies because it's my business I import them and sell them for $50 each to our oddity hunters Mummies are not much of curiosities now since they began making paint of them, but for fine specimens you can always get a decent price

It can't be an excruciating-ly funny trade, suggested the reporter

No, young man, you're right When one sees a mummy he doesn't go into a corner and hang himself and then die in horrible convulsions He doesn't hang himself on a clothes line, so that all his neighbors can see him, and then laugh his shoes off Oh, no! he simply sits down and thinks what a lot of triple plated wickedness that old codger has seen in his day, and then goes out and tries to negotiate a loan on his antiquity

'Mummies, as a staple article of trade are quite new Ten years ago the idea of buying and selling human flesh even though it is desiccated would have sent a thrill of horror through every honest Abolitionist But now—ah, my dear sir we live in a progressive age I went into the business about five years ago when mummies sold—with the wrappings all intact—at about $250 I made a good deal of money at it, for mummies can be obtained in the land of their curing for the simple expense of digging for them Then the duty on them is not excessive and the consequence is that the profit is exceedingly satisfactory'

' Do mummies ever spoil in transit?

'No' said the irreverent old man 'mummies never spoil, young man They have been too well brought up for that sort of thing Then they are hermetically sealed and been well cleaned before canning and there were never mosquitoes in Egypt nor Jersey lightning, nor Maine maple sugar, nor oleomargarine nor any family by the name of Thurber The Egyptians were well conducted individuals who died when their time came and had themselves sewed and glued up in the old clothing of their relatives No they don't spoil, my boy, but they improve greatly after they have been partly unwrapped

In what way, most mighty sage?

'Well when we unwrap them the surface is almost as white as your flesh A white mummy is like a curry without pepper, so we take him out into the sun and set him all in the rays of it Before many days are passed he assumes a color nearly like that of California redwood and then he's marketable When he is sufficiently tanned we varnish him and you may place him in the darkest corner of your brandy closet to frighten Bridget when she gets thirsty, without endangering his complexion I could give you no definite idea how many mummies are imported into this country every year I sold nearly 500 of them in 1882 You see when a person gets tired of his mummy and pines to be relieved of his uncommunicative presence all he has got to do is to break the Egyptian up with an axe, put the pieces in a coffee-grinder and then mix the dust up with turpentine and linseed oil The result will be an excellent color with which to paint your dado an Egyptian red '

'Paint a wall with human flesh?'

'Why, yes Never let unhealthy sentimentality interfere with high art decoration "

A Strange Story.

Among other stories of real life which I have heard told at the capital, one of the strangest was of a widow in Virginia, who was left with several children, among them a very beautiful daughter about fifteen years of age The widow, finding herself embarrassed opened a boarding house at the country site and among her boarders was a Mr W, a wealthy merchant over forty years of age, but a very fine looking man This gentleman was the prop and stay of the family, gave employment to the sons educated the daughter at a 'fashionable academy," and, very naturally, on her return fell desperately in love with her, when he should have preferred the mother. He pressed his suit with perseverance, but the beautiful Mildred resisted his appeals, and the importunities of all her friends Finally, however after two years of assiduity and delicate gallantry on the part of Mr W, and the combined tears, entreaties, threats, and persecutions of her family, the fair girl reluctantly stood before the altar and became his wife The next evening a large party was given them but in the midst of it Mr W being attacked with vertigo and sick headache, was compelled to withdraw His young wife hung over him in the silent watches of the night apparently in deep distress and insisted on giving him a pot on she poured out a wine glassfull of laudanum, and he swallowed it unconscious of its nature It acted as an emetic but left him stupid and wandering His senses reeled One moment he lay motionless as if on the brink of the spirit world, and the next he would leap up convulsively a strong man in his agony Mrs W denied all admission into his chamber, At length he fell into a deep sleep She then stooped for a moment over the smouldering embers, approached the bed gazed at her sleeping husband, and holding a heated ladle in her hand attempted to pour a stream of melted lead in his ear! She trembled, and the hissing liquid, intended to scald the brain and thus kill without a trace, fell upon his cheek He shrieked in excruciating torture, and the revelers in the adjoining saloon rushed into the chamber.

There we traced the still stupid husband, the lead riveted deep into his cheek, and there stood the fiend wife, her bridal fillets yet upon her brow, the instrument of death in her hand and an empty vial, labeled laudanum lying on the floor The fearful realities of the case flashed upon every one, and, in the confusion of the moment she was hurried away and taken to a distant state On reaching the apartments, an old magazine was found containing the confessions of a woman who had murdered five husbands by pouring lead into their ears ... in laudanum and lead, it was ascertained, she procured from the store of Mr. W. a few days before the marriage, and the ladle was part of his wedding gift The Grand Jury next morning found a bill against the fugitive and the Legislature, being in session, further decreed an absolute divorce. What rendered this case more extraordinary was that Miss T was proverbial for the kindness of her manners and uniform sweetness of disposition The sequel of this romance is yet more singular Years rolled away, and W continued a wretched and solitary man, but the spell of the enchantress was still upon his soul He closed his store, sold his estates, collected his ample means and traced her to her distant retreat, to make a new offer of his hand She had just married a gentleman of high standing, acquainted with all the details of her career, shuddering at the tragedy, but incapable of resisting her charms Poor W! Then, indeed, did the iron enter his soul "The deadly arrow quivered in his side" His early love, his fluctuating courtship his marriage and the catastrophe the flight the divorce, his years of misery, the new birth of his passion and now his disappointment final and forever, came crushing over him like an iceberg in the tide of bitter memories and he prayed for death —Ben Perley Poore in Boston Budget

Doddtown's Old Copper Mine.

Lying midway between Bloomfield and Orange N J is a village called Doddtown The ancient Doddtown copper mine was formerly a landmark but almost every trace of its existence has been obliterated during the last ten years From interviews with Charles M Davis and John Oakes, of Bloomfield, and Josiah Dodd, at Doddtown, and with the aid of notes taken from a note book of Calvin 'Dodd,' who was born in 1792, and entertained a distinct recollection of the mine, the following history has been gathered The mine was opened at some time between 1715 and 1725 Old Mr Gray was the superintendent, and his men were English miners, Tradition has it that fifty men were employed for two years in working the mine Fred Lewis was sent here from England to make a contract with the owners for working the mine, the agreement was that he was to extract the ore, while the owners were to furnish the timber for the stamping mill and dam and all wood used for supports the profits being equally divided

The entrance to the mine was on the north side of the ravine and formed an inverted cone directly beneath the spot on which Bethel chapel now stands At the foot of the opening could be seen several drift ways which ran in various directions the largest extending toward the north for about 500 yards, and then making a gradual descent for some distance Calvin Dodd's note book states that "the vein was good and the ore extracted very rich but as they descended with the vein the water drove them back, and having no machine for pumping, the mine was abandoned"

It was generally conceded that if money and facilities to working were at hand, the yield would justify a reopening After the ore was extracted it was taken to the 'stamping' mill and crushed, when it was sent to England for smelting From personal investigation Mr Oakes has found indisputable evidence that shafts had been opened over the entire range between the Dodd town and Bloomfield mine, a distance of nearly two miles

Attempts to dig wells in this valley have been fruitless After descending through a bed of solid rock for some distance, a running current of water is reached It will not rise above the level of Soverel's ice pond When the pond is drawn off numerous springs can be seen A large quantity of water which forms the source of Second river is supposed to flow through these drift ways from the main channel Among other evidences of working was an artificial embankment crossing the ravine, near which was lying a large iron crank In the course of farming these have been entirely obliterated About fifty years ago while Mr. Dodd's family were assembled at the breakfast table after a heavy storm, a terrible noise was heard Investigation showed that the ground had sunk in directly over the mine covering a space of about 200 square yards

Calvin Dodd was at one time one of most prominent residents of Essex county He held the office of freeholder and was also a member of the legislature He was born in Doddtown, and inherited an enormous tract of land from his father His ardent love of nature and antiquity made him excellent authority concerning the olden days, that were in his childhood fresh in the memories of the people His own mother used to tell about seeing panthers lying in wait for cattle in large oaks that then abounded in the forest near the mine

Homely Hints for the Guest Chamber.

In the guest chamber, always have a copy of the bible, printed in large, clear type, also a few books or magazines I once passed several days, the Sabbath included, with a friend Not knowing the customs of the family, on that morning I arose early, as usual, and waited three and one-half hours before breakfast was announced, with nothing but meditation to employ my time

Then, again, the useful guest finds it pleasant to put little finishing touches to the room, and a hand brush and dust pan to gather up the lint or little ends of thread—a duster so nice and clean as to require a bit of paper pinned on to designate its use, and a good sized piece of cotton, colored or white, tucked in the handle of the slop jar will be readily understood and appreciated Then, too a corn broom in one of those cunning little fancy cases now in vogue, is very useful

A square of oil cloth in front of the toilet stand may save your carpet from spots

A spare newspaper one does not always think to bring, to use while combing the hair These are little things, but "mighty conveniant'

Vacate one or two drawers in the bureau for the use of your guest, and see that there are spare hooks in the closet also—a box of hairpins—a small basket containing a few needles; spools of cotton, threads of black and colored silk, scissors, boot and glove buttoner, and other little things of a similar character may be of timely service to the transient guest

Sometimes a mattress, unless it be of hair is found too hard to sleep upon, and feathers too warm To obviate the difficulty, place the feather bed on top, and on it a new piece of wide straw matting, covered with one thickness of cotton cloth, and the bed will be comfortable and cool

A clean apron is not always put on while making up beds; and to prevent the sides of mattresses from becoming soiled, sew strips of cotton over them They can be readily removed for washing, and look nicer if starched

Vitapathic Marriages.

The following queer marriage announcement appeared in one of the daily papers recently, and a Commercial Gazette reporter was detailed to find out something about the "formula" that is mentioned in the paragraph.

SHIPLEY — TABOR — February 3, 1884, at the home of the bride, Dr. Henry T Shipley, of Lisbon, Dakota, to Miss Mary Jennett Tabor, of Fredericktown, O Rev J B Campbell, V D., president of the American Health college, of Cincinnati, was called to perform the ceremony, which he did according to the Vitapathic Formula

The reporter, after wading through about ten inches of yellow clay, found the "college located on Western avenue, Fairmount A vigorous ringing of the front door bell elicited no response, and the scribe, mounting a pair of rickety steps at one side of the four story brick, found a door in a passage in the rear, which was opened by the professor's wife, after considerable ringing. The professor was called, and the reporter was invited to a seat in the office on the first floor

Said the reporter, "I noticed a rather singular announcement of a marriage in one of the papers recently, at which you officiated and I would like to know something about the 'formula mentioned in the notice "

'You did, did you?' replied the professor 'Well, I am glad to give you some information on the subject ' And he proceeded to fumble around through his papers in a desk While he was thus engaged the reporter made a cursory sketch of the professor He is a wiry, rough hewn specimen, probably 55 years of age, with full chin whiskers, heavy-set, a ready talker, whose early education has been neglected, but who answers every question readily, is apparently quite frank in his conversation, and is sociable in his manners He weighs probably 180 pounds, and looks as though he took life easily

Said he "I am licensed to solemnize marriages, and here is the form that is most used

'Friends, we have met to legalize a marriage contract between two persons, who find themselves fully prepared to enter into this important union that makes the two one family This union is well illustrated in poetry

I saw two clouds at morn,
In the dawn they floated on,
And ere the day was gone
They had mingled into one

'Marriage, in law, is a civil contract, and in love a soul union, and is therefore doubly binding Love is the basis of all happiness, and must be kept alive by continued courtship, with the same attention and respect after as before marriage Assimilating together, one in sentiment, one in heart and one in soul, preferring each before themselves, and melting all difference into one love union for the good of both

' This couple, having duly considered the important relation, are about to assume its conditions and responsibilities; and having procured the proper license, and there being no objection, are now ready to be united. And by authority of law vested in me by the state of Ohio, I proceed to unite this couple in marriage

"You will please join your right hands

' You solemnly promise to take the woman you now hold by the right hand to be your lawfully wedded wife, to protect, cherish and support her in sickness and in health, and cleave unto her as long as love and life may last? This you promise before these witnesses, do you?'

The same obligation is required of the woman, and then the two having promised, the minister pronounces them husband and wife, "and what, therefore, love and law hath joined together, let none other put asunder" The minister says

You are now married, and can take your seats and receive the congratulations of your friends, and may happiness be yours forever '

"This marriage ceremony may be modified or changed to suit belief, circumstances, time or place, as deemed best Our incorporation makes all graduates of the American Health College ministers as well as physicians, but all will have to comply with the laws of their state in regard to ministers marrying couples "

"Have you been duly licensed to solemnize marriages according to law?"

' Yes sir," replied the Professor, and he produced a document dated May 2, 1877, signed by Probate Judge Matson, of Hamilton County, O, authorizing him as a minister of the gospel, of the denomination known as Vitapaths, to solemnize marriages Said he "I have celebrated marriages all through Ohio, and also in Pennsylvania, where no license was required of either the parties to be married or the person officiating "

'Is there such a word in common use as 'Vitapathy? I have never seen it in any dictionary "

"No, sir, it is not in the dictionary. I coined the word myself It comes from the word vita, 'life, and pathos, 'suffering, and is opposed to the homoeopathic practice which is said to cure like by like, or allopathy, which pretends to cure disease by inducing symptoms different from those of the primary disease "—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Mighty Strong Child.

"Uncle Abe, said a woman, addressing a colored gentleman of prominence, 'I se got some mighty bad news fer yer '

"What is it, chile?"

"I'se jus from yer house an' yer boy is dun gib up by de doctors "

' Dat so? I se glad to hear it "

"Wy, Uncle Abe, yer oughter be 'shamed ob yerse f "

"Dat's whar yer wrong Ef dat doctor has been a workin' on dat boy now fur two weeks, an at las' has ter gin him up, it shows dat de boy is a mighty strong chile Had ter gin him up, did he? ur haw Doctor fin's obsteoles in de way when he comes er foolin' 'round my family '—Arkansaw Traveler

POSTAL TELEGRAPHY IN CANADA.—The experience of Canada with government telegraph lines is gravely announced as a failure The lines cost more to operate than they pay in tolls, to say nothing of interest on the investment. At an expense of $800,000 lines have been built which cost to operate last year $55 00, and which returned in tolls only $27 000 The British Columbia lines purchased of the Western Union for $94 000, were operated last year at a loss of $11 000 Canada's net loss on Government telegraph is $39 000; but there is another side to the question. The Dominion has a telegraph office to every 1914 of her population, while the United States has one to every 3700 inhabitants, Canada sends ten words 1500 miles for twenty five cents The Canadian tolls are probably the cheapest in the world Is postal telegraphy such a failure, then, in Canada?

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48 FOR MEN

DOMESTIC DISPATCHES.

Interesting News Notes from Various Eastern Points.

BULL TIMES AMONG THE BULLS AND BEARS.

The Cattle Plague in Kansas—Congress to be Petitioned to Assist a Colonization Scheme—Criminal Notes—Etc.

A Hotel Keeper Insane.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Lewis E. Leland proprietor of the Sturtevant house, and one of the family of noted hotel keepers, is an inmate of a private lunatic asylum in this city. Dementia akin to that which ended Charles Delmonico's life is his affliction. Overwork and worry over extensive and complicated business affairs caused his disease. Leland was confined in the asylum six months ago, and was discharged as cured, but after his release his mania assumed a violent type. The disappearance and death of Charles Delmonico occurring caused his friends to take measures to have him effectually secured.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The following dispatch has been received by the associated press:

"The report of my being in a lunatic asylum is false in every particular.

"LEWIS LELAND, Sturtevant House."

Scheme for Shipping Cattle.

ST. PAUL, March 8.—Morton Freeman, of England, owner of 25,000 head of cattle at Powder river, in a published letter last evening, outlines a scheme for the shipment of cattle via Duluth and Canada to the seaboard and to Europe, on hoof, to be fed there for market. He says: The English government is introducing a bill for the purpose of making easy shipments of foodstuffs for that country by way of Canada and the lakes. He believes the Northern Pacific will have almost a monopoly of the western carrying trade, and Chicago, as far as our western shipments are concerned, is doomed. England, he says, could take 3,000,000 head of cattle annually, if the western United States could supply the beasts. The letter created much excitement among dressed beef men.

Another Alarming Discovery.

CHICAGO, March 8.—A St. Paul associated press Fargo, Dakota, special states that the agent of the Dominion government here claims to have discovered that a meeting was held last night over the Gold Mine saloon by secessionists, and that fiery speeches were made by M. J. McGuire of Chicago and Carry O'Neal of Fargo. He claims that the following new members were elected. M. Sullivan, James Kennedy, and Wm. O'Neal. Several wagon loads of arms were yesterday unloaded and left at the fenian headquarters. It is even stated that a detachment of troops have started for the border; but this is not believed, as the policy seems to be only agitation at present.

The Cattle Plague.

TOPEKA, Ks., March 8.—Governor Glick returned yesterday from Woodson county, where he has been investigating the mouth and foot disease among cattle. He says he found the situation bad enough indeed. In answer to a reporter's inquiry the governor said that an immense meeting of citizens was held at Neosho Falls and a committee of six men appointed, with Lieutenant-Governor Finney as its chairman, who were instructed to adopt quarantine regulations at once, establish a dead line and see what can be done toward raising money enough to buy up all diseased cattle and kill them.

Concessions to Manitoba.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Amos Rowe, proprietor of the Winnipeg Times, is in Chicago, en-route for Manitoba from Ottawa, Canadian dominion. He reports that the dominion government had so far complied with the demands of the Manitoba people as to agree granting a company the right to construct the Winnipeg & Hudson's bay railway, and to give it a free subsidy of 12,800 acres per mile. The proposed railroad will be 600 miles long. It is stated that the distance from the Hudson bay coast to Liverpool is something less than from New York to Liverpool.

Congress Petitioned to aid Settlers.

PITTSBURG, March 8.—Labor officials are circulating a petition here, to be presented to congress, asking an appropriation of ten million of the surplus for colonization purposes. This sum would supply 20,000 families with $500 each. A mortgage would be given on the land for payment in fifteen years. If the settler pays for his homestead in five years no interest would be charged. Under ten years 1 per cent. would be collected, and over ten 2 per cent. The petition is being largely signed.

Nominal Damages.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The libel suit for $100,000 of Captain Duncan against the New York Times has been given to the jury, who were directed to bring in a sealed verdict.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The libel suit against the Times of Shipping Commissioner Duncan, captain of the steamer Quaker City during the famous voyage, ended for the present to-day. The jury found for plaintiff upon two statements, awarding six cents damages on each. On all other charges the jury found for defence. Plaintiff sued for $100,000.

Hard Times Among the Glass Blowers.

PITTSBURG, March 8.—Many of the window glass blowers who went to Belgium to work during the late strike, having been promised big wages, have returned. It is reported that since their settlement here 41 factories out of 156 have ceased operations. Owing to the great falling off in the demand manufacturers have been compelled to reduce wages 10 per cent. Great dissatisfaction prevails among American workmen at the condition of affairs. More emigration from this country is expected.

New York Notes.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Matthew Arnold sailed to-day for Europe.

The name of Reservoir square has been changed to Bryant park, wherein a statue of the poet will be erected.

Anti-Silver Resolutions.

GALVESTON, March 8.—The cotton exchange this afternoon unanimously passed resolutions urging Texas congressmen to oppose further coinage of silver dollars upon the present basis of valuation.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Weekly bank statement: Reserve, decrease, $5,379,300. Banks now hold $12,821,675 in excess of legal requirements.

Shipments of Gold and Silver.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The steamships Servia and Baltic, for Europe, to-day take out $4,500,000 in gold coin and bars and $200,000 silver.

Massachusetts Democrats.

BOSTON, March 8.—The Democratic state convention will be held at Worcester April 3.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

PAWN SHOP ROBBED.

BOSTON, March 8.—Isaac Meyer, keeper of a pawn store here, at noon to-day locked his door and went to dinner. He returned at 1 o'clock and found that the store had been entered in the meantime by burglars, who got away, leaving no clue, with three trays of jewelry and watches from the window and two trays from the showcase. The robbers had gained entrance into the store through a foot and a half square hole they had cut in the wall separating the adjoining house. The property taken includes forty eight silver and gold watches, 200 gold rings and a number of gold chains and other jewelry.

THE CROUCH MURDER EXAMINATION.

JACKSON, Mich., March 8.—The Crouch murder examination was continued to-day. The prosecution brought a number of witnesses this morning, but nothing new was elicited. Some testified to a lack of feeling on the part of Holcomb and Jud. Crouch, when spoken to about the murder immediately after the occurrence. The testimony was mainly a repetition of the evidence given at the coroner's inquest.

ROBBERY METHOD CHOSEN.

CHICAGO, March 8.—There is no new development in reference to the Burlington and Quincy $27,000 robbery. Detectives have advanced a new theory, to the effect that the robbery did not actually occur, as stated by certain employes, but that some trusted employe is a defaulter, and selected the "robbery method to cover the shortage."

SEVERELY BEATEN.

EAST HAMPTON, L. I., March 8.—Fredk. Davison of Greenport went to the residence here of Mr. and Mrs. Terry, last evening. He was refused admittance, but forced an entry and beat the husband and wife insensible, in which condition they were found this morning.

REPORTED HANGED.

RICHMOND, Va., March 8.—It is reported that moonshiners have hanged an internal revenue informer in Floyds county. As Floyds is far from railroad or telegraph, it is impossible to-day to verify the story.

AN OUTRAGER TO BE HANGED.

GALVESTON, March 8.—O. D. Sharp, who last August was found guilty of raping Amanda and Emma Clark, aged respectively 16 and 13, has been sentenced to hang at Gainesville, April 22.

RAILROAD NOTES.

TO RESTORE THE COLORADO RATES.

CHICAGO, March 8.—Commissioner Vining yesterday addressed a communication to the general freight agents of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Alton, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and the St. Louis & San Francisco lines, stating that there seems to be a disposition on the part of all lines to restore the Colorado rates; that he is willing to participate in the conference, provided the above lines call a meeting for that purpose. The general freight agents of the Western Trunk Line association met yesterday afternoon in Vining's office. It is believed they agreed on calling a joint conference at an early day between that line and the four above named, to finally consider the restoration of Colorado rates.

RAILWAY MAGNATES IN CONFERENCE.

GALVESTON, March 8.—News San Antonio special: Governor Madro, of the state of Coahuila, Mexico, with Messrs Gonzales, Degalledo and Garza, citizens of Mexico, met Crocker, Huntington and other of California railroad magnates at San Antonio yesterday morning, and had a private conference lasting the greater part of the day.

CONTRACTS AWARDED.

ST. PAUL, March 8.—The contract for the rockwork on the mountain division of the Canadian Pacific, near Kicking Horse pass, was let last night to Brady & Hubbell for $1,000,000 in the aggregate. Other contracts were let to Murphy, Larson and others, aggregating $500,000 or more.

ACCIDENTS.

AN UNKNOWN VESSEL ASHORE.

NEW YORK, March 8.—A large unknown steamer ran ashore at Absecom, New Jersey, this morning. A heavy fog had set in. The vessel is constantly blowing her whistle, and by that means the life-saving crew hope to reach her.

The steamer proved to be the Clydesdale, from Jamaica for New York. The vessel struck and crossed one of the Brigantine shoals and anchored in deep water. She was piloted from her perilous position by the captain of the life-saving station, and proceeded to New York.

She—"Oh, that's an entirely different thing. Of course when there's an actual necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must stifle one's feelings, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

IN WALL STREET.

A Quiet Day Among the Bulls and Bears—Quotations.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Governments steady. The stock market was dull again. The result of the day's trading was to leave stocks very little changed from last night's prices. Of thirty of the most active stocks seventeen were a fraction lower, eleven a fraction higher, and two unchanged. The market closed quiet. The net change in prices of stocks to-night compared with last Saturday night, is insignificant. Out of thirty of the most active stocks during the week fifteen are lower and fifteen higher than a week ago. The most important changes were Burlington and Quincy 1¼ higher, and Texas Pacific 1⅜ higher. All other advances were less than 1 per cent.

The New York Central and Hudson river to-day declared the usual quarterly dividend of 2 per cent.

Withdrawals of double eagles from the sub-treasury to-day were $150,000.

Sales of stocks for the week 1,578,607 shares.

MONEY, BONDS AND STOCKS.

NEW YORK, March 8.—The money market was heavy at 1½@2; closed, offered 1½. Prime mercantile paper, 4@5½. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills, steady at $4 87; sterling exchange demand, $4 90.

Bonds—3s, 101; 4½s, 113¾; 4s, 123¾; Pacific 6s, 129.

Stocks—American Express 96, Canada Pacific 54¼, Canada Southern 53¾, Central Pacific 50, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 23¾, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 28, Denver & Rio Grande 8, Erie 24¾, Hannibal & St. Joe 38¾, Kansas & Texas 20¾, Louisville & Nashville 48¼, Michigan Central 91¼, Northern Pacific 21, Northern Pacific preferred 46½, Northwestern 17¼, New York Central 17, Oregon Navigation 85, Oregon & Transcontinental 19, Oregon Improvement 41, Pacific Mail 50¾, Panama 98, Rock Island 21, St. Paul 91¾, Texas Pacific 19¾, Union Pacific 80¾, U S Express 56, Fargo 107, Western Union 75¾.

APPLICATIONS TO LIST.

NEW YORK, March 8.—Application is made to the stock exchange to list $105,200 of St. Paul and Omaha 6 per cent consols. Also by the Northern Pacific company for an additional amount of their general first mortgage and land grant bonds, bringing the aggregate up to $45,800,000, and by the New York, Lackawanna and Western company for $5,000,000 of its guaranteed construction mortgage bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest.

MINING STOCKS.

NEW YORK, March 8.—There was some activity in the mining stock market during the morning, and prices were generally firm. The market relapsed into dullness this afternoon. Iron silver sold at $1 55@1 50, seller, sixty days option; Oriental and Miller 11, Central Arizona 30, Castle Creek 25, Eureka 50. At 3:20 there was a sale of Copper Queen, the first in a long time, at $5 00.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.

BRINGING OSMAN DIGMA TO TERMS.

LONDON, March 8.—General Gordon recommends an immediate attack on Osman Digma.

SUAKIM, March 8.—A messenger from the enemy's camp reports that, despite Osman's exhortations, his followers are demoralized. The situation appears favorable for negotiations. Consul Baker telegraphed the British minister at Cairo, offering to go to Osman's camp and bring him to terms. He believes the tribes will not only conclude a treaty of peace, but will undertake to keep the road to Berber open.

OSMAN DIGMA URGES HIS MEN TO FIGHT.

LONDON, March 8.—General Graham has been ordered not to advance unless sure of finding the enemy. Cavalry will reconnoitre to-night. Osman Digma is urging his followers to fight, assuring them that success is certain. He will watch from afar as they do battle, invoking the blessing of Allah.

PREACHING A HOLY WAR.

SUAKIM, March 8.—Osman Digma is preaching a holy war. Mahomet, he urges, failed at first, but in the end was triumphant. Osman will take no part personally in future battles.

DETERMINED TO FIGHT.

SUAKIM, March 8.—Osman Digma's troops are determined to fight to the last. Rebel sentries have been posted upon all hills to signal the British advance.

FRANCE.

POLICE WATCHING SUSPECTS.

PARIS, March 8.—The police are watching the movements of eighty-three persons in France, suspected of belonging to the dynamite party. O'Donnovan Rossa's son is here but there is no evidence that he is connected with the dynamiters. A brother of Joseph Brady, the Phoenix park assassin, is living in Quartier Latin. Inspector Moser, who has been watching the movements of suspected Irishmen in Paris for some time under instructions from the British home secretary, has gone to Bordeaux.

BRUTALLY ASSAULTED.

PARIS, March 8.—The Clan na Gael have begun operations here. A man who says he is an Irish-American, and who closely resembles the informer McDermott, was brutally assaulted by four men in the Place de la Trone early yesterday morning. The assailants had mistaken their man, but they would nevertheless have killed him him if he had refused to promise not to inform the police.

THE BUDGETS.

PARIS, March 8.—In the ordinary budget of 1885 revenue and expenditure estimates nearly balance with the extraordinary budget, amounting to 206,000,000 francs. The estimates will be covered in a short time by treasury bonds.

PRONOUNCED AN EMISSARY.

PARIS, March 8.—A short hand writer for a firm of engineers is pronounced an emissary of Patrick Ford, of New York.

ENGLAND.

MISS NEVADA'S INTENTIONS.

LONDON, March 8.—A Paris correspondent, writing about Miss Nevada's departure from the Opera Comique, ascribes it to jealousy of the young artist's rising fame by the wife of the manager of the Comique. The correspondent says: "No sooner was it known that she was free than offers of engagement poured in upon her from all sides, and especially a brilliant offer from Moscow, whither she was prayed to come at once to sing in the same operas with the great tenor Masini, and another very advantageous one from the Royal opera house at Madrid, but she prefers to remain in Paris for the present, particularly as the managers of the Italian opera in this city have opened negotiations with her to sing in "Lucia de Lammermour," with the famous tenor Gayarre, who has just achieved a colossal success in "Lucrezia Borgia," in the part of Edwardo.

UNITED ACTION URGED.

LONDON, March 7.—The Moscow *Gazette* urges common European action against the anarchists.

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA'S ACQUISITION OF TERRITORY.

LONDON, March 8.—It has become known that the Persians last November appealed for Russian protection against Tekke Turcomans. Thereupon Captain Ali Khonoff, with twenty-five Cossacks, went to Merv, with a letter to the khan, and induced him and other chiefs to petition Russia for annexation. General Komaroff added that Russia would grant this honor if slavery should be renounced, and booty taken from Persians restored. The khans accepted these terms, and liberated their prisoners. Russia intends to establish a permanent legation at Cabul. This step is made necessary by the occupation of Merv. Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff, commander-in-chief of the army of the Caucasus, is going to Merv to study the country.

THE MASSES COMPLETELY AWED.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 8.—The murder of Colonel Sudeikin has so thoroughly frightened the masses that it is difficult to obtain candidates for police. General Gresser has received the fifteenth letter threatening him with death. He, however, moves about, attended only by a single officer.

GERMANY.

SARGENT DECIDES NOT TO RESIGN.

BERLIN, March 8.—Minister Sargent has decided not to resign. He will submit the matter to the authorities at Washington.

The *Deutsche Tageblatt*, calling attention to what it is pleased to call Sargent's "incompetence," as compared with his predecessors, says: "We believe the American government is aware of the fact that Minister Sargent has exposed himself to ridicule. He cannot remain at Berlin without affecting the relation between America and Germany. He will also be offensive to Germans in America."

CANADA.

NEW POSTOFFICES IN OREGON.

WASHINGTON, March 7.—[Special.]—Orders have been issued by the postoffice department establishing new postoffices at Mosier, Wasco county, and Medford, Jackson county, Oregon. The name of the postoffice at Rennes, Oregon, has been changed to Rock creek, and William B. Robertson appointed postmaster. John J. Lynch has been appointed postmaster at Mosier and James S. Howard for Medford.

TARIFF RESOLUTION PASSED.

OTTAWA, March 8.—The house in committee passed the tariff resolution without amendment.

CHINA.

ADVICES FROM HONGKONG.

LONDON, March 8.—Hongkong advices state that Admiral Lespis has assumed command of the French fleet in Tonquin.

ADVANCING ON BACNINH.

HAI-DZUONG, March 7.—The French forces have begun to advance on Bacninh.

BELGIUM.

COMMENT ON THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

BRUSSELS, March 8.—The *Nord* (Russian organ), referring to the speech from the throne in the German reichstag, says: "The present moment is most opportune for a general or partial disarmament. The quiet of Europe affords a practical basis for peace." The same article denies there is an alliance between Russia, Austria and Germany.

AUSTRIA.

ARCHDUKE JOHN ON SPIRITUALISM.

VIENNA, March 7.—Archduke John publishes a pamphlet on spiritualism. He recounts his unmasking of the spiritualist Bastion. The archduke says spiritualism is cherished in huts and palaces, and its adherents number two millions.

HUNGARY.

DYNAMITE PLOT DISCOVERED.

PESTH, March 8.—A dynamite plot has been discovered here. The police have seized several packages of explosives, forwarded by anarchists through the parcel post.

BEERBOHM'S FOREIGN BREADSTUFFS REPORT.

LONDON MARKETS.

LONDON, March 7.

Floating cargoes—The market is steady. [illegible]

WASHINGTON.

But Little Business Transacted by Congress Yesterday.

MORE OF THE STAR ROUTE INVESTIGATION.

Senator Dolph's Appeal to the Senate for an Appropriation for the Northwest—Congressional Chit-Chat—Notes.

Woman's Suffrage Association.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—At the session of the Woman's Suffrage Association a plan for future action was mapped out and agreed upon. It was decided to hold conventions the coming year under the auspices of the association in every state and territory not now organized for woman's suffrage and that upon the vice presidents of the association should devolve the superintendency of what is known as "legislative work" in their respective states and territories. This legislative work consists in endeavors to secure the adoption by states and territories of legislative recommendations to their representatives in congress of the proposed sixteenth amendment to give the freedom of the ballot to woman. It was also decided to use all resources at the command of the association, to defeat any presidential candidate by which ever party nominated, who is opposed to woman suffrage. Resolutions were adopted expressing satisfaction at the encouraging condition of the movement. The convention then adjourned sine die. Twenty-six states and territories have been represented in the convention. The senate committee on woman suffrage gave a hearing to members of the association. Mrs. Shattuck, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Gauge, of Indiana, Mrs. Rodgers, of New York, Mrs. Duniway, of Oregon, Mrs. Harbart, of Illinois, and Miss Anthony addressed the committee. The judiciary committee of the house will give them a hearing to-day.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Susan B. Anthony, Phœbe Couzens, Mrs Hagger, Mrs. Duniway and other members of the woman suffrage association made addresses before the house judiciary committee to-day advocating the extension of the right of suffrage to their sex.

Leave for the West.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Postmaster General Gresham, First Assistant Postmaster General Hatton, and General Superintendent Thompson, of the railway mail service, left for New York this morning to take passage on the first train of the new fast mail line between New York and Chicago. The train leaves New York at 8:30 to-night and reaches Chicago half an hour after midnight on Sunday.

House.

WASHINGTON, March 8.

Under call of committees Dingley reported adversely from the committee on shipping; the bill authorizing the purchase of foreign built ships by United States citizens, for use in the foreign carrying trades. Placed on the house calendar.

Slocum presented the views of the minority, which were ordered printed.

Morrison moved that the house go into committee of the whole on the revenue bill.

Townsend of Illinois, moved that the house go into committee on general appropriation bills.

The speaker stated that a vote would first be taken on Morrison's motion and Randall demanded the yeas and nays.

The object of Morrison's motion was to take up for consideration the bonded extension bill. The house, however, refused to adopt it. Yeas, 116; nays, 127. This was in no sense a party vote, as a large number of democrats voted in the negative with the republicans, and almost an equally large number of republicans with the body of the democrats in the affirmative. House then went into committee of the whole on the postoffice appropriation bill.

Townsend explained the provisions of the bill.

Horr said there undoubtedly would be a deficiency of $1,500,000, if the bill passed in its present shape and the only offset the committee had provided was cutting it down $19,500 in the salaries of postmasters at nine cities. He was opposed to this provision, contending that the postmasters in large cities fully earned the salaries they are now receiving. He invited special attention to the provision for reduction of the compensation to railroads. Though he thought it was unwise he made no special objection to it, his opposition being directed to the clause authorizing the payment of only 50 per cent. of that compensation to land grant roads. This did not apply to the Union Pacific system, and it was doubtful whether it applied to the Northern Pacific. It affected fifty little roads scattered throughout the country, only ten of which were on a paying basis. It was unjust and unbecoming the dignity of a great nation to deal with these roads other than as one individual would deal with another.

Sumner of California advocated establishing a postal telegraph. He declared that if there had been a postal telegraph in 1876 Samuel J. Tilden would have taken possession of the position to which he had been elected then, and to which it is likely he will be elected again in 1884.

The committee, without further action, arose and the house adjourned.

CONGRESSIONAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE MORMON QUESTION.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—[Special.]—Representative Cassidy made an argument before the committee on territories yesterday morning in favor of his bill to grant to Utah a legislative commission. It is probable that this commission will supersede the present territorial legislature, and put an end to polygamy in that territory. Delegate Caine of Utah will to-day address the committee in opposition to Cassidy's bill. It is understood that anti-Mormon legislation in the senate is at a standstill. Senator Edmunds will not consent to the passage of any bill but the one introduced by himself, supplemental to the law of last congress and a majority of the committee are opposed to his plan. Unless the house passes some bill and sends it to the senate there is very little likelihood of any measure being reported from the judiciary committee of that body on the subject this session.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—John T. Caine, delegate from Utah, made an argument before the house committee on territories to-day, in which he criticised the Edmunds bill in relation to polygamy as unconstitutional. He admitted the right of the government to punish polygamy as a crime, if it desired to do so, but nevertheless the Mormons believed it was right. He cited the example of the patriarchs in support of their belief. Utah was a barren waste until the Mormons came and converted it into the present state of fertility. They had helped hold California during the Mexican war, and deserved consideration from the government.

FAVORABLY REPORTED.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The bill to repeal sections of the revised statutes fixing the term of certain offices at four years was favorably reported today from the committee on reform of the civil service. It applies to the terms of the offices of district attorney, chief justice and associate justices of the territories, surveyors general, registers and receivers, collectors of customs, naval officers, and surveyors of customs.

FAIL TO AGREE.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—The joint house and senate conference on the resolution appropriating $10,000 for the Danville and Copiah county investigations held its first meeting to-day. After a long discussion it disagreed. The senate conferees refuse to agree to the clause restricting the character and scope of the investigation.

DOLPH'S SPEECH.

He Appeals to Congress for Aid to Prosecute Improvements in the Northwest.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Yesterday Senator Dolph called up in order to make some remarks upon it the bill to provide for improvement of the Columbia river. In a speech of some length he entered into particulars, showing the great increase in commerce and population in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, and the importance of preparing for a great future in that region of country, by judicious appropriations for the improvement of its navigable waters. It was almost impossible, Dolph said, to foretell the full results to the commerce of the United States, which would ultimately result from the completion of the Northern Pacific railroad. China and all the countries of Asia opened up an almost limitless field of commerce to the United States, and would in time furnish a market for the wheat surplus of the Pacific coast. The Northern Pacific road would be compelled to put on a steamship line to China, notwithstanding the isthmus canal. The commercial outlook, Dolph maintained, was to the westward.

He combatted the view expressed by Ingalls on a recent occasion to the effect that Alaska was a barren investment. The purchase of Alaska, he said, had not given rise to so much criticism as had the purchase of Louisiana, which had been called an illimitable swamp.

In conclusion, Senator Dolph said the great Pacific northwest, the original Oregon, appeals to the national congress for that recognition which sacrifices made and fidelity to this government of the pioneers who settled, held and saved to the United States that magnificent domain her long isolation, her vast territory and great resources, the necessities of her great and rapidly increasing commerce, and her undoubted and immediate future development deserve. Out of the overflowing treasury she asks aid necessary to prosecute improvement of her rivers and harbors now in progress, and to commence the important work of improving the mouth of the great river which forms a natural outlet to the sea for her surplus productions.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

News Notes from Seattle.

SEATTLE, March 8.—[Special.]—At 3:15 o'clock this morning fire broke out in White's frame building, at the corner of Front and Columbia streets, Seattle, and burnt a part of the roof. The cause was the woodwork catching from the range in a restaurant. The building was occupied by stores and offices. Damage mostly by water, $1200, partially covered in policies on the Standard of London and the New Orleans and Western companies.

Julius Leifman, who swallowed laudanum in a fit of remorse after the alleged embezzlement of $400 from his employers, died late last night at Providence hospital.

A telegram received here to-day states that Mrs. Captain John Libby of Port Blakely died of heart disease at San Francisco this morning, aged 24. Deceased was a daughter of Hon John Collins of this city, and leaves a husband and two children.

MINING STOCKS REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.

Alpha	1 50	Hale and Norcross	1 70
Belcher	1 00	Martin White	40
Best and Belcher	2 60	Mexican	1 90
Bodie Con	9 50	Ophir	1 80
California	20	Potosi	1 00
Chollar	1 75	Savage	1 00
Con Va	45	Sierra Nevada	2 95
Eureka Con	3 25	Union	2 00
Exchequer	25	Utah	1 35
Gould and Curry	1 40	Yellow Jacket	2 45

Shipping Intelligence.

Arrived: Steamer Walla Walla, De Wolf, 80 hours from Seattle, 2,300 tons coal to Oregon Improvement Company, ship India Rihb, 12 days from Seattle, 1970 tons coal, to Oregon Improvement Company. Sailed: Ship L. Schepp, Gates, Port Townsend.

3,000 Tons in Warehouse.

Always 98 Per Cent.

For sale in lots to suit.

H. MOLINEUX, 123 Sutter st., S. F.

THE STAR ROUTE CASES.

Gibson Appears Before the Springer Committee and Testifies at Length.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—A. M. Gibson was examined by the Springer committee to-day relative to his connection with the star route investigation. Said he received $3000 for his services as counsel, and that was small compensation in comparison with sums paid other parties. Gibson said he began a special study of the postoffice debt in 1883, and became familiar with the business of the department, especially relative to the awarding of mail contracts. Witness described in detail his meeting ex-Senator Spencer in Washington, on which occasion the latter asked assistance in the proposed star route investigation. He spoke at length of his visit to Woodward, and of the table of ninety-three expedited routes. "That table was shown the president and he expressed surprise," Gibson said. "That was little remarkable, because I had a distinct recollection of showing him the same table in 1880, before his election, and while he was a member of the house." Witness gave a brief account of his instructing the inspectors to make an investigation of certain routes. "In the meantime," he continued, "the attorney-general sent for me and said Dorsey had made a statement of his connection with the contracts, which had been shown the president and the secretary of the treasury; that the statement was able and ingenious, and had made an impression favorable to Dorsey."

GIBSON GOES TO WASHINGTON.

"The attorney general asked me to make a report on the star route cases, which I did. I then left for New York. While there I was telegraphed to come to Washington, and doing so found my report had raised quite a tempest, the practical effect of which was that the department of justice was arrayed on the side of the accused persons."

"Do I understand you to say that the department of justice was arrayed on the side of the accused?" asked Stewart.

"The officers of the department of justice caused publication to be made in the newspapers that I had no connection with the department, the effect of which was to lead the public to suppose the department was on the side of the accused."

Witness testified that in prosecuting the star route men the government took the most complicated case, when it was its business to take the simplest and plainest case. Continuing, Gibson said: "After Brewster was made attorney general he said the duties of his office were so engrossing that he could not give time to a case of this kind. He had been in the case before simply to make argument as to the legality of filing an information. That was all he did, and for this he received $5000. The grand jury found an indictment against J. P. Price, in the Corpus Christi case, much to my surprise. No other indictments were found and there was direct evidence."

WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG.

Among other persons interested in the case was William Pitt Kellogg, then in the senate. Some time after, while in the postoffice department, I found Bliss looking over one of the papers in this case. I had left purposely some matters blank. Bliss, in reading the paper over, asked to whom it referred. I wrote on a slip of paper William Pitt Kellogg. This was some time in October, 1881. Price had sworn that he had given drafts for $15,000 and a note for $4000 to William Pitt Kellogg. It was understood one half of this was to be placed to the account of Brady, and one-half to the account of Kellogg. While the Brady and Dorsey trial was going on, and when the case was being laughed out of court, Merrick called at my house, and said he had tried to get Bliss to find Walsh. I found him afterwards, and he consented, much against his will, to be a witness. His testimony saved the case.

"You said," remarked Milliken, "that saved the case. He did not get a verdict, I believe?"

"He prevented it from being laughed out of court," witness replied.

The hearing of Gibson was continued until Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A QUARREL AT A BALL.

VARNA, Bulgaria, March 7.—During a public ball here last night card playing took place in a room adjacent. The Greek consul participated in the game. The Bulgarian prefect of police stopped playing on the ground that games of chance in public places were illegal. A quarrel ensued, and the Austrian vice consul joined the Greek consul in insulting the prefect. The Bulgarian government has asked the Austrian government for satisfaction, and has promised to punish the prefect if it shall be found that he exceeded his powers.

THEY WISH TO BE INCLUDED.

LONDON, March 8.—West Indian sugar traders have been urging Lord Derby, the colonial secretary, to include British West Indian colonies in the favored nation clause of the treaty of 1815 with America, or allow the colonies to enter into reciprocal commercial relations with America under the treaty between Great Britain and America, similar to the treaty of Spain and America. Lord Derby replies there is no prospect for such inclusion leading to any result, and government is not prepared to allow colonies to enter into reciprocal agreements with America.

ST. THOMAS NOTES.

ST. THOMAS, March 8.—At the foreign consulates at Jacmel 250 refugees await the president's decision of execution or pardon.

In the riot in the province town of Trinidad the police fired, killing two rioters and wounding several.

INSTRUCTED TO CONFER.

ROME, March 8.—Italian ambassadors have been instructed to confer with the powers in regard to the proposed European demand upon the United States government to legislate against dynamiters.

REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

Lock Melone Frees his Mind on this Blood Curdling Subject

In revising the tariff there should be no hasty legislation. There should be no horizontal reduction or perpendicular increase without careful consideration, and prayer and fasting. For the revision of the tariff is something of vital importance to the people—it touches their vitals. Mr. Morrison and Sam Randall should remember that the people are hungry for the removal of the duty from some things, and pining for it to be placed on others. Nice distinctions, too, are necessary. Now, the duty on half hose should not be as heavy as it is on whole hose or hose and a half, for there is not as much material in half hose as there is in whole hose or hose and two-thirds. A sock full is not as much, and nothing like as interesting, as a stocking when it is full. A sock is a common, every day thing, while a stocking is a romance. A sock is prose; a stocking, poetry. There should be a steep duty on Limburger cheese, something amounting to confiscation. And, if it is let in at all, it should be quarantined immediately. Any new patent of religion should be placed on the free list. That is, if it is a real good religion, warranted not to rip or ravel, and is as good on week days as on Sunday, and will keep in warm weather. We have a large stock of religion made in our home mills, but a great many don't wear it, and some who do, wear it made into a cloak; consequently, salvation should be free. In fact, the speculators in salvation, dealers in futures, have preached so long that salvation is free, that the law would probably consider that the people had vested rights in free unbridled salvation. If any of the regular, old, always-on-hand, boarding house stewed prunes should come to our shores, the custom house officers should promptly sit down on them, and remain sitting with great emphasis. The American boarder should have a rest on stewed prunes so that he could devote his time to dodging the custard pie. Adulterated wines should not be allowed to enter our ports at all, but if whisky comes which is better than ours—and any whisky ought to be better than American whisky—it should be admitted free of duty. Tariff on corsets should be light; for although not necessary to keep a lady from freezing, they keep her from melting or rather from spreading over too much country. The duty should be next to nothing on a corset that is pliable and feels good to the arm, but an unyielding, steel-ribbed, zinc lined, copper-tipped corset should not be allowed an asylum in the home of the brave and the land of the fair. If codfish comes here with the intention of entering American society, it should be expostulated with; and if we have to admit it to keep on terms with some nation of codfishers it should be sent to the pest house with much expedition. No free trade should be allowed in grass widows. The unmarried male part of America has all it can do to stand off the home production. Hired girls, too, might be placed on the prohibited list. For if their disciplined forces are joined by foreign allies, the American people will have to become Russian Jew refugees to escape their oppressing and outrages. And places for the refugee to refuge are getting scarce. French sardines should go on the free list, that is, the little good eating sardines, but the whale that has been gradually, of late years, usurping the place of the French minnow should not be allowed to insinuate itself into our family circles. The broad ocean is his place. There is some doubt as to the disposition to be made of maccaroni. Some would like it duty free; some don't like it at all. It is not known in the great west whether Mr. Morrison and Mr. Randall are partial to maccaroni or not. If it is admitted free, those who have advocated free, unfettered maccaroni and worked for it, ought to be made to eat it at the point of the bayonet. In the matter of small pox, our people have never learned to use it without getting sick. We probably have as much as the people care about. If it is nice, clean smallpox, it might be admitted with a tariff on it that is reasonably high, and the custom-house officers might be instructed by the secretary of the treasury to try it, to see if it would do, before they allowed it to leave their custody. If they fail in carrying out instructions, there are plenty of people to take their places. There are any number of patriotic people who will take an office encumbered with smallpox rather than miss. Foreign ideas should pay a reasonable duty; at least, until we have more ideas of our own. Five dollars a barrel on Huxley's theories, and $2 00 a bale on Herbert Spencer's opinions would be about the thing. Mr. Carlisle's free trade doctrines should apply to babies; or, if there is any tariff on babies, it should be for revenue only. Our baby industry in its infancy needed protection, but it is now established, and we are able to hold our own against all foreign competitors.

LOCK MELONE.

WHERE'S YESTERDAY.

A little boy said, as he rose from his couch,
"There's something I'd like to know well;
I will ask every one until I find out—
Though I think that my mamma could tell.

"Dear mamma," he cried, "I've a question to ask—
Where, I wonder, did yesterday go?
I have thought that perhaps it went to the stars,
Will you tell me if this could be so?"

"I can answer you, Willie," said innocent Kate,
As she opened her pretty blue eyes;
"Why, yesterday went on that fleecy white cloud
That is sailing so fast to the skies."

"But watch, you will see there will nothing be left
When the morning wind blows it away
To make room for the light which came with the dawn,
Then the sun will shine through to-day."

Oh, yesterday, gone like a cloud in its flight,
Borne away with its hopes and its fears;
Youth's eyes never watch for the coming of night,
While the sun of to-day still appears.

—*Virginia E. Elcard.*

...Works, Front and Harrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

Enclose in letter and the address of an eastern friend to this office, for the Weekly OREGONIAN. The best medium to circulate in the east.

DEMOCRATIC EMBARRASSMENTS.

New York Times, February 27

The recent meeting of the democratic national committee at Washington seems only to have added to the embarrassment of the party. For a year some of its ablest and most progressive men have been striving to prepare an issue for the presidential canvass. That was the chief purpose of those who labored for the choice of Mr. Carlisle as speaker of the house of representatives. He represented the cause of tariff reform, which only needed a compact organization behind it, with able leadership, to give the best promises of success that the democrats could hope to have. There were too many in the party who were eager for the spoils to make it possible to appropriate strength from the civil service reform movement. There was no hope of making a democratic issue of that. The "great fraud" had become too antiquated and had too slight a hold on popular sympathy. Besides, it could only be made an issue with the "old ticket" and that would interfere too much with the plans of new aspirants. If there was any issue in sight for the democratic party it was that of tariff reform, and many democrats had the wit to see it.

The plan of these men evidently was to rally the sentiment of the party on this subject, elect Carlisle speaker, introduce a scheme of moderate and reasonable revision, pledge the party to it even if it could not be carried to enactment, and so have something to stand by and fight for in the coming canvass. No doubt the sentiment of the party was fairly represented in the vote by which Carlisle was elected, but the minority refuses to abide by the logical consequences. The ways and means committee was made up in strict accordance with the original plan, and the proposed tariff revision bill has been prepared by its force-clothed chairman, Mr. Morrison. The committee has been giving the subject a fair consideration, the first that it has received in recent times, but the embarrassment is making itself felt more and more. Mr. Randall and his followers have by no means accepted the election of Carlisle as settling the party policy and making up the issue of the campaign. Neither has the national committee. Mr Randall, as head of the appropriations committee is holding back the appropriation bills with the manifest purpose of making trouble. The Morrison bill is going to meet, and is already meeting, troublesome opposition from democrats in congress. The republicans show no disposition to draw the fire of the tariff reform democrats by helping them with this bill, and the democratic protectionists are relieving them from any party motive for such action by promising to spoil the movement of the most sagacious men of their party.

The national committee not only did nothing to help make an issue, but those who had the courage to say anything at all threw cold water on the reform movement. The committee does not represent the sentiment of the mass of the party, but only the politicians of the several states. Those from the republican states and from small states have the same voice as from democratic states and large states, and it fails to give utterance to any general tendency of party sentiment, but so far as its members have expressed themselves it has been to discourage the tariff issue. They are opposed to the Morrison bill, and in favor of keeping the question out of the canvass. This is a serious embarrassment for those who have been so long and laboriously preparing an issue for 1884.

There is the same trouble in a new form whenever candidates are talked of. Those who have any title to consideration have a position on the tariff question. Nothing can be done with a reformer if there is no reform to work for and if the majority cannot carry out their own plan; they are not likely to give way and accept a leader from the number of their opponents. This opens the way for insignificant persons, who represent nothing whatever, to aspire to nominations. Even such an unsavory and malodorous individual as Mayor Harrison of Chicago, is able to add to the embarrassments of the situation by laying wires for a place on the ticket.

It looks, after all the efforts of the past year, as if the party would drift into the canvass without any other platform than "turn the rascals out" and "give the spoils to the victors." This is unfortunate, not only for the democrats but for those republicans who wish to force their own party into good behavior. These latter would like to see the democrats in a strong position in order that the republicans may not be able to rely on democratic blundering and imbecility and hope to win without reforming their methods or improving their platform. In short, it would be a wholesome state of things if it could be felt that whichever party wins the interests of the country will be tolerably safe in its hands for four years. But no sensible man is going in for a change if it is morally certain that it will be a change for the worse.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

Some Interesting Discoveries Recently made in England.

London Telegraph.

A discovery has been made recently on the Wiltshire downs, at Manton, the racing establishment of Mr. A. Taylor. A few days since, as a party of workmen were engaged in levelling the inequalities in the surface of the ground near the house, they came upon two human interments, in very shallow graves, one of which was protected partially with covering stones. In the neighboring soil fragments of Roman "fictilia" abounded, and a number of coins, chiefly, it is said, of the lower empire, were also present, many of them being of silver. Not many yards distant from the spot where the skeletons were discovered, the workmen unearthed twelve noble metal chargers or dishes, placed one on the other, together with a vase of the tazza form and an amphora-shaped vessel, the purpose of which is not at present known. The largest of the chargers is two feet in diameter, and the remainder graduate in sizes. The upper surface of the broad margins of some of the dishes have sharply incised and graceful ornamental borders, and the centers are more or less embellished with designs of varied devices, one mosaic pattern being very characteristic of Roman workmanship. On the under side of one of the chargers is inscribed a name with the termination "ina," but the lettering is so indistinct that it has not been clearly deciphered. The articles are almost in a perfect condition, and the metal has a very silvery aspect.

A member of the society of antiquaries considers that the whole of the objects are of Romano-British date and workmanship, and that they are composed of a metal cognate to, if not identical with pewter, called by the Romans "argentarium," or the silvery metal, the composition of which is described by Pliny.

It has often been a matter of surprise that such a quantity of coins and other remains of Roman occupation should be so constantly found in various parts of the country, but *The Saxon Chronicle*, under the date A. D. 418, when the Roman forces were withdrawn from Britain, tells us: "This year the Romans collected all the treasures that were in Britain, and some they hid in the earth, so that no one has since been able to find them, and some they carried with them into Gaul."

Wonderful Insect Eyes.

London Globe.

Physicians call attention to the increasing instances of defective or imperfect sight occurring in civilized countries, and attributes it to various conditions of modern life—the overwork of the eyes in childhood, the study of books in small print, the habitual reading by imperfect light, and many other causes. It appears certain that in the matter of eyesight the savage has usually the advantage of the civilized man. The gift of sight is one very unequally distributed among the animal world. Some creatures enjoy it in excess, like the eagle; others are totally deprived of it, like the earthworm. In many other instances the sense of sight, if not actually lacking, is extremely imperfect, as in the case of the mole. Insects are, in many cases, far more richly endowed with eyes than even birds or beasts. The little creatures called a whirligig (Gyrinus natator) which skims about on the surface of standing water, is furnished with a double set of optics, the upper portion of the eye (fitted for seeing in the air) being placed in the upper portion of the head, and the lower portion of the eye (fitted for seeing in the water) in the lower portion of the head, a thin division separating the two. Spiders possess six eyes—some species eight; centipedes twenty, while the eyes of many insects—bees, butterflies, dragonflies—are composed of a number of facets each eye being, in fact, a cluster of eyes. Dr. Hook counted 14,000 of facets in the eye of a dragon fly, and Leeuwenhoek found as many as 12,544 in another specimen of the same species. The latter naturalist adapted one of the eyes of a dragon fly so as to be able to see objects through it by means of a microscope, and found that he could view the steeple of a church 299 feet high and 750 feet from the place where he stood. He could also distinguish if the door of a house, at the same distance, was open or shut. These eyes diminish as well as multiply objects, as Puget discovered by performing a similar experiment to that of Leeuwenhoek. "A soldier viewed through it represented an army of pygmies; the flame of a candle seemed the illumination of a thousand lamps." Blind or imperfectly sighted human beings may think with envy of the beautiful provision of visual organs bestowed by nature on some of her children; and yet many creatures live happily with but a small share of the blessings of sight. In some of the insects who possess the largest share of the visual organs, some other sense—taste, hearing or touch—is deficient. Huber believes their sense of both hearing and taste to be imperfect. On the other hand, the blind earthworm will retreat rapidly into its hole if the light of a candle is thrown upon it, its sense of hearing or smell warning it of the approach of the danger it cannot see. A bat's sense of touch, hearing and smell are so acute that it depends little on the aid of its eyes. Spallanzani tested this by the cruel expedient of destroying the sight of several bats, and then setting them free. In their flight through the room they avoided even the smallest thread placed to obstruct their way. Latreille, the French naturalist, states that there is a species of ants which are entirely blind, but pursue the same mode of life as their sighted brethren.

ANDREW.

'Twas Andrew was minding the sheep one day.
And merrily whistling a tune,
For Andrew and all the world was gay
On that fine May afternoon.
And you shall know why his heart was so light,
Why he felt not an atom of care;
Why his bonny gray eyes were shining so bright
As he stood whistling there.
Up the hill from the town, where she'd marketing been,
Came Maggie, the village queen.

'Twas Andrew letting his sheep go astray,
His whistling he'd stopped for awhile;
For Andrew had a great deal to say
To some one who sat on the stile.
And you shall know who he spoke to so low,
Who he kissed! And who didn't care!
Who never once seemed to wish him to go,
As he stood whispering there—
On the road from the town where she'd marketing been—
'Twas Maggie, the village queen.

The Handwriting of Eminent Men.

NEW YORK.—The *Spirit of the Times* says: Dan Mace the champion driver, who during the past twenty-five years piloted millions of dollars worth of horseflesh to victory, and who now holds forth at the Excelsior stables, West 29th street, writes that he regards St. Jacobs Oil the greatest pain-cure in existence. "For man or beast nothing equals it," says the proprietor of the N. Y. club stables, Mr. C. M. Priest—as good a judge of horseflesh as ever stood in shoe leather.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the postoffice at Portland, Oregon March 8, 1884. Persons calling for these letters will please state the dates on which they are advertised.

WOMEN'S LIST.

Anderson, Mrs Mary
Brown, Ella
Brown, Mrs F P
Brown, Mrs Lottie
Burl, Mrs Alfred
Bailey, Mrs Hannah B
Beier, Mrs Frank
Brebeny, Bridget
Bryant, Mrs W M
Chapman, Mrs Sallie
Cox, Miss Tany
Crouse, Miss Mantie
Collins, Mrs G E
Campbell, Mrs Tervy
Dolan, Miss
Dowling, Mrs H
Day, Miss Cary
Elsner, Miss Mary
Ellis, Mrs A
Everst, Miss Alice
Fallen, Mrs Effie
Firmon, Mrs Will
Fisher, Miss Fannie
Gonyon, Mrs Mary
Gustafson, Susanna
Graham, Anna J
Gould, Miss Susan P
Hase, Miss Callie
Hacking, Mrs Alice
Hembree, Miss Mary
Hicks, Mrs I H
Hurley, Mrs J W
Hill, Ella
Howell, Mrs A T
Holladay, Eliza
Harris, Mrs Chas
Harris, Mrs Mary E
Hendricks, Miss May
Ingam, Miss Katie
Jones, Mrs Mary H
Jenkins, Annie M
Kelly, Nina O
Kratz, Mrs S L
Kennedy, Mrs Michael
Linnegar, Mrs Susan J
Lantheaume, Miss J
Maurer, Miss Emma
Maddox, Mrs
Montague, Mrs Ellen
Monahan, Miss Kate
Morgan, Miss Claire P
Nelson, Miss Lib
Nilson, Berta
Odell, Miss Jennie
Ogden, Miss Arvillia A
Peat, Miss Mary
Pettyjohn, Mrs Belle
Price, Mrs Lena
Pierce, Mrs E
Quin, Mrs
Raley, Miss Cassie
Ready, Mrs J
Riggs, Mrs
Rife, Miss Katie
Ross, Miss Louisa
Stolze, Miss Cecelia
Schieffer, Miss Theresa
Smallbone, Mrs C R
Saylor, Miss Mattie
Stanley, Miss Gracie
Swanston, Miss Ida
Swain, Mrs Harry L
Savage, Miss Lydia
Short, Mrs Etty
Shinn, Mrs Annie
Smith, Mrs J D
Smith, Emma L
Stand, Miss Anna
Sterling, Miss N L
Thompson, Mrs Joseph
West, Mrs Mollie
Wallmost, Mrs H
Weaki, Mrs F H
Wisner, Mrs H S
Woodard, Mrs Belle
Woodward, Miss Enola
Whitney, Eliza
Whipple, Mrs Mary

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Anderson, W
Anderson, N O
Anderson, H
Ansell, I D
Animson, Ellert
Allen, L J
Allen, E N
Albright, H A
Anthony, F G
Ansell, J D
Andrews, Nichol's
Arnold, John
Brown, Joseph W
Brown, W C
Brown, G W
Brant, Alonzo
Breger, Chas
Bills, Geo Jr
Bishop, —
Ballum, Peter
Beyer, Alex
Bertschinger, E'll
Beek, I
Borgman, O F
Bernard, Chas
Beverly, Alex
Bell, Wm
Beeman, H M
Bonney, A A
Brennan, Mark
Bryant, M M
Browning, S W F
Chatmen, J
Crain, David
Craig, Robt
Corcoran, Jerry
Corbitt, E L
Caldwell, E
Coy, Young
Creedon, Danl
Clayton, D
Cambridge, M'l'n
Campbell, Dan
Campbell, John
Cummings, A C
Dary, Wm
Dankers, Wm
Dany, A F
Dixson, Roscoe
Domerick, Dan
Donahoe, John
Dussutt, John
DeMural, Harold
Delean, Jos
DeHann, J C
Etteson, Ben
Enright, Wm
Erikson, Ankust
Erekason, Benj
Elkins, C W
Elliott, E P
Fitchpatrick, B
Fields, M
Foster, W T
Foreman, H
Fowler, W B
Foster, W T
Geringer, George
Gray, E S
Gray, W H
Galamsan, Chas
Galvin, John
Galano, C
Gardenet, Rafaele
Graham, Thos M
Grant, John
Grier, Wm
Haynes, C B
Hoepp, Peder
Hackley, David
Heidt, Arthur
Hearn, Charley
Haggins, James
Hickey, John
Hall, —
Hindman, Homer
Higgins, J C
Hofman, Frank
Humphrey, Geo
Hartwell, James
Hannitz, Oscar
Henry, Thos
Holyput, Wilhelm
Holm, W A B
Holmes, E W
Howell, Geo W
Harris, James
Henderson, H'nry
Hendrickson, Chs
Hansen, C W
Jenkins, B E
Jenkins, A M
Johnson, Melle'ge
Johnson, P
Johnson, Alex
Johnson, Andrew
Johanssen, J B
Kitchen, H V
Knutsen, Adolf
Kenedy, Joseph
Luther, Nims & Parks
Lyons, Ira
Larkin, D D
Lahae, Joseph
Lillis, Thos
Lindgren, Wilh
Lansdale, Alex
Levens, Grant
Lewis, Wm
Largle, Dan
Lowe, Valentine
Lowe, Lewis L
Lang, C O
Madsvong, Paul E
Magor, G
Mills, M H
Mills, Capt Wm
Mitchel, M C
Mochler, John
Moyer, W S
McConnell, H
McAnnly, James
McEvoy, Ed
McLaughlin, O
McGloin, Mike
Moore, W E
Miller, Master B
Mortimer, John
Moron, Benj
Mansie, James
Marshill, Times
Nelson, T R
Nelson, J W
Nelson, S W
Nelson, Ernst J
Neilson, Hans C
Norton, John
Oppenheim, B H
Orvin, Richard
Olsen, B
Olsen, O K
Oldhobe, Nath'l
Pascall, O P
Peacher, —
Peterson, C M
Peters, Malty
Penny, D
Phillip, I B
Prichtil, Frank
Patton, E G
Pearson, C A
Richards, Thos
Robanson, O W
Robinson, E M
Robeson, Andrew
Rehn, Michael
Riley, W
Robertson, W
Roberts, C G
Ross, Fritz
Ross, C
Spenser, Chas
Stevenson, S
Sanborn, Orv B
Simmons, B O
Simmons, Edw
Seavey, E C
Seelye, T
Schlaefer, Harry
Smith, Geo
Smith, Jas S
Smith, Saml H
Schuler, Andreas
Schmitt, Joh
Schwiering, H
Schmidt, Chas
Schieks, Ivan
Snyder, W C
Spiezer, Adolf
Stable, Chas
Swank, Thos
Sjedin, E O
Swoop, Alex
Sealy, O W
Svenson, A
Salmon, J F
Seedbrook, Wm
Shriver, Loren J
Shiffer, Chas
Shellenbarger, G
Shearlaw, Jos
Sheean, Cornelius
Shannon, T B
Strong, N
Steffen, Pierre
Steele, A
Teller, Frank M
Tonini, Fredk
Tingeam, Frank
Thacker, J L
Thirl, John V
Thornton, Willis
Tompson, G W
White, L D
White, W
Welch, Wm
Weldon, Jas O
Wilber, Sanford
Wiley, G W
Wilkins, M W
Wilkenson, J R
Wright, Harry B
Wilson, Geo H
Wilson, Thos
Williams, Peter
Williams, J W
Williams, S
Wyndham, A C
Wertheimer, J
Winston & Wicks
Wissle, H E
Warren, Rev M N
Watson, J P H
Watson, Will
Whalley, A
Wheeler, L H
Whitney, O W, Jr
Wheat & Bell
Walker, A O
Walsh, Ambrose
Walba, Johanne
Young, J D
Yokum, J F
Young, Arthur

GEORGE A. STEEL, Postmaster.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland postoffice, March 8, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Ames, Adaline
Bunt, Mrs Alice
Burlingame, Alice
Busbee, Rachel
Cole, Mrs Mollie
Crimmins, Miss Ella
Chatterton, Mrs Lizzie
Croser, Miss Susanne
Croyne, Miss Mollie
Crawford, J
Chalmers, Mrs C
Colbertson, Mrs Milly
Coulter, Miss Minnie
Forbes, Mrs A
Foss, J S (3)
Frost, Alice
Frost, Armilda
Frost, A E
Graves, Miss Alice
Gallogly, Mrs Fannie
Hains, Miss Jennie
Hains, Emma J
Haynes, Miss Catherine
Hayney, Miss Mary O (2)
James, John
Jones, Mrs M D (2)
Jenkins, Mrs Leonie
Jones, Mrs Emma
Jones, Emma
King, Josa
Leahey, Mrs M
Moreland, Miss Ida
Marsh, Mrs Sprague
Marshall, Miss Jane
McMahon, Margaret
Perkins, Dora
Ross, Miss Minnie
Roberts, Lyda
Rivelson, Mrs Ohes
Stephens, Emily A
Sammersett, Mrs K
Scarcreon, Mrs Ole B
Tillman, Mrs Laura
Wilson, Mrs Mary
Ward, Miss Amanda
Watkins, Miss Margaret
Wakefield, Mrs T J
Woodard, Fanny

MEN'S LIST.

Adams, Park
Ames, A J
Anderson, Jacob
Allbright, Ed
Brown, L P
Blanchard, Calvin
Bayley, James
Barton, Ed
Barker, Hiram
Bates, W H H
Boston, Peter (2)
Benton & Son
Burns, Willie
Curtis, Everett B
Cole, Oscar J
Cunningham, Mr
Duval, Frank
Dimsey, E
Eakins, O B
Empkin, Mr
Ercelsie, Francisco
Fogarty, Wm
Gray, Wm
Galogley, C H (3)
Hughes, Socrates
Hobbie, John
Hissong, Jacob
Hildebrand, A R
Hardy, E J
Hardy, John E
Johnson, N P
Johnson, Henry 2
Keemch, Thomas
Knapp, Mr
Kydd, George
Knight, Homer
Kenney, George
Lund, Herman
Landin, P O
Loomis, James
Lauf, Oscar
Laury, N D
Lee, John B
Morrison, G H
Morgan, C F
Mason, Frank
Mouney, E
Moore, D C
Murphy, Thomas
Miller, J P
Miller, Everett T
Marvel, H S
McCord, A
McDonald, Chanc
McKinney, Joe
Printy, John
Pollock, Joseph
Printy, J N
Platts, Josias
Quinn, Wm
Ryan, P W (2)
Ross, Henry
Steinson, Nat D
St James Hotel
Shoe, Francis M
Tierney, Michael
Thompson, Robt
Thorson, Loren
Vooring, John
Wilson, M C
White, C
Wilson, Wm
Weis, Wm
Wood, Wm
Weaver, G D
Yost, Frank

M. COUGILL, P. M.

NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day.
And "won't you take my peg top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came,
She whispered "No, no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone,
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
And called her by her name;
She blushed and "No, no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,
Have brought them care and joy.
She has the little peg-top still,
He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," said he,
"I've never brought you fame;"
She whispers, "No, no, thank you, Tom,
You have loved me, all the same."

Big Fire at Oakdale.

STOCKTON, March 7.—At half past 3 o'clock this morning fire swept away a row of one-story frame buildings in Oakdale, completely destroying stores and stocks of goods. It is believed the loss will reach $40,000.

L. FELDMANN & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN wooden and willow ware, and manufacturers of brooms and brushes.

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